

RADIO-TV MIRROR

SEPTEMBER



**Julius
La Rosa**

W Stories:

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW • LADIES' CHOICE • TWO FOR THE MONEY

SPECIAL FEATURES



BARBARA BRITTON
Beloved Mrs. North



SIS CAMP
Cinderella's Story



GALE STORM
Our Little Margie

25¢

THERE'S
COLD

CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



Now! Let new Camay pamper your complexion, bring new luxury to your daily Beauty Bath!

Exciting beauty news! Now Camay—and Camay *alone* among leading beauty soaps—contains precious cold cream!

Whatever your type of skin—dry *or* oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. And now Camay brings added luxury to your daily Beauty Bath, too!

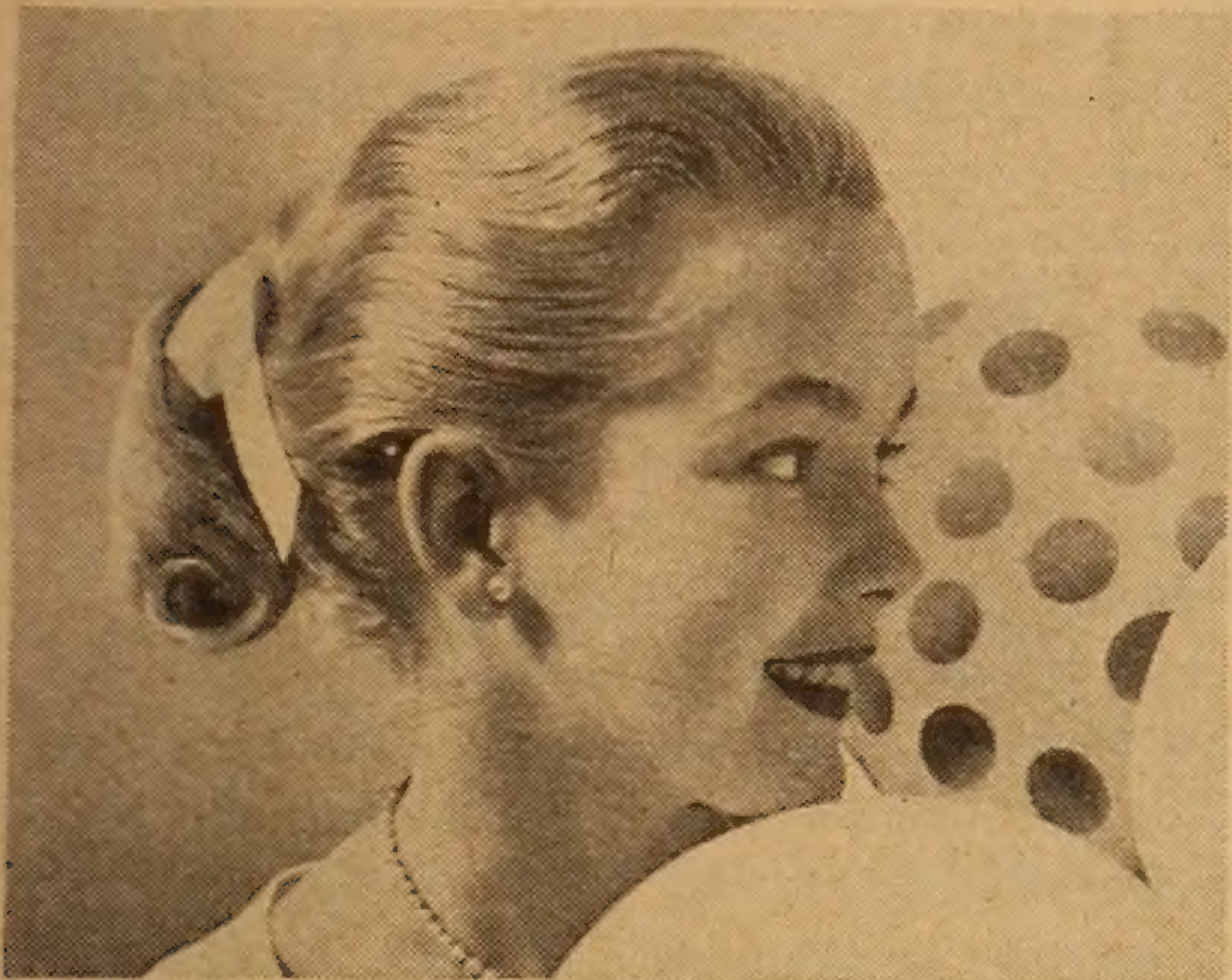
Of course, you still get everything you've *always* loved about Camay . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care with Camay, that satin-smooth Camay lather, famous Camay mildness and exquisite Camay fragrance.

NEW CAMAY is at your store now—in the same familiar wrapper—at no extra cost. There's no other beauty soap like it!

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new "Capri" style. No nightly setting necessary.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave *where* you want it.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

Contents

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Teresa Buxton, *Managing Editor*
Ellen Taussig, *Associate Editor*

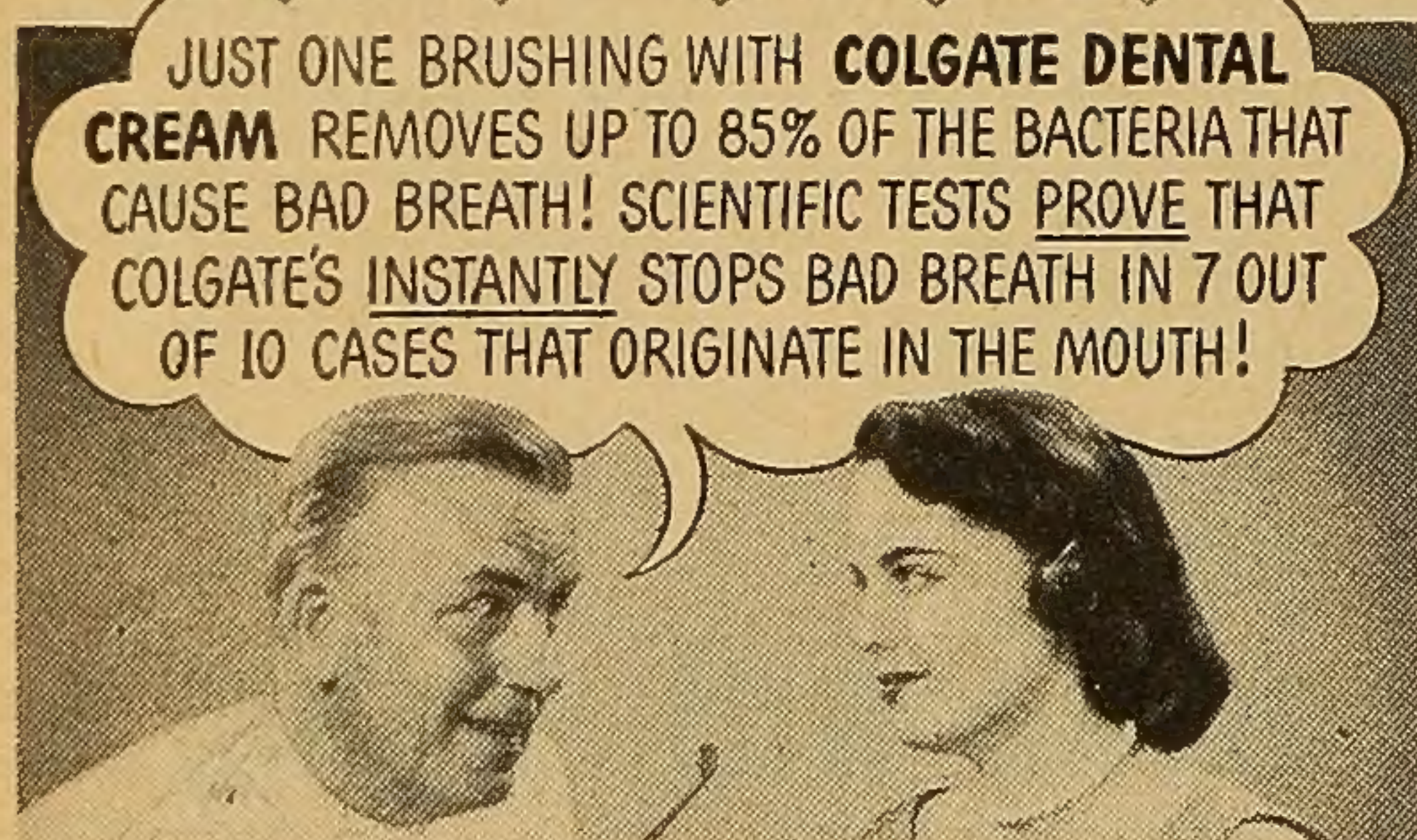
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DICK MUST BE WRITING LOVE LETTERS TO SOMEBODY ELSE THESE DAYS!

SUE, BAD BREATH CANCELS MALES—BUT FAST! AND THAT'S NO PUN, HON! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST, WON'T YOU?



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!

Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



MY PEN PAL'S BACK WITH LOVE AND KISSES WHICH PROVES THAT COLGATE'S SELDOM MISSES!

Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Removes Up To 85% Of Decay and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



GIVES YOU A CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

people on the air

Martha Rountree of Meet The Press.....	3
What's New from Coast to Coast.....by Jill Warren	4
Bill Ring.....	19
Dotty Mack—Waiting for Love.....	20
How to Be a Good Host.....by Sherman Billingsley	22
Looking Homeward (Warren Hull).....by Florence Hull Reef	31
It's a Grand Young Life! (Julius La Rosa).....by Chris Kane	36
Cinderella Sis Camp.....by Anne Haynes	38
The Phrase That Pays for Red Benson.....by Martin Cohen	40
Search For Tomorrow (short-short story based on the dramatic serial)	42
From Wallflower to Orchid (Kathryn Murray).....by Gregory Merwin	44
Two For The Money.....by Sibyl Lange	56
I Found A Wonderful Man (Galen Drake).....by Anne Drake	58
The Right To Happiness (complete episode in pictures).....	62
Johnny Dugan—Ladies' Choice.....by Pauline Swanson	66
"My Secret of Happiness" (Spring Byington).....by Betty Goode	68
"We're Living Happily Ever After!" (Martha Tilton)....by Elsa Molina	70
Rosemary (full-length novelette).....by Rosemary Roberts	74

features in full color

"We're All Pulling Together" (Barbara Britton)....by Elizabeth Mills	46
Stella Dallas—Exciting Lady (Anne Elstner).....by Gladys Hall	48
Our Little Margie Says: "I'm in Love with Four Guys"....by Gale Storm	52
Man about the House (Karl Weber).....by Frances Kish	54

your local station

Man about Beale Street (WDIA).....	6
Just Beginning (WBGS).....	8
The Man from Music Mountain (WSB-AM & TV).....	11
"The Long and Short of It" (NBC).....	26

inside radio and TV

Daytime Diary.....	16
Information Booth.....	25
Inside Radio (program listings).....	79

Cover portrait of Julius La Rosa by Ozzie Sweet

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Offices: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. Harold A. Wise, Chairman of the Board; Irving S. Manheimer, President; Fred R. Sammis, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.50 one year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada \$3.00 per year, \$5.50 per year for all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS: All manuscripts will be carefully considered,

but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter, Oct. 5, 1951, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1953 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados según La Convención Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co.

Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group



Martha Rountree

VERSATILITY and vitality symbolize the amazing person that is Martha Rountree. As busy as she is pretty, Martha, together with Lawrence Spivak, is co-owner and co-producer of the prize-winning public affairs program *Meet The Press*, which is heard and seen weekly on NBC radio and TV. Also to her proud credit is *The Big Issue* (also known as *Keep Posted*) and the long-popular *Leave It To The Girls*.

A Southerner at heart—born in Florida and educated in South Carolina—Martha's avid interest in politics is not accidental. Her family settled in America in the early Colonial days, and she inherited from them the desire to maintain the liberties for which they worked and fought. However, Martha's kinship with national affairs didn't blossom right away. She christened her career as a newspaper reporter, then worked in a New York advertising agency, programmed a local radio station, worked on a trade paper, wrote stories for popular magazines, and was roving editor on the "American Mercury." She also managed to be president of her own company, Radio House.

Then, one fortunate day in 1944, Martha met Lawrence Spivak, who was editor of "American Mercury" at the time. He asked Martha to write an article on the women's vote in the Presidential election. During ensuing conversations, they hit upon the idea for *Meet The Press*.

Since then, Martha's life has been more bustling than ever. In order to keep her many business enterprises on an even keel, Martha commutes weekly between New York and Washington. And, since 1952, she has also managed to be happily married to Oliver Presbrey, a well-known advertising executive.

On the social side, Martha is one of the most popular hostesses in Washington. And, in between all her goings and comings, she still finds time to help many institutions—such as the Girls' Club of America, and the Women's National Press Club.

Definitely a wonder woman! The South has every right to be burstingly proud of Martha Rountree, as do women all over the land—men, too.

Martha Rountree is moderator of *Meet The Press*—on NBC-TV, Sun., 6 P.M. EDT—on NBC Radio, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT.

Dummies don't perspire

...but real live girls need MUM

MUM

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

WHAT'S NEW FROM



by
JILL
WARREN

Recent marital news has been "make up" as well as "break up," so friends are still hoping for a reconciliation between Donald and Gwen O'Connor—pictured with daughter Donna in happier days.

NBC has re-signed Margaret Truman for nine guest appearances on both radio and TV during the 1953-54 season. This will be the third year that Margaret has been with the network, and there is a possibility that within a few months she also will have her own show. Most critics have agreed that she has improved tremendously since her first try at television, and even Milton Berle will say that she can ad lib with

the best of them. Miss T. is said to be getting \$4000 per television and \$2500 per radio appearance. . . . Beginning August 31, Perry Como's CBS television show will be heard on radio also, via the Mutual network, Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. . . . 3-City By-Line is the name of a new fifteen-minute program which is heard on ABC Radio, Tuesday and Friday nights. It features three of the nation's out-

standing syndicated columnists—Hy Gardner, Irving Kupcinet, and Sheila Graham—presenting intimate reports on glamour happenings in the East, Middle West, and on the Pacific Coast. Gardner reports Broadway news from New York, Kupcinet covers the entertainment scene from Chicago, and Sheila Graham handles the Hollywood doings. . . . If you've missed Stop The Music on television, you'll probably like

COAST TO COAST



Good news for Your Show Of Show fans—Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar will be back this fall, despite the rumors.



TV show coming up for Jo Stafford, long a favorite on radio—whether in solos or duets with guest Bob Crosby.



Congrats from Arlene Dahl for William P. Marcum—the 26,000,000th member of Blue Shield Medical Care Plans!

the musical TV quiz called Name That Tune, which is on NBC Monday evening. The program is created, produced and conducted by Harry Salter, and features quizmaster Red Benson and vocalist Vicki Mills. There are cash prizes for studio contestants as well as home viewers. . . . A new television series produced by the TV-Radio Workshop of the Ford Foundation will be (Continued on page 12)



For Margaret Truman, a new contract, and her own show?

H
M



Man about Beale Street

NAT WILLIAMS, WDIA's popular deejay, was a familiar figure on Beale Street before he started working for the station. He brought with him a rich humor and down-to-earth philosophy which make him a friend to everyone. Although Nat doesn't consider entertaining his first vocation, his popularity on the three shows he does for WDIA indicates that his listeners certainly think otherwise.

Show business claimed Nat as far back as his school and college days

during the latter part of the twenties. He had a great talent for producing and writing plays, and could have continued this as a career after graduation (with honors) from Tennessee A. and I. University. But, instead of pursuing a theatrical career, Nat took a job as news editor on the New York State *Contender*. In 1930, he returned to Memphis to combine his two careers as writer for a local paper and teacher of social science at Booker T. Washington High School.

Nat-the-showman came to the fore again in 1935, when he organized a Negro amateur show called *Amateur Night On Beale Street*. War came along, and Nat ended the amateur nights (after ten years) to take an active part in the nation's war effort as a public relations man in the Office of War Information.

Once the war was over, Nat returned to Memphis, where he picked up his career teaching school and writing for a local paper. It wasn't until 1948 that Nat joined WDIA with his afternoon *Tan Town Jamboree*. He admits that his first day scared him half to death, since he'd never tried being a disc jockey before. But he broke out his infectious laugh and the first thing you know he was a real favorite throughout Memphis.

The station added *Tan Town Coffee Club* to Nat's schedule and, on Sunday, he's back at the mike again for *Brown America Speaks*—one of the first Negro forum programs and the recipient of two national awards.

Nat's most devoted fans are his wife Lucille and his two little pre-school-aged daughters, Natolyn and Naomi. But plenty of other people love Nat, too. He's the most popular man on Beale Street.



Nat interviews the famous "Granddaddy of the Blues"—W. C. Handy.

Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent method with

"Instant
Neutralizing!"

Amazing
New Neutralizer
acts Instantly!

No waiting!
No clock watching!



\$1.50
(plus tax)

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave
far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

BRAND NEW

Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing"
gives you all these important advantages:
A new formula makes the neutralizer act
instantly!

A new method makes neutralizing much
easier, faster.

A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies
your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel*
the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair
that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt
way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt
gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-
manage wave . . . even on the very first day.
The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and
speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

**NOW! Party Curl Children's
Home Permanent by Lilt**
gives far more natural-look-
ing curls that stay lovely day
after day. Nearly twice as
fast to give as any leading
children's home permanent!
Refill, 1.50 plus tax.

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

—> Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand-new
Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!

Sally learns the art of spinning discs from a past master, Atlanta's popular Jimmy Harper.



For housewife Sally Bennett, a new career is

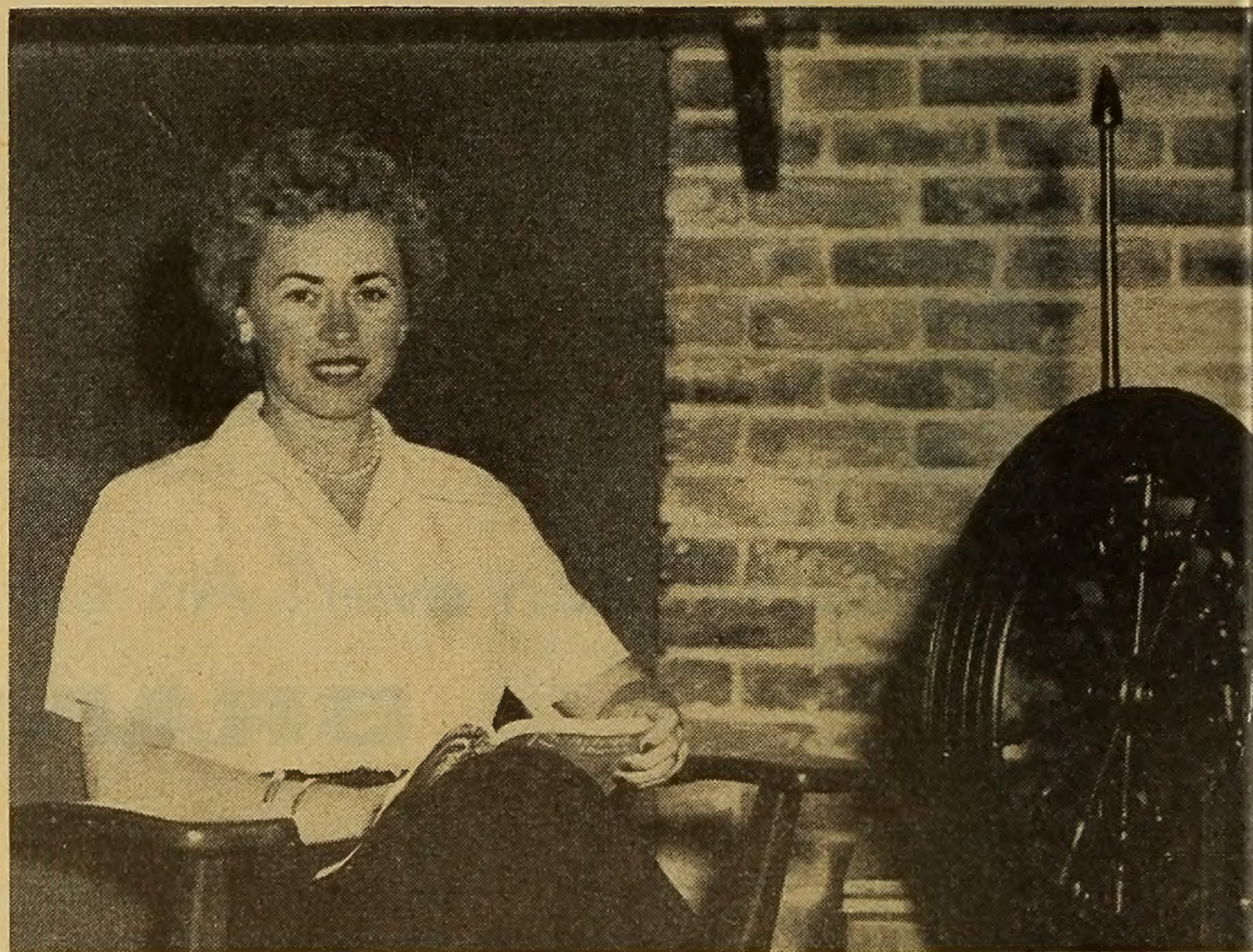
JUST BEGINNING

THOUGH, to most housewives, running a home and keeping a husband happy is more than a full-time job, at least one homebody has decided to emerge from the sink-and-skillet set and try a new career. That the girl is pint-sized Sally Bennett and the new career is radio disc-jockeying comes as no real surprise to any of her friends in Atlanta, Georgia—where she's heard every day over WBGS—or in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, her home town.

It's no shock, either, to Sally's sales manager husband, Paul, who's gotten used by now to Sally's talent for always having a finger in more than one pie at a time. A former secretary, singer, song writer and model, Sally's many-faceted personality comes out at home, too, where she's as good with a tricky piece of needlepoint as she is with an apple pie. Says Paul with real admiration, "She's a very versatile young lady."

That's the opinion, too, of veteran discer Jimmy Harper, who's training Sally in her record-spinning chores on his show. Together they talk over records, and sing and play Sally's own songs. The fans have accepted the vivacious, blonde disc-jockey-in-training with so much warmth that Sally and Jimmy are hopefully planning several new shows together.

Meanwhile, Sally works hard, and pays close attention to the advice of her two favorite critics—friend Jimmy and husband Paul. She's just beginning, but both predict she'll go a long, long way.



At home, she relaxes in an informal Early American setting.

IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN!

MAKE *Extra* MONEY

SHOWING FAMOUS WALLACE BROWN

Exclusive, Exciting,
Greeting Cards



"Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment

By every standard the most thrillingly beautiful assortment of exquisite, original, EXCLUSIVE DESIGN Christmas Cards in America! 21 large-size cards—every one different! Sells for only \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

No Other Company Offers These Sensations!

Pictured here are only three of the more than 40 quality greeting card assortments and other items in the Wallace Brown line. Rush coupon for samples and money-making details.

Picturama Christmas Assortment

Sensational new idea—dramatic designs open up to complete Christmas panoramas of popular subjects in many lovely, gleaming colors. Sells for only \$1.00. Your profit up to 50c.

Merry Christmas Comics Assortment

Newest rage! A fun-packed assortment of gay and clever Christmas Cards. Every design a thrilling surprise! Sells for \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

Famous Nationally Advertised Christmas and Everyday Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards

YOU DON'T NEED ANY EXPERIENCE AND WE SEND YOU SAMPLES

Here's the easiest and most pleasant way in the world to make the extra money you want! Simply show the lovely, exclusive assortments of Greeting Cards by Wallace Brown to your friends and neighbors! My, how fast they'll order from you when they see the gorgeous cards for Christmas and all occasions! You make more money with America's leading designs, amazing new, completely-different, original creations offered by no other company. Yes, balanced assortments of lavish, costly cards—gorgeous papers including suedes and parchment, jewelled "glitter", velvety "flocking", novel folds and cut-outs—each assortment an eye-filling treasure and a money-saving value. Just wait until you see the many surprises! Mail the coupon below NOW for actual samples on approval.

Assortments Everyone Loves for Christmas and All Occasions—and Many Fast-Selling Gift Items Too!

You've never even imagined you could offer such wonder-values, all from one company. Only a few are listed below:

CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS: Besides those shown on this page you offer luxurious Golden Suede Assortment, Currier and Ives, "flocked" Christmas Velvet Assortment, Religious Scripture Texts, Gift-Wrapping Ensembles, unbelievably rich and exquisite Genuine PARCHMENT Assortment—and many others.

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS: Exclusive, high quality cards with name imprinted, at low money-saving prices. We ship direct to your customers!

EVERYDAY ASSORTMENTS: "Feature" All-Occasion, Barrel-of-Fun Comics, Velvet Beauties Assortment, Rainbow Petals, Gift Wrappings, Gift Ribbons, and many others.

GIFT ITEMS: Floral Stationery, Imported Napkins, Children's Books, Personal Notes, "Shakespeare Howls" Napkins, Novelties, many others.

Send No Money!

MAIL THE COUPON FOR THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES!

Don't send a single penny! Just your name and address on the coupon in this ad. Actual sample of the exciting, easy-selling "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment shown on this page—PLUS FREE SAMPLES of Personal, name-imprinted Christmas Cards—will be mailed to you at once, prepaid, with complete information and money-making plans. Mail the coupon NOW.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-186, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples, sent on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-186
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush at once sample of the "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, and FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards, with details of complete line and money-making plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Ava Gardner

co-starring in

MOGAMBO

An M-G-M Picture

Color by Technicolor



YES, AVA GARDNER uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

. . . and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme Shampoo now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to \$1.00.





Atlanta's Zeke Clements takes life easy.



The Man from Music Mountain

PLAIN as bread," that's how one of his friends describes hillbilly singer-songwriter Zeke Clements. Zeke is better known to his radio and television fans as the singing, strumming Man From Music Mountain.

Despite his success as a radio and TV star—first on New Orleans' WDSU AM and TV, and now on Atlanta's WSB AM and TV—and his many song hits—including last season's favorite, "Just a Little Lovin'"—Zeke and his wife Helen have no more pretense about them than your next-door neighbor.

Helen and Zeke celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary in May. Their home life is simple, outdoorsy, and happy. They live in a thirty-five-foot trailer, and are real homefolks, who like to do a bit of fishing now and then, and raise dogs, and stick pretty close to the front doorstep. Helen's pride and joy is her fancy needlework, which she shows off on Zeke's cowboy shirts. And Zeke's is his fabulous memory for Western songs, which he can reel off endlessly at the drop of a ten-gallon hat. It's his pet boast that he knows enough songs to do his TV show (four songs a day) for a whole year without repeating a song or learning a new one.

Nice people, the Clementses from "Music Mountain."



Zeke and Helen get out-of-doors every now and then to enjoy a little fly-casting.

BE A HONEY...

CATCH A HONEY...WITH

Honey!



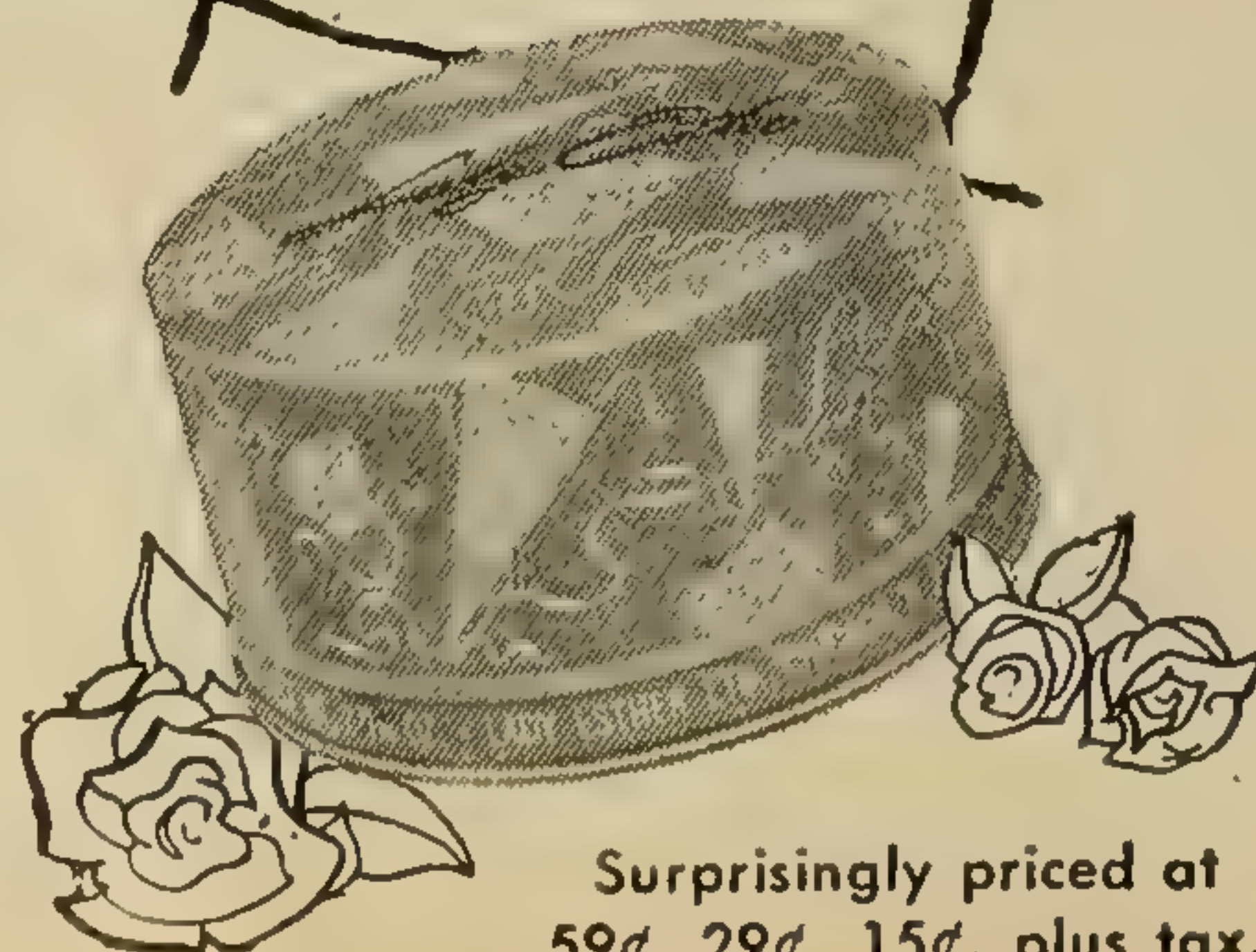
**Lady Esther's fabulous
NEW POWDER SHADE**

makes you look all a-glow

- Don't be afraid to try "Honey" no matter what your coloring. It's *fabulously* flattering... like no shade ever before. Not too dark... not too light—it gives your skin the most enchanting *glow*, like radiance from within. Don't wait till you've used up your powder. Start being a "Honey"... today!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

P.S.
Rated first
of all 46 powder
brands tested—
including
\$3 powders!



Surprisingly priced at
59¢, 29¢, 15¢, plus tax.

What's New from

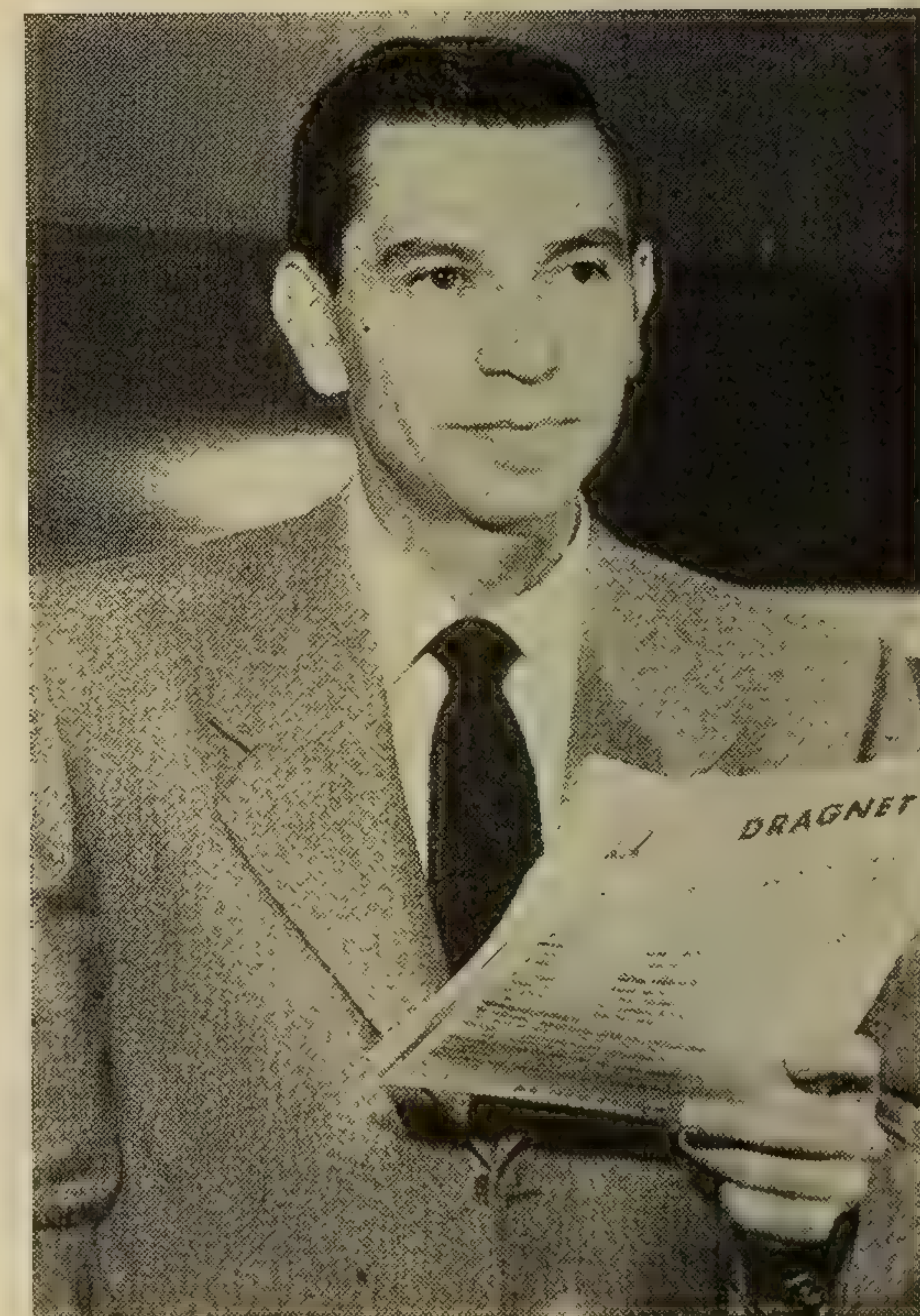
(Continued from page 5)

introduced on NBC in September. Tentatively titled Junior Omnibus, the program will, in many ways, parallel the Workshop's present Omnibus. The new show is scheduled to be telecast for twenty-six weeks beginning early in September, on Sunday afternoons. It will be directed to the interests of young people from eight to sixteen years of age, and will cover the fields of science, sports, art, career-building and government.

Arthur Godfrey was much saddened by the death of his surgeon, Dr. Marius N. Smith-Petersen, who passed away a few weeks ago at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Dr. Smith-Petersen (Godfrey had nicknamed him "Smith-Pete") collapsed of a heart condition a few days after Godfrey's operation, Godfrey being the last patient he treated before his death. The surgeon's passing will not affect Godfrey's recovery, the hospital announced, because "a very able team of orthopedic surgeons which worked with Dr. Smith-Petersen will continue the treatment." From what is known at this time, Arthur may not have to undergo a second operation on his hip and may even be back at work, if only part-time, as you read this.

This 'n' That

Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca will definitely return to Your Show of Shows when it goes back on television September 5. However, the over-all make-up of the program will be changed considerably. Max Liebman, producer-director of the show, says: "We are going from format to no format at all, and the show's set-up will be so unpredictable that not even I will know what it will be like from one week to the next." Sid and Imogene both vaca-



Good news: Jack Webb, Dragnet's star-director, has reconciled with his wife.

Coast to Coast



Contrary to some reports, opera star James Melton is far from being retired.

tioned in Hollywood this summer, but decided against doing their long-talked of co-starring movie, because they didn't find the right story, nor was there enough time to complete a film before they were due back in New York.

Singer Johnny Johnston, of The Ken Murray show, and his wife Shirley are expecting their first baby in November. Also on the stork's to-be-delivered list are Mr. and Mrs. Herb Shriner, who are scheduled for a bundle in December.

The Donald O'Connors were finally divorced a few weeks ago in Los Angeles. Mrs. O'Connor won custody of their daughter, Donna, aged 6, and Don was given an Irish wolfhound named O'Flynn. Don and his wife, Gwen Carter, were teen-age sweethearts and were married in 1944. In California, divorces are not final for a year, so pals are hoping that the O'Connor family may even yet reconcile between now and 1954.

Comedienne Martha Raye and her manager-husband Nick Condos also wound up in the divorce court in Miami, Florida, with Martha winning her freedom.

When The Hit Parade comes back on the air in the middle of September, Gisele MacKenzie will share the feminine vocal honors with Dorothy Collins. She has been signed to replace June Valli, who left the program to try her luck on her own.

Remember Fay Wray, the former star of the movies? She is coming out of semi-retirement this fall to appear with dancer Paul Hartman in a new TV situation-comedy series called Life Of The Family, on ABC.

Congratulations to the John Larkins (she's Terry Keane), who recently celebrated their third wedding anniversary.

Jo Stafford's contemplated TV show for CBS is just about set and should be on the air early this fall. Carroll Carroll, one

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New
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5¢
Kool-Aid
Makes 2 Qts.

Save!
 Buy 6 Pkgs.



SAVE on soft drinks! A 5¢ package of refreshing Kool-Aid makes 2 quarts. Keep in ice box by the pitcher full for handy family refreshment. Six delicious flavors. Children love them all. Buy Six and Save!



"Kool-Aid" ® PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. © 1953, P. P. CO.

What's New from Coast



Jo Stafford (here with husband Paul Weston) will soon be seen on CBS-TV.

of the best-known writers in radio and television, has been signed to handle the script.

So sad about the death of Barbara Britton's infant son. The baby died from respiratory failure when it was two days old. Barbara and her husband, Dr. Eugene Czukor, have two other children.

Jack Webb, the star-director of *Dragnet*, and his wife, actress Julie London, have reconciled after a trial separation.

Dale Evans recently presented a check for \$5,000 to the National Association for Retarded Children. The money represented the first royalties on her book, "Angel Unaware." It is a factual story about Dale's and Roy Rogers' little girl, Robin Elizabeth, who was handicapped from birth and died last year at the age of two. Dale wrote the book to help promote understanding of the problems of retarded children.

Country Washburne, the musical conductor of *Curt Massey Time*, was elected the honorary fire chief of Tarzana, California. But, according to Country, he only won because "votes from foreign countries counted five and an awful lot of my friends from Texas voted."

Following their smash performances on the 50th Anniversary Ford Television extravaganza, Ethel Merman and Mary Martin are both being deluged by video offers. NBC seems to have the inside track on getting them for a show, either together or separately.

Mulling the Mail

Mrs. A. T. G., Kansas City, Missouri: Yes, color television is definitely on the agenda of things to come and has not been abandoned. To the contrary, NBC is ready to go on the air with color as soon as

the Federal Communications Commission gives its approval. . . . Mrs. R. A. M., Burbank, California: Breakfast In Hollywood was the radio show which was done for so long by the late Tom Breneman. Interest has been revived in the program recently, with NBC preparing a film on it in the hopes of bringing it back to television. . . . Mr. J. Y., Ft. Wayne, Indiana: Yes, you're right. Karen Chandler, who has done guest appearances on several radio shows, was not actually an "overnight" success, even though her record "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me," was a fast hit. You are correct in saying that she was around a long time as Eve Young and sang with several bands, including Benny Goodman's and Joe Reichman's. Same girl, same voice, so maybe changing her name did the trick. . . . Mrs. V. W., Bridgeport, Connecticut: Alan Bunce has played Albert on *Ethel And Albert* for a long time, but actually is the second Albert since the program first went network in 1944. The original Albert was Richard Widmark, who played the part for six months before he went on the Broadway stage. . . . Miss L. M., Chicago, Illinois: No, Julius LaRosa is not engaged and, to the best of my knowledge, does not even go steady with any one girl. . . . Miss D. J. H., Cincinnati, Ohio: Sorry, but I cannot print home addresses or phone numbers of radio personalities. . . . Miss C. T., Omaha, Nebraska: Snooky Lanson, Bess Myerson and Dorothy Collins are all married; Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker are not married, but are good friends. . . . The Glee Club, San Antonio, Texas: CBS still owns the show, *Songs For Sale*, but Jan Murray has not been doing much radio or television recently. He has been making night-club and theatre appearances throughout the country.

to Coast

Whatever Happened To . . . ?

James Melton, the well-known Metropolitan Opera tenor who has sung on many, many programs? Melton has not retired, as many readers thought, although he has made few appearances on the air in the past year or so. He recently played an engagement at the Thunderbird night club in Las Vegas and is booked for other clubs around the country.

Barry Wood, who was a popular baritone on radio and records several years ago? Barry gave up the performing side of show business to go into the creative, production end of television. He recently was the executive producer of the Kate Smith Show and has just been given a new job with a title of "color coordinator" for NBC, working on long-range color television programming projects.

Clayton Moore, who played the part of the Lone Ranger on television? I have checked repeatedly and have been unable to find out any information on Moore. Possibly one of our readers knows of his present whereabouts. If so, do write in.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, RADIO-TV-MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York—and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, on personal answers. (NOTE: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.)



Joan Tompkins inspired the Nora Drake Nurses' Uniform—much more feminine.

Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits . . . all revealing summer clothes . . . you'll think you've lost a full size, no matter what your size!



Hidden "finger" panels smooth and support your figure in *Nature's* own way. *Boneless* non-roll top stays up without a *stay*. See the lovely textured latex outside . . . feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.



New Playtex[®] Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is . . . a brief with *all* the figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle . . . a brief that gives you the figure *and* the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've *ever* worn a brief, see the *difference*. If you think you *can't* wear revealing playclothes, let Magic-Controller Brief *show* you!

Playtex Magic-Controller^{*} Panty Brief, \$6.95
at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. **PLAYTEX[®] Living[®] PANTY BRIEF** turns your swimsuit into a slimsuit. \$3.50
Playtex Pink Ice PANTY BRIEF is a translucent sheath, pats dry with a towel. \$3.95

PLAYTEX Fabric Lined PANTY BRIEF with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. \$4.95
Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the **SLIM tube**.



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PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know," explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. B-93, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Edna's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



DAYTIME

AUNT JENNY The names of the people in Aunt Jenny's stories may be unfamiliar, but the people themselves might be living right down the block, for everyday dramas just like theirs are being lived out in towns across the country. Aunt Jenny's town happens to be called Littleton, but her stories of love and misunderstanding, of courage and fulfillment, are really the stories of any Main Street, U.S.A. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Recognizing that the backing of Roy Shepherd is dangerous to the welfare of Larry's show, Mary Noble hopes that her friendship with wealthy Lucius Brooks may offer a possibility of buying out Shepherd's interest. But the keen acting instinct that has made Larry a success on Broadway makes him certain that Lucius Brooks is not what he appears. What is Lucius Brooks really after? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY There seems little hope for young Alan Butler as the town daily becomes more certain of his guilt in the death of Elmer Davidson. Young Patty Dennis, who loves Alan, knows that she has all the faith and strength of her minister-father in her fight to learn the truth, but will even the Reverend Richard Dennis's experience and instinct be able to cut through the tangle of misunderstanding and misrepresentation? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE The last thing a young doctor wants is a reputation as a trouble-making eccentric. Julie doesn't feel that she and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, deserve such a reputation, but the town almost seems to feel otherwise during their championship of the young ex-convict in whom they have decided to put their trust. Could the Palmers possibly be wrong? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, ace crime reporter, strikes one of the queerest stories of his career when he is sent to cover the story of the death of a lazy man. Could an honest man have lived so well without apparent income? With the help of his wife Sally, David investigates every detail of the victim's life and arrives at the key to the secret when he realizes that it takes more than physical strength to commit murder. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT The long strain over Kathy eases as she slowly regains her physical and mental health after the near-tragedy of her child's birth. Her marriage to young Dick Grant approaches greater stability as another marriage undergoes its

most serious trial. What will happen to Bill and Bertha Bauer with the collapse of Bill's business venture? How will the crisis intensify their emotional differences? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE The tragic aftermath of the accident that killed Reed Nixon's adopted daughter looms heavily over Julie Paterno as Reed at last realizes he, too, is doomed. Is he wise to refuse to go ahead with his marriage to Julie? Fighting desperately to keep him from renouncing his last bit of happiness, Julie cannot face the future as bravely as she would like to. Suddenly, it seems very dark, very mysterious. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson's efforts to patch up the marriage of Ernest and Alice Wolfe become increasingly difficult as wealthy Irene Hemingway, who first started out to break up the marriage in a spirit of revenge, decides she is really in love with Ernest. Is Ernest seriously tempted by Irene's fortune? Can Bill convince him of the tragic possibilities of a life founded on another person's heart-break? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi Conrad has never been able to overcome her habit of trying to help other people, even though there have been times when she wasn't thanked for it. But an unexpected bonus comes to Chichi when she tries to find happiness for Grace Garcine, the girl with the misguided love life. When Craig Roberts's brother Mac becomes a factor in the situation, Chichi's life takes an important new turn. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES At last Belle Jones has found Lorenzo, only to be faced with the shocking fact that her mere presence has not been enough to restore his lost memory. Miserably unable to recognize Belle or recall the past, Lorenzo cannot refuse to believe she is his wife. But, instead of returning to her, he suggests that she divorce him and leave him free to marry Gail Maddox. Stunned and heartbroken, Belle faces tragedy. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Events in Rushville Center are given an unexpected twist by the teen-age element as, first, Ma's grandson Junior Fitz seriously endangers his father Willy's job, and then his girl friend becomes an active nuisance to Tom Wells. Is Tom wrong to shrug off the fifteen-year-old girl's crush on him? Is it conceivable that she can be a real threat to his marriage to Fay? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DIARY

"I sincerely believe this is the
greatest hair-beauty discovery since
the permanent wave"

Helene Curtis

THE FOREMOST NAME
IN HAIR BEAUTY



Helene Curtis Spray Net
gives invisible, complete
hair control wherever you
need it.



NO MORE WISPY ENDS
and fly-away strands!
Straggly locks won't ruin
your appearance even on
busiest days.

*New Magic Lanolized Mist
Keeps Hair Softly in Place
All Day, Won't Dry Hair*

HERE'S the hair-beauty discovery you've
wished for a thousand times. A way to
keep hair *softly* and *perfectly* in place—with-
out greasiness or artificial "lacquered look."
Simply press the button. The magic mist of
Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair
the way you set it—naturally... invisibly
... all day long!

Helene Curtis Spray Net contains super-
atomized lanolin. Won't harm hair—brushes
out instantly. The perfect answer to wispy,
straying hair!... Look for Helene Curtis
Spray Net in the pastel green Aerosol dis-
penser. Try it today.

Helene Curtis
spray net



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Giant 11 oz. \$2.00 Size

LIMITED TIME \$1.79
ONLY

Large Regular Size \$1.25

(plus tax)

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons

OUR GAL SUNDAY Adele Wilde be-
comes an important factor in the Brin-
thropes's lives as her enmity for her for-
mer husband, George Adams, threatens
the success of George's projected marriage
to Marian Price. Sunday, drawn into the
controversy when George's daughter Betty
appeals to her for help, cannot foresee the
strange drama into which this plea will
project her and Lord Henry. M-F, 12:45
P.M. EDT. CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper
Young's political career has made him
fairly familiar with the curious twists and
turns that the law can sometimes take. But
he never expected to find his happiness so
strangely threatened as it is during the
legal battle over the child he and Linda
recently adopted. What is the truth behind
Jim Dennis's grim fight for the baby he
was once so ready to forget? Can he be
beaten? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT. NBC.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason
rarely makes a mistake about human na-
ture. The recent curious behavior of re-
porter Jake Jacobsen was a serious blow
to his faith in his own powers until the
truth finally emerged. Now, with Jake firm-
ly on his side, Perry looks ahead to the
complete ruin of the empire built up by
arch-criminal Mark Cisar, and the final
seal of the happiness of Perry's client,
Ruth Davis. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT. CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Kra-
mer Nelson has always believed that,
fundamentally, a marriage was made by
the understanding between two people.
But she is now forced to the bitter realiza-
tion that sometimes the rest of the world
can assume a controlling part in the des-
tiny of a marriage, as determined in-
triguers make almost unbridgeable the
gap between her and Miles. Was Miles
perhaps too willing to turn from her? M-F,
3:45 P.M. EDT. NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE It seems like the end of
a long, anxious road when Dr. Jim Brent
and Jocelyn are finally married. But both
of them are too mature and realistic not to
realize that actually they are at the be-
ginning of a longer, perhaps more anxious
road—particularly as Jim's Aunt Regina
seems determined to make an influential
place for herself in the newlyweds' lives.
Can she do it through Jim's daughter
Janey? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT. NBC. M-F,
1 P.M. EDT. CBS.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT
Kelsey Spenser's mysterious death has put
an end to the tremendous opportunity his
new motion picture offered designer Helen
Trent. As Helen faces an uncertain, even

(Continued on page 18)

I'm going away!

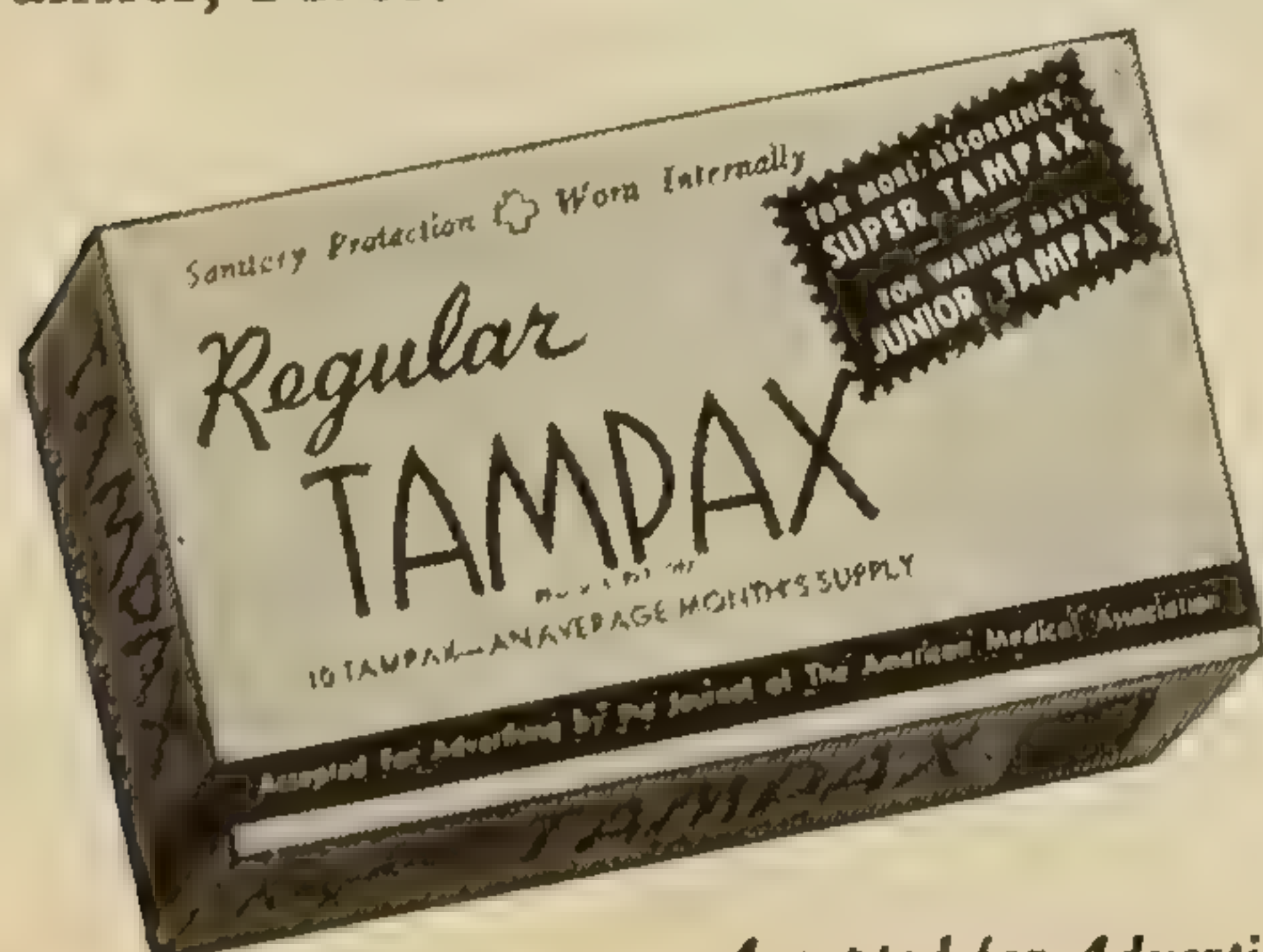


I'm going to enjoy every minute of my stay—not let a thing interfere with my vacation. And of course I'm taking Tampax along!

That's the best resolution a girl ever made. Whether you have a whole month or two weeks with pay, you owe it to yourself to be in on everything—from beach parties to dancing under the stars. And you'll owe your freedom from a great deal of discomfort and embarrassment (on "those days") to Tampax monthly sanitary protection.

For discreet Tampax is worn internally—doesn't even "show" under a bathing suit. Comfortable Tampax does away with warm external pads, positively cannot cause chafing or irritation. Dainty Tampax prevents odor from forming; that's so important in warm weather. And tiny Tampax is easy to dispose of—even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts.

Made of compressed cotton in throw-away applicators, Tampax is so compact a whole month's supply can be carried in the purse. Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 17)

threatening future, lawyer Gil Whitney finds it increasingly difficult not to admit his love for her and his desire to champion her against all the world, if necessary. Can Gil find a way to free himself from his wife Cynthia? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY At last, Bill and Rosemary Roberts await the birth of the baby they have longed for, and with Bill's paper, the *Banner*, off to such a promising start, the future could look very bright. But the *Banner's* crusade to expose crime in Springdale has provoked rival editor Edgar Duffy into desperate measures to keep Bill from getting to the facts. Will his shocking frame-up ruin Bill's crusade and his family's future? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE It seems increasingly impossible that nurse Nora Drake and Dr. Robert Sergeant can look forward to any future together, as Dr. Sergeant's daughter Grace involves Nora in a desperate and dangerous struggle. Even if Grace at last faces the full, bitter results of her recklessness, the effects of her foolishness on Nora's life may be more far-reaching than anyone dreamed. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON The Dickson music festival meant nothing in Terry Burton's life until her mother-in-law's activities made her a reluctant but important factor in a situation that threatens to split the town right down the middle. Terry finds the artistic, temperamental musicians an exciting change from humdrum housewifery, but a new problem arises when conductor Darryl Masterson wrongly decides Terry wants to make the change permanent. M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella's steadfast refusal to interfere in her daughter Laurel's life is suspended when the marriage of Angus Fraser and Maxine Cullen threatens Laurel's happiness. Because Angus's father and Beth's mother are set against the marriage of their children. Stella is trapped into secrecy, of which she does not approve, and into a grim fight for Laurel's future. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

WENDY WARREN Wendy, realizing that all her hopes for the future hang from the slim thread of Mark's emotional sta-

bility, cannot help hoping that his stay at the sanitarium has finally helped him to solve the mental problems that have almost torn him apart, even though Mark himself is less hopeful and secure than she could wish. What will be her place in the future of her brilliant, unpredictable husband? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES During the long, happy years of the Davis marriage, Joan's faith in Harry has never wavered. Even now, as Clare O'Brien prepares the climax of her desperate struggle to part Joan and Harry, Joan feels certain Clare can do nothing that will shake her trust. But Harry fears that Clare may find a way to blight the future with a threat against which all his love for Joan will be powerless. M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Is it a mistake for parents to stay close to their children's problems, even after the children are grown-up? James and Jessie Carter have never stopped trying to understand and help their sons and daughters. But their eldest son Jeff sometimes wonders if things might be better with a little less help. Or—on the other hand—might they be very much worse? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Jerry Malone, his elderly mother, and their friend Dr. Browne, are ready to concede defeat in their efforts to help readjust young Pete when Jerry's young daughter Jill takes over. All alone, she seems well on the way to making a well-adjusted, cooperative boy out of the erstwhile tough guy. Meanwhile, Jerry wonders how his life will be affected if the marriage of Dr. Browne's daughter Mary breaks up. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN On the eve of his wedding to Cathy Wallace, Linott Brighton is so severely attacked by Jack Gordon that he may be crippled for life. Trying to help in the tragedy, Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring realize that the true cause of the trouble is Jack's wife Sheila, stepdaughter of Ellen's dearest friend, Norine Temple, for it was Sheila who incited Jack to the action which may ruin four lives. How can Ellen help? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE:

- **GUIDING LIGHT**—an exciting picture story.
- **BANISH FEAR FROM LIFE!**
Anne Seymour's fascinating experience.
- **HELEN TRENT'S DREAM HOUSE**
Julie Stevens owes Helen Trent a debt of gratitude for a large hunk of happiness.

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 9th



Bill Ring

SMILING at you from above is 260 pounds of solid entertainment named Bill Ring. As emcee of The Bill Ring Show, Bill has come a long way from the days when he tickled the keys of a battered upright piano in a small town's dime store, trying to get prospective customers to buy sheet music. He was only in his teens then, and he had more hard knocks coming his way.

During the depression, he managed to land a job as staff artist at Station KWTO in Springfield, Missouri. Then he turned to trouping in vaudeville. But radio soon wooed him back with a daily singing show. After some of this, plus doing commercials, Bill headed for Chicago and a competitive audition at NBC, from which he came out the winner. An hour after his victory, he shakily faced a microphone and his first coast-to-coast audience.

Everybody seemed to like Bill, even Uncle Sam, so for four years he served as a supervisor of recreation in the Navy. After that, back to KWTO as program director.

In 1949, Texas and television beckoned, so Bill packed his family off to Houston, where he took on a heavy schedule of TV programs.

Nearing the end of his travels, Bill went back to the Ozarks and became a producer-director on assignment from Radiozark Enterprises of Springfield. Then came the biggest entertainment opportunity of his career: His own week-day show over ABC, The Bill Ring Show.

With his great flair for showmanship, Bill keeps his large and loyal audience very happy with his renditions of Western and country-style music. Probably an even better reason why Bill's such a master at this kind of music is because he is so much a part of the land he sings about. Folks keep asking Bill why he continues to live in the Ozarks, when he could originate his show from New York, or Hollywood, if he liked. "Well," Bill explains, "this Ozarks country is the place where I've found life the most to my liking. You fish a lot, you visit your neighbors a lot, and you stay happy enough that you want to sing a lot!"

And that's just what this grand guy does, much to everyone's joy.

The Bill Ring Show is heard on most ABC Radio stations, Mon., Wed., Fri., 12:30 P.M. EDT, for General Mills



Dry, rough skin: "My skin used to be dry and rough," says Phyllis Walker of Charleston, W. Va. "But Noxzema helps it look much smoother and fresher. It's a wonderful night cream."

Look lovelier in 10 days

with **DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL** or your money back!

New, easy beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier — and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin — here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Thrilling results!

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's wonderfully quick help for rough, dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Tonight, do this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh

your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash' — not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them — fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally caused



1. 'Cream-wash'



2. Night cream



3. Make-up base

Noxzema works or money back!

In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women. If not delighted after a 10 day trial, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back! Get Noxzema today — 40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax at any drug or cosmetic counter!

NOXZEMA

Dotty Mack—

WAITING FOR LOVE





*Dotty has everything—
except an adoring husband
to share it with her*



Former fashion model, all dressed up, going places in her TV career—but there's still one goal Dotty hasn't reached.

FOUR years ago, Dotty Mack was working her way past the tables of the guests at a fashion show in one of the department stores in Cincinnati. Everyone's eyes were watching her but Dotty was used to it by now. She moved slowly and with grace to show off the long sweep of the evening dress which she was modeling.

At one of the tables was Mort Watters, general manager of WCPO radio and television stations. He was watching the show, to see if there were any talented youngsters who might make material for TV appearances, when Dotty swept by. As she modeled evening gowns, sport clothes, little afternoon dresses, he became more and more impressed with her appearance. After the show was over, he approached her backstage and asked her if she would like to get a start in show business.

"It won't be much of a start," Mort laughed. "You'll be general handy-woman around WCPO, switchboard operator, substitute wherever and whenever we need you."

Dotty smiled back at Mort. "Mr. Watters, I'll be the best switchboard girl you've ever known, and if I do get a break on a show—I'll do my best there, too."

Dotty's first assignment on TV was with the Paul Dixon disc jockey show where she learned to pantomime records. Then she graduated to Girl Alone in which she pantomimed haunting love songs, and now she has a full-fledged production of her own. In a little over four years, Dotty has been able to afford one of the most extensive wardrobes in the business, including a mink stole ("I couldn't even buy a good cloth coat a few years back," she says gratefully). She lives with her mother Matilda, two sisters, and her stepfather. She has everything a girl could want, except her heart's desire—a husband and children.

The Dotty Mack Show is seen on Du Mont TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT.

FREE!

A Trip to *Europe*

for 2

How would you like to be brought to New York to appear on THE BIG PAYOFF, where you may win a free trip to Europe, a mink coat, and a car? For complete details, see the announcement of the STRIKE IT RICH—BIG PAYOFF contest in . . .

September
TRUE STORY
 Magazine
 At Newsstands Now



Don't miss—
**THE FIRST WINNERS IN
 THE NEW \$40,000 STORY
 CONTEST!**

in September
TRUE STORY
 Magazine

How to be a

WHEN you feel the urge to give a party, don't stifle it—either the urge or the party. From a purely selfish standpoint, giving a successful party is an unusually satisfying experience. It's personally rewarding to see people having fun—particularly when you can feel that they are enjoying themselves because of you. Because you got them together. Because you arranged for an entertaining evening. Because you prepared an attractive setting for those hours of pure enjoyment and relaxation.

But please don't misunderstand my use of the word "relaxation." I am not recommending that you invite friends over just to unwind on your wife's newly upholstered chair or freshly slip-covered couch, dripping ashes hit-or-miss all over the living-room rug. Despite the old saying about ashes keeping moths away, I don't believe there's a house-

wife in America who really believes it and wouldn't gladly relieve the culprit of what she considers a useless bit of excess baggage—his head.

No, that's not what I call hosting. But let's start at the beginning. If you don't just naturally like people, forget the whole thing—you'll never make a good host. Friendliness is something you can't force, turn on and off like an electric light. You may think you're getting away with it, but, believe me, you're the only one who thinks so. The average person can spot a phony from his first words of greeting. I, personally, believe that good hosts are born—born friendly, with what psychologists call outgoing personalities.

Having established the fact that from a personality standpoint you should make a good host, let's get on to my Rule Number One. Put yourself in your guests' place, and arrange your party to suit your



It's no problem to keep guests like Godfrey relaxed! But Billingsley points out that most people need guidance—such as he describes here.

good host

By
SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY



guests, not yourself. Okay, so Canasta may not be what you consider the end-all in the line of fun, but if you know your eight guests are "mad for it!"—for Pete's sake, make it a Canasta party. Don't force them into the game room for a fast round of table tennis just because you happen to play table tennis better than Canasta. Always remember you're giving a party for your *guests*, not yourself! My philosophy about hosting at the Stork Club is: "Please the customer, and he'll come back." The same applies to private hosting.

Point Number Two almost goes without saying—but is too often ignored. When you make up your guest list, make sure the guests will get along with each other. It doesn't take many misfits to spoil a party. And remember—the misfits in one group won't necessarily be misfits in another. It's much better to give two small but successful parties during a season, than one big but catastrophic affair. And both types will be the talk of the town.

There is one little party-giving peculiarity I have that people seem to like. I never give a party in my own name. I give it in the name of the guest of honor. And I find out from the guest of honor if there are certain people he or she would like



**EVERYTHING
FREE!**
INCLUDES ADVANCED
STYLE DESIGNS!

can you spare
ONE HOUR A DAY—
**EARN UP TO \$50
A WEEK!**

and
**WEAR and OWN these beautiful
DRESSES WITHOUT COST!**

Here's a startling new spare-time plan that can pay you up to \$50.00 in a week—even if you can only spare an hour or so a day. And in addition to getting cash, you may also earn **ALL YOUR OWN LOVELY DRESSES** for personal use without paying out 1c of your own money! Show our beautiful line of new Fashion Frocks to the women you know. No canvassing is needed—and you need no previous experience! Let your friends admire the dozens of charming new styles, feel the glorious fabrics and be surprised at the unbelievably low prices. A complete range of Juniors, Misses, Half-Sizes and Stouts—priced as low as \$3.98 each! And besides dresses, you offer Coats, Suits, Lingerie, Hosiery; even Children's Dresses, Rainwear, wearing apparel for the whole family! When folks see the styles they want, just jot down the orders and send them in. That's all there is to being a Fashion Counsellor—and you're paid cash on the spot for every hour you put to profitable use! Plus, of course, beautiful dresses to wear for your own use.

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If you act quickly, we'll send your free Style Presentation containing actual fabric samples, complete instructions and kit—everything you need to earn up to \$50 a week in your spare time. Fill out and rush the coupon below so that you can get started making money without delay.

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YES, I'm interested in making money in my spare time without a penny of cost. Please send my **FREE** Style Presentation entirely without obligation on my part.

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Age _____ Dress Size _____

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Can your body stand the
**CLOSE-UP
TEST?**



**MAKE SURE!
use NEW**

DJER-KISS Talc

(DEAR KISS)

Now it's so easy to insure all-over perspiration protection with new Djer-Kiss Talc. Shower yourself with Djer-Kiss! It prevents chafing — gives your skin exciting satin-smoothness — keeps you freshly fragrant, romantically alluring in hottest weather.
29¢, 43¢, 59¢ sizes.

GOOD NEWS —
for you who perspire excessively. Djer-Kiss Talc is also available with magic Chlorophyll.

**Limited Time Only
FREE**
\$1.00 Djer-Kiss
Perfume
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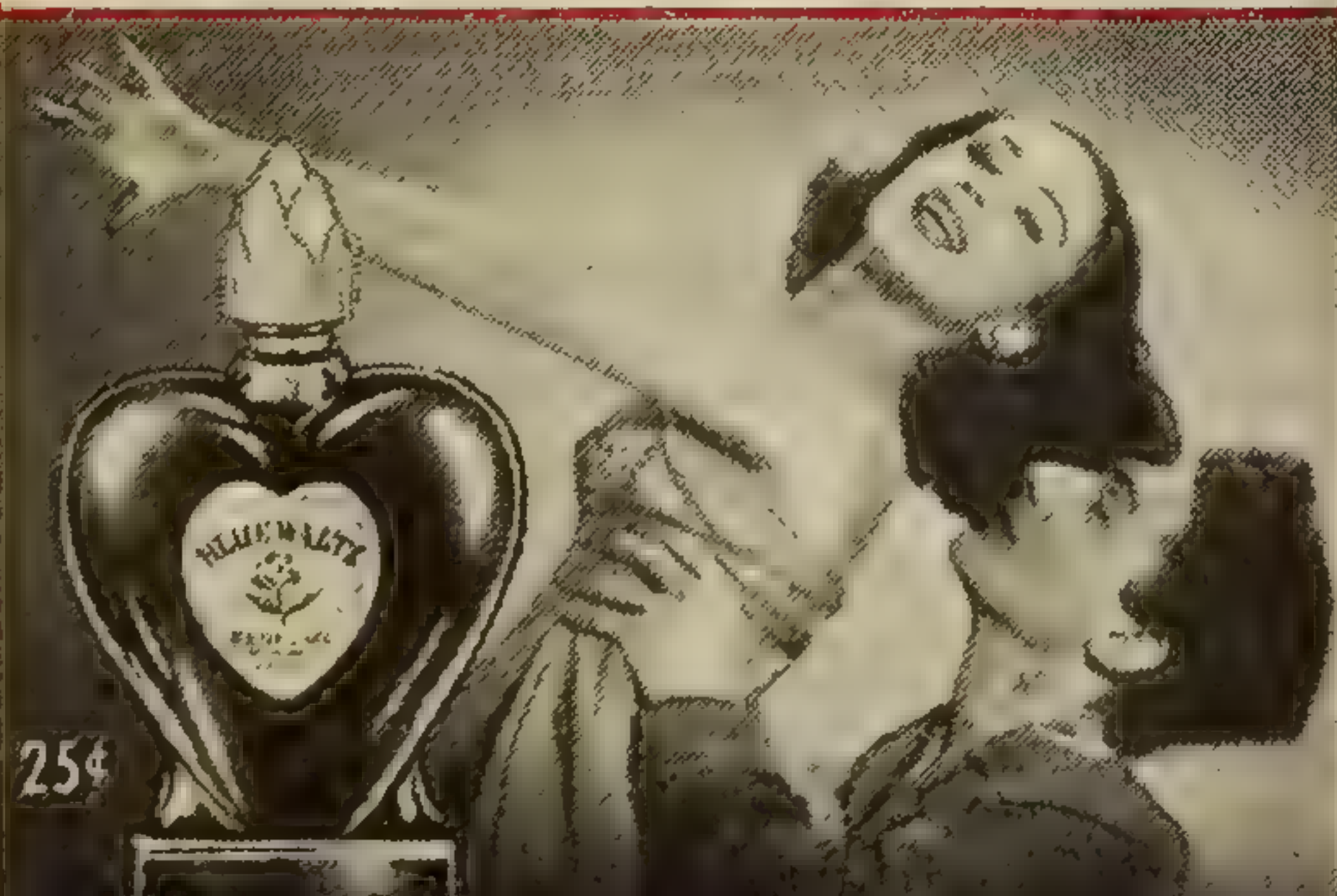


**Glorious Lasting
COLORS!**

Wonderful, lasting French Formula lipstick. Creamy, fashion-right color excitement for your lips. Only 29¢



**DJER-KISS Long-Lasting
LIPSTICK**



**BLUE WALTZ
PERFUME**

Thrilling things happen when you wear this intoxicating perfume. Try it and see!

How to be a good host



Billingsley and Stork Club guests Stu and June Erwin, Gisele MacKenzie.

to have included on the guest list. I have a number of friends who have taken up this approach with great success. One friend even gave a birthday party in honor of Big Mike, his three-year-old St. Bernard. Big Mike, who is extremely friendly and forgetful of his size, was on hand to welcome the guests and receive his just desserts . . . made a perfect host.

All right, by now you've selected your guests and formulated a party idea that will, to the best of your knowledge, meet with the approval of those guests. Point Number Three I can't emphasize enough—be sure you take care of your guests *as soon as they arrive*. Be on hand to greet them. If one guest is not familiar with most of the others, introduce him to a congenial group *immediately* . . . and make certain there is a comfortable conversation going before you leave to tend to your other guests. Never make guests stand around for even one awkward moment. Try to anticipate their needs—introductions, a cigarette, refreshments, or whatever the case may be. Remember, first impressions are the most important and lasting.

And, speaking of good impressions, brings me to the question of menus for dinner parties. So many people ask me why I usually serve steak

for a dinner party—rather than something exotic like pheasant under glass, or venison, or a multitude of other things. Why steak? Simply because I know you can't go wrong with steak. The people who really like exotic main courses are relatively few and far between. And I've yet to meet the man who doesn't like steak. But an out-of-the-ordinary appetizer and a fancy dessert will give the dinner a sufficiently festive atmosphere to make a conversation piece, without making it necessary to stop off at the drug-store on the way home.

One last caution. Never forget the personal touch. A few minutes out to ask about the new baby, comment on some good fortune of a guest, or ask how the latest business venture is going, is an excellent way to put friends and acquaintances at their ease. At the Stork Club, I like to table-hop and chat with my guests (I prefer to call my customers my guests), just the way I do on my TV Stork Club show. After all, the main difference between my hosting and yours is the size of the party. Fundamentally, all hosts are in the same business—that of helping people enjoy themselves.

The Stork Club, with Sherman Billingsley as host, is seen on CBS-TV, Saturday, 7 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Information Booth

Ask your questions—
we'll try to
find the answers

Red-face Department

Dear Reader:

We're starting off with bowed heads this month and hopes that it won't happen again.
The Editors

In our July issue, we included an item in Information Booth about the Jan Miner Fan Club. We'd like to make it clear that, for information about the Jan Miner Fan Club only, write to: Personal Service, 417 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y.

Phil Sterling

Dear Editor:

Will you please print a picture of the actor who portrays Reed Nixon on the daytime radio program Hilltop House and tell me a little something about him?

M. H., Antioch, W. Va.

Phil Sterling plays Reed Nixon on Hilltop House, but that's not his only claim to fame. This very busy fellow is also seen on CBS-TV's Search For Tomorrow and is heard on The Guiding Light. You also may have heard him at various times on Counter-Spy and Mr. Keen—or seen him occasionally on TV in Suspense and The Kraft TV Theatre. Phil lives in New York City and is a happy groom of one year.

(Continued on page 27)



Phil Sterling



For advertising rates, write to Publisher's Classified Department, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Sept.-Wo.)

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING! Typists or long hand! National mail order concern wants you! Work evenings at home. Oriental Miniatures, Fullerton 19, Calif.

PART-TIME—WOMEN to work in their homes 3-5 hrs. Per day. Mailers, 4043 St. Clair Ave., Dept. G9, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly mailing circulars for advertisers. Complete instructions—25c. Siwaslian, 4317-F Gleane Street, Elmhurst 73, N. Y.

FREE BOOK "505 Odd, Successful Businesses." Work home! Expect something Odd! Pacific TW, Oceanside Calif.

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING Envelopes! Our information reveals how. Only 30c. Business, P.O. Box 2224, St. Louis, Mo.

EARN BIG MONEY—Invisibly Reweave damaged garments at home! Details Free. Fabricon, 8348A Prairie Chicago 19.

AGENTS WANTED

NEW PROFIT BUILDER for Xmas card and other direct agents. Amazing Glitter Pen Kit decorates any surface in 6 dazzling colors. Easily sold for personalizing and decorating Xmas cards, Xmas stockings, gift packages, ribbons, scarfs, candles and 100 other items. Special Offer—send \$1.00 for 2 Kits, retail \$1.00 each. Money back guarantee if not delighted. Glitter Sales, Dept. 40, Montclair, N. J.

WOMEN! MEN! MAKE extra money in your spare time. No house-to-house canvassing required. New Car given as bonus. Amazing nylons guaranteed as long as 9 months depending on quantity, against runs, snags, holes, or replaced free. Rush name and hose size for simple money making plan. Lowell Wilkin, A-4439 Wash., Greenfield, Ohio.

TRIM HAIR WITHOUT "Barber". Miracle clipper sells on sight. Keeps hair neat. Samples sent on trial. Kristee 318, Akron, Ohio.

HUGE PROFITS. ASSEMBLE Rhinestone Jewelry Sample kit \$1.79. You sell for \$6.50. Wholesale Catalog 25c. House of Hobbies, Box 790H, Evanston, Ill.

SALESWOMEN WANTED

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. R-119, New York 11, N.Y.

GET OWN DRESSES As Bonus and make extra money weekly part time showing friends nationally known Maisonette dresses, lingerie, children's wear, etc., and taking fast orders. Write Maisonette, 4439 Sycamore Street, Anderson, Indiana.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

DEMONSTRATORS—\$25-\$40 daily. Our Lingerie Apparel Style Showings are sensation of party plan selling. Isabel Sharrow made \$258—11 days sparetime! Free outfit. Beeline Fashions, 4145-MF Lawrence, Chicago 30.

YOUR PERSONAL LINGERIE free as bonus—extra cash besides—introducing sensational Curve-Tailored idea to friends. Outfit Free. World's-Star, Dept. K-87, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. Harford, Dept. K-2359, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

REWARD! EXTRA MONEY For You. Take care huge demand Melville dresses, women, children's. Get own dresses Free. Just send name, address, age, dress size. Melville Co., Dept. 8135, Cincinnati 25, O.

EASY MONEY! SELL new kind nylons. Guaranteed 3 months. Perfect fit, like made-to-order, for every leg-shape. Sample kit with actual stocking Free. American Mills, Dept. B-35, Indianapolis.

CAN YOU MAKE \$40 A Week, Addressing postcards at home, in your sparetime? Write Hood's, Kannapolis 4, N.C. (Inclose stamped, addressed envelope).

AMAZING EXTRA-MONEY PLAN gives you gorgeous dress without penny cost. Rush name today, with dress size. Harford, Dept. K-263, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

LADIES: ADDRESS FOLDER Cards Spare Time! \$40 Weekly possible! Enclose stamped addressed envelope; write Folders, Tillar, Ark.

\$30.00 WEEKLY, SPARE time, making Studio Roses at home. Easv. Write. Studio Co., Greenville 5, Penna.

ADDRESSERS—LONGHAND OR typewriter. Work home few hours daily. World Trade, 9111 So. Magnolia Anaheim 17, Calif.

PERSONAL

BORROW BY MAIL. Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, Quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. E 69, Omaha 2, Nebr.

OLD COINS WANTED

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 20c. Magnacoin, Box 61-RC, White-stone 57, New York.

HOME SEWERS WANTED

SEW FAMOUS BABYWEAR. Fast, Easy, Profitable. Big holiday business. Write Liebig Industries, Beaver Dam 8, Wisconsin.

WOMEN SEW RAP-A-ROUND, spare time—profitable, Hollywood Manufacturing Co., Dept. D, Hollywood 46, Calif.

CARTOONING & COMMERCIAL ART

"HOW TO MAKE Money With Simple Cartoons"—A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Cartoonists' Exchange, Dept. 689, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

OVERSEAS JOBS. WOMEN! Men! Big pay, transportation, expenses. Clerical, professional, mechanical workers. Most all trades. Latest listings airline, construction manufacturing, oil, steamship companies, government agencies, many other opportunities. Up to date information on securing employment. contracts, income tax application forms. \$1.00. Overseas Jobs, Box 335-H8A Baton Rouge, La.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

EASILY MAKE \$65 Week as Practical Nurse. Learn quickly at home. No high school necessary, no age limit. Write today for free booklet, lessons. Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing, 21E9 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 55-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X674, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Ill.

PRACTICAL NURSING—LEARN Easily at Home, Spare Time. Big demand, good earnings. High school not necessary. Write for free facts. Wayne School, Dept. AW-7, 2525 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Ill.

DENTAL NURSING. PREPARE at home for big pay career. Chairside duties, reception, laboratory, Personality Development. Free Book. Wayne School, Lab BA-5, 2521 Sheffield, Chicago 14.

HIGH SCHOOL—NO classes, study at home. Spare Time. Diploma awarded. Write for Free Catalog HCH 9, Wayne School, 2527 N. Sheffield, Chicago 14, Ill.

FOR THIN PEOPLE

DON'T BE SKINNY. New kind of pleasant homogenized liquid super rich in calories. Puts firm flesh on cheeks, bustline, chest, arms, all over body. Gains of 20 lbs. in 6 weeks reported. Full pint \$3.00. If C.O.D., postage extra. Money back guarantee. Wate On Co., Dept. 182, 230 N. Michigan, Chicago 1.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

FREE BIG NEW Wholesale Catalog! Up to 50% saving for you, family, friends on nationally-known gifts, merchandise, hosiery, appliances, cards, etc. Also make money selling part time! Write Today. Evergreen Studios, Box 846-BB, Evergreen Park 42, Ill.

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING Envelopes. Guaranteed list for advertising agencies and direct mail houses. Send \$1.00 for information and list in your locale to: Address Information, Room 421, 80 Boylston St., Boston, Massachusetts.

12 NEW TOWELS, Large size \$1.00! Assorted colors. New, not seconds. Money back guarantee. Order now. Supply limited. Towel Shop Dept. 965, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY CASH For Boxtops, Labels, Wrappers, Coupons, Etc! Particulars free. Boxtops, PW 983-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

SPARE TIME MONEY! Sew neckties from special patterns. You make them—we sell them! Toni Ties, Fullerton 21, California.

MATERNITY STYLES. WRITE for free catalog showing entire maternity wardrobe. \$2.95 to \$22.50. Crawford's, Dept. 28, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City, Missouri.

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING envelopes. Our instructions reveal how. Paul Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

PROFITABLE HOME BUSINESS. Make Fast-Seller chenille monkey trees. Literature Free. Velva, Bohemia 32, N. Y.

HOME SEWERS NEEDED. Everything furnished. 75c per hour. Tie of Month, Dept. 1, 216 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

NEED CASH? ASSEMBLE ties at home for our markets. All materials furnished. Wilson Ties, Stillwater 10, Minn.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

MONEY FOR XMAS. Make at least \$50 showing beautiful Elmira Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Card Assortments—Name Imprinted Christmas Cards, Stationery, Napkins, Book Matches, Playing Cards—Gift Wraps, Books, Games, Household, Hostess Items, All unbeatable values. Make money while you make friends. No Experience Necessary—No Risk—Send No Money. Free Samples, Catalog. Bonus Plan, Display Assortments on approval. Write Today! Elmira Greeting Card Co., Dept. C-205, Elmira, N.Y.

PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS. Cost less than 3c each with sender's name imprinted. Orders come fast and easy. Make big money with America's finest line. Also Box Assortments, Gift Wraps, Gifts, etc. 30 actual cards with name imprinted sent free as samples, plus 5 boxes you can sell at \$5.50 sent on approval. Send name, address today. General Card Co., Dept. 1299, 1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill.

GIRLS, WOMEN! MAKE easy extra Money, full or sparetime. Sell 50 for \$1.00 Christmas Cards, other gifts and hosiery to friends, neighbors. No experience needed—we show you how! Write for Free Kit, 5 Big Sample Port folios. Special Party Plan! Elmcraft, 5930 So. Western Dept. 5078, Chicago 36, Ill.

SENSATIONAL EARNINGS WITH fastest-selling name-imprinted Christmas Cards—both popular-priced and DeLuxe. Box assortments too. Write for samples. Wallace Brown, 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. E-42, New York 10, N.Y.

EASY CASH QUICK! Show friends, neighbors complete line Christmas Cards and Gifts. Samples on approval. Peerless Greetings, 316 North Michigan, Chicago.

PROFITABLE OCCUPATIONS

GROW MUSHROOMS. CELLAR. Shed. Spare, full time, year round. We pay \$3.50 lb. We Paid Babbitt \$4,165.00 in few weeks. Free Book. Washington Mushroom Industries, Dept. 163, 2954 Admiral Way, Seattle Wash.

WANTED CHILDREN'S PHOTOS

WANTED CHILDREN'S PHOTOS (All Ages-Types) for billboards, calendars, magazine covers. Up to \$200 paid for pictures by advertisers. Send small black and white photo (One Only). Print child's full name and parents' name and address on back. Picture returned 30 days. Spotlight Childs' Directory, Dept. 1, 5864 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California.

LEATHERCRAFT

MAKE LEATHER ITEMS as Gifts or to Sell. Easy-to-assemble belts, purses, gloves, woolskin toys, etc. need no tools or experience. Send 10c today for big catalog of over 100 ideas, largest stock in U.S. J. C. Larson Co., 820 S. Tripp, Dept. 3091A, Chicago 24.

STAMPS

FREE! SCOTT'S INTERNATIONAL Album. Other big premiums. Full particulars with approvals. Raymax, 68BXA, Nassau Street, New York 38.

"The Long and Short of it"



Broadcasting from his own music room, Meredith is very relaxed.



Last-minute script study as wife Rini pours coffee.

IF YOU were to try to list all of Meredith Willson's attributes and accomplishments, they would probably stretch from here to the moon. For his road of life is as well traveled as a New York City street. Best known as a composer ("You and I", "May The Good Lord Bless and Keep You") and conductor (Tallulah Bankhead's favorite bandsman on the All Star Revue), Meredith has also taken his place high among the ranks as an author (*And There I Stood with My Piccolo*), TV panelist (The Name's The Same) and disc jockey (Ev'ry Day, currently heard from 9:45 to 10 A.M. EDT weekdays on NBC). Not to be forgotten are the "Talking People," Meredith's unique five-man conception of how to make commercials and straight choral presentations interesting and lively.

At heart, this strapping six-foot, professorial-looking young man is a humorist-philosopher. One of the best-liked men in the business, Meredith goes about a frantic, scurrying studio with a calm, at-ease air that soothes even the most temperamental tantrum-thrower. He likes his work and the people he works with, and two of his favorite habits are promoting kindness and developing friendships.

Meredith's many-sided career burst into bloom when, at fourteen—and as Mason City, Iowa's sole owner of a flute (mail-order, at that)—he set out for New York and The Damrosch Institute of Musical Arts. Within a few years, he was playing in John Philip Sousa's band, then with the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Toscanini. From then on, except for the Army calling him Major for a while, there was no stopping him and his many talents.

This summer, the spotlight is on Meredith's weekday show, *Ev'ry Day*, which is usually broadcast from the music room of his Mandeville Canyon home in California. Here he plays everything from classics to boogie, which is why he describes his show as "the long and short of it." The fact that Meredith knows what he's talking about and people like it is evidenced by his mail intake, which ranges from 1500 to 2000 letters a week.

Always on hand, whether they're in California or New York, are Meredith's pretty wife, Rini Zarova, and his lovable dachshund, Piccoló. Another of his proudest possessions is his fabulous record collection, for which his audiences are eternally grateful, for they are the spark that brings this genial, garrulous genius into their homes and hearts.

Information Booth

(Continued)

Dotty's Blouse

Dear Editor:

I've heard that the blouse Dorothy Collins always wears is her own creation. Is it really? If so, how did she happen to think it up?
G. S., Westport, N. Y.

Dorothy did design the blouse herself, about five years ago. At that time she was singing with the Raymond Scott Quintet, and, as she tells it, "I couldn't afford original gowns, and every so often we'd be playing a dance and I'd see two or three girls in the crowd wearing the same dress I had on. So one day I decided to wear my own creation." Dotty bought a pink blouse for \$12.95, changed the collar and the sleeves a little, but, more important, added a black velvet bow tie. Now Mrs. Raymond Scott, Dotty considers the blouse her trademark, and always wears it, or a variation, for her television appearances.

Seeing Triple?

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me whether the McGuire Sisters are triplets?
M.C., Coatesville, Ind.

No. Arthur Godfrey's cute McGuire Sisters, Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy, are really sisters, though. They hail from Miamisburg, Ohio, and have been singing together since they were very small. Phyllis, the youngest, sings the lead voice.



The McGuire Sisters

CHRISTINE, PHYLLIS and DOROTHY

"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap ...because it's such wholesome skin-care!"



Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Read how this glamorous opera singer was helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director

"I was a young hopeful from Birmingham, Alabama," says Miss Harmon. "but in New York I learned mere talent isn't enough! So I went to the Conover School, and my very first lesson was basic complexion care with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Candy Jones told me it was gentle, *wholesome* skin care, and she was right. Now I beauty-cleanse with that fluffy, fragrant lather twice a day. My skin thrives on it!"

Regular care with mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap will give your complexion a softer, *naturally* lovely look that make-up can never achieve. You'll love it!



Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips for You!

1. Protruding ears limit your hair-styles? Put a few drops of collodion behind each ear, press firmly to head for three minutes. They should stay put for hours!
2. When your face "feels tired," a quick washing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap will not only help your skin, but give you a refreshing psychological lift!

More later, *Candy*

Everyone is
talking about
**THE SHAMPOO
WITH TWICE
AS MUCH
LANOLIN**

A SHAMPOO
THAT WON'T LEAVE
HAIR WILD—?
THAT'S FOR ME!

NO
WONDER!
... WITH
TWICE AS MUCH
LANOLIN AS ANY
OTHER SHAMPOO.

—WISH IT
WOULD TAME
KIDS LIKE IT
DOES HAIR!

GEE, YOUR HAIR
IS SOFT AND SHINY
SINCE YOU'VE
USED THAT
NEW SHAMPOO!

YOU'RE SWEET!
IT GIVES HAIR TWICE
THE TWINKLE
WITH TWICE
AS MUCH
LANOLIN—

DOESN'T HELENE
CURTIS CREME
SHAMPOO HAVE
SCRUMPTIOUS
LATHER?

YEP! MOM
SAYS IT LATHERS
BETTER THAN ANY
OTHER IN OUR
HARD WATER!

GOLLY,
MOLLY—
I JUST LOVE
YOUR
HAIR!

THAT
"EXTRA
LANOLIN"
SHAMPOO
WORKS
WONDERS
FOR MY WAVE—



Helene Curtis
creme shampoo

also NEW LANOLIN LOTION SHAMPOO



TV's Cutest?

Dear Editor:

Our family is sure that the cutest girl on television is the girl who plays William Bendix's daughter on *The Life Of Riley*. Who is she and what is she like?

R. P., San Francisco, Cal.

Pert Lugene Sanders, the 18-year-old "Babs" of *Life Of Riley*, is a college student by night and a TV actress by day. She lives in California's San Fernando Valley with her parents and, what with studying dramatic arts at U.S.C. night school and studying scripts for daytime rehearsals, she hardly has time for much recreation. She doesn't even act in school plays. "If I had one more script to memorize," she moans, in typical teenager fashion, "I'd go off the beam."

Only One Mike

Dear Editor:

We've seen Mike Wallace on television hundreds of times and think he and his wife Buff Cobb are "Mr. and Mrs. Television" themselves. When I said this to one of our neighbors, she said he is the same Mike Wallace that we used to call "Mr. Radio" out here in Chicago in the '40s. Is he?

P. D., Chicago, Ill.

The very same. Mike made a radio reputation in Chicago as host of interview sessions from hotels and top restaurants long before he discovered TV. Before that, he had announced and acted in famous



Buff Cobb Wallace

Booth

radio serials like The Green Hornet, The Lone Ranger, Ma Perkins, and Guiding Light. Mike met Buffie, the granddaughter of the late humorist Irvin S. Cobb, when she visited Chicago as part of the stage company of "Private Lives." He invited Buffie to be a guest on his radio show, Melody Lane. They were married in March, 1949.

Walter the Wizard

Dear Editor:

Would you please let me know where Walter O'Keefe is? Is he on any new program? He said he would be. We certainly miss him.
M. T., Oakland, Cal.

We hope you're still not missing Walter, who's the star of that new show, radio's Wizard Of Odds, and has been substituting this summer for Herb Shriner on Two For The Money.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Walter O'Keefe

Your Lips...now more exciting
...more inviting!



Cashmere Bouquet French Type Lipstick

This exciting new French-Type Lipstick has everything you want! It smooths on quickly . . . and easily, and the contours stay clean and even! No blurring . . . no dried-out "eaten-off" look! Your lips will stay creamy-soft and moist, lusciously bright! And . . . you have six wonderful shades to choose from—exciting shades—like Cherry Rose, Pink Plum, Autumn Wine—and others—all color-keyed to your costumes and you! At this low price you can buy them all . . . and—you should!



STAYS BRIGHT!

STAYS MOIST!

STAYS ON!

- 6 Exciting Shades!
- Contains Lip-Caressing Lanolin!

Just 39¢



Join the Swing to Prell Shampoo!



Created by Procter & Gamble

Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'

... soft, smooth, younger looking!

What a thrilling difference in your hair after just one Prell Shampoo! Why, it shines and shimmers with that exquisite, young-looking radiance you've always yearned for. And no wonder! For actual *radiance comparison tests* prove Prell leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo. More radiant, more sparkling . . . and so smooth and soft it feels like spun silk. You'll love the *form* of emerald-clear Prell, too—there's no other shampoo like it! So handy—so economical—so easy to use! Try Prell today—for that "radiantly alive" look!





Accompanied by his wife and mother, the Strike It Rich hero returns to Gasport as an honored "native son."

LOOKING HOMeward

By FLORENCE HULL REEF

I'VE KNOWN Warren Hull from the moment he was born and, during his childhood, knew him as intimately as his own parents. As his aunt, I have looked at him both affectionately and objectively. His success in show business and on Strike It Rich seems to me to be quite natural, for even as a boy he was gentle, sensitive, and emotional.

He was born in a small frame house, and I was the first person to hold him. He was just a few minutes old and he was squirming, turning this way and that. Obviously, Warren was looking around to see where he was.

He was in Gasport, New York, a village some twenty-five miles from Buffalo. Gasport was

See Next Page ►

Warren Hull remembers Gasport—but folks there recall "more darn wonderful things!"



Warren Hull from infancy to young manhood: A protective big brother (with baby sister Grace) . .

LOOKING HOMeward



Author—and aunt: Florence Hull Reef knew just what to cook for her favorite nephew, when Warren came home.

a small town then, and today boasts a population of only nine hundred. From the window you could see oak and maple and walnut trees, broad expanses of green fields and the farmers' apple orchards. The home itself was small and humble, but Warren's heritage was quite rich.

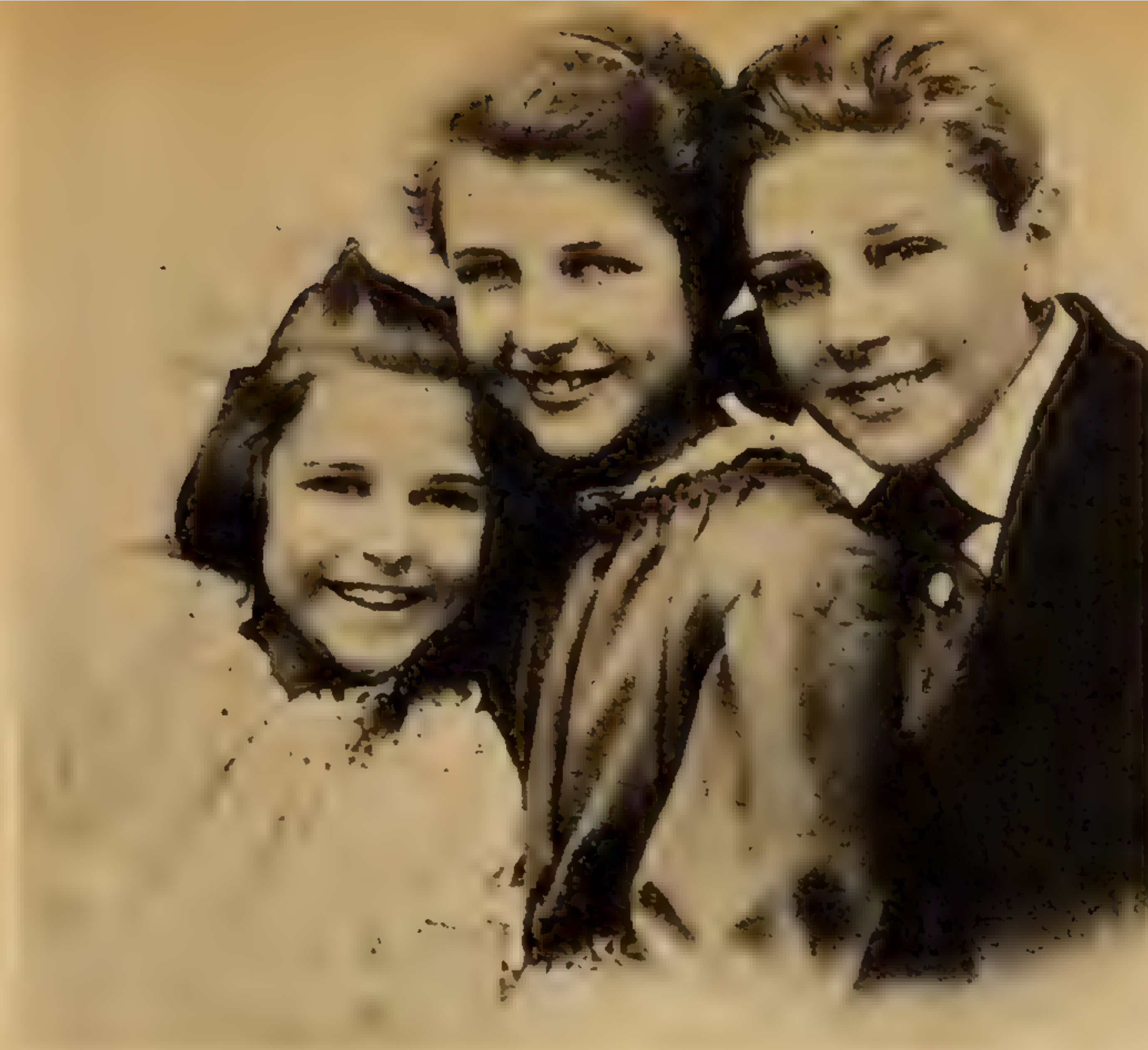
His parents and all of his relatives were very religious, for his Quaker ancestry goes back over three hundred years, and many of his forefathers survived the religious prejudice of their time through faith and courage alone. The Hulls were truly pioneers, for they had come to America in 1626.

Warren has always drawn inspiration from his forebears. In his present Westchester home and in all other homes he has ever lived in, pictures which have always hung in a prominent position are those of his great-grandparents, Nehemiah and Hannah. His grandmother was called Aunt Hannah by everyone in her day and by her descendants, too.

Aunt Hannah was self-educated and had learned to read by the time she was three. At six, she had read the Bible from beginning to end three times. Before she was in her teens, she was an authority on the works of the Lord, and adults came to her for a perfect rendition of a biblical passage they were trying to remember.

As a young woman she began to practice medicine and, until her death, this slight, tireless woman braved storms and all-night treks to tend the sick. She, of course, had no formal education and, when New York State required all practitioners to have a license, she had to stop her good work for a time. Then licensed doctors who had seen her bring the desperately ill back to normal life petitioned the state to give Aunt Hannah a license. They were successful and she continued to dedicate her life to the public welfare.

This philosophy of doing for others had been a trait passed on from one generation to the next. I remember my mother (Warren's grandmother) provoked us, the way she tired herself helping others in the community. Of course, my sister and I laugh at ourselves now, for we do the same thing. The passion



born leader (heading an impromptu parade) . . . devoted member of a loving family (with Grace and "middle" sister Lynn).

for helping is part of the Hull personality, and this is something everyone sees in Warren in his role as emcee on Strike It Rich. Even as a child, he was the one to bring home every stray dog for a good meal and a blanket by the fire.

Warren was the first grandchild to be born and, although we were to find that there was enough love and admiration for his sisters and cousins who came later, nevertheless he was the first and we thought the very brightest.

He was walking and talking at a very early age. He was a cheerful toddler and a good-natured little boy. I can't remember him ever doing the typical, cussed little things that children do—breaking someone's doll or teasing a dog out of spite. On the other hand, Warren was a leader even in his tender years. It was Warren who was the director and star of the back-yard theatre. It was Warren who led the toy band up and down the dirt road. It was Warren who got the boys together for a ball game.

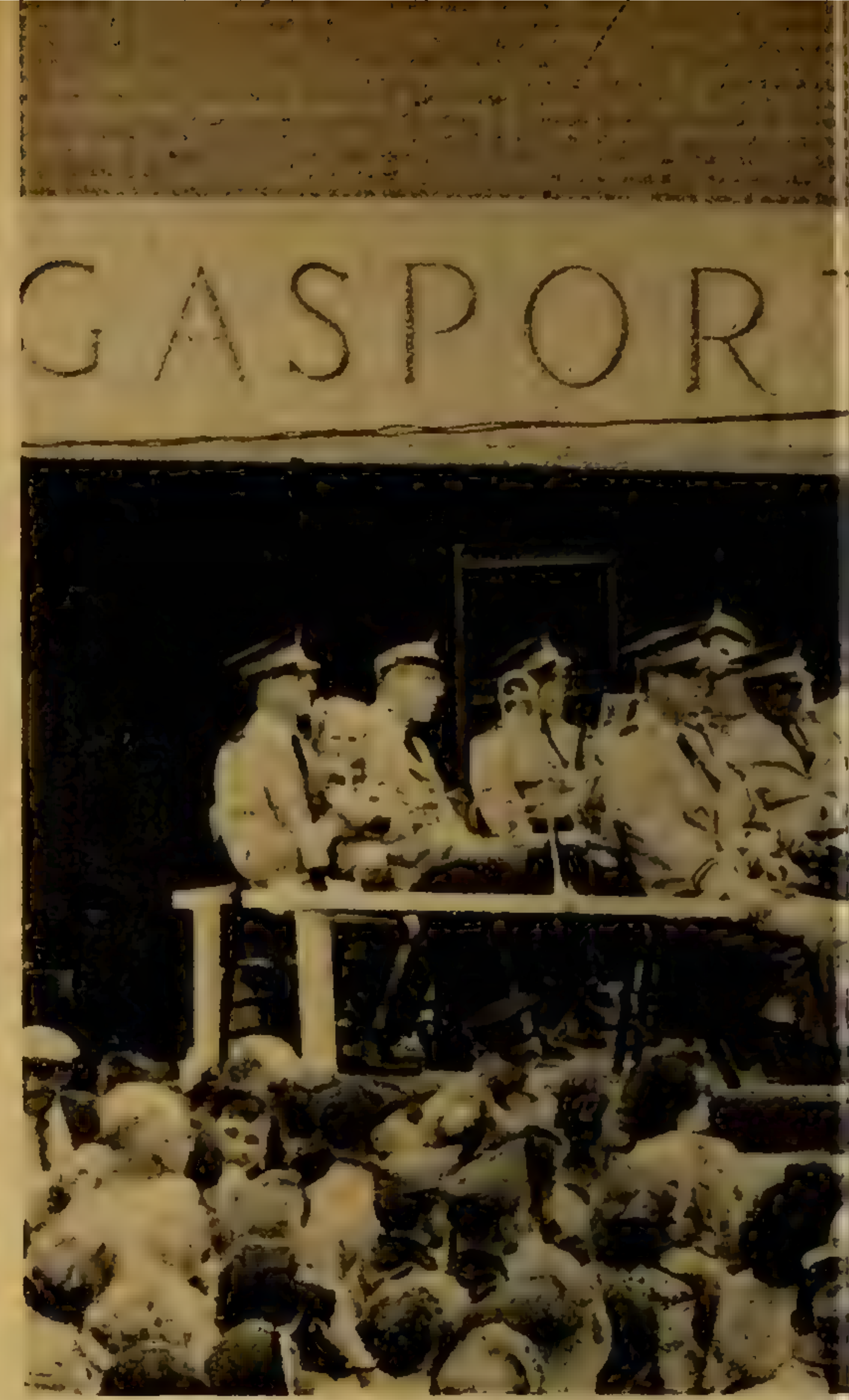
I personally know of only one time Warren was spanked. He was about three and I warmed his pants but, for the life of me, I can't remember why. (I am seventy-two and have a head jammed full of memories.) I remember, though, he was always inquisitive and once didn't mind when I told him to leave a mousetrap be. The mousetrap did its own punishing.

Warren learned to do for himself as well as others. His father had learned from necessity. You see, Warren's grandfather had been a minister and farmer but, when his health suffered, he had moved the family to Gasport. That was in 1890. With his sons, he set up a repair shop for bicycles and such machinery as they had in those days. Warren's father, John, was an inventive genius and was the leader in the shop. Soon they were manufacturing bicycles and the first powered orchard-spraying equipment. John and his brothers made one of the first automobiles to be seen in this country, in the pre-Ford year of 1900. John Hull frequently burned the midnight oil at the plant.

In the early days, the whole family—girls, boys and

Rose for Mom from a bush Warren planted as a child.





LOOKING HOMeward

Warren's biggest moments: With his mother, visiting the house where he was born . .

Old swimming hole: Warren shows daughter Sally and the neighborhood children where he used to splash around when he was a youngster.





dedicating the new Gasport firehouse (sons Paul and George standing at far right, just behind little Sally).

adults—pitched into the work of putting spokes in wheels or working a drill. Warren in his teen years was to work for a time at the punch presses and lathes, but his handiness came out much earlier.

The home where Warren spent most of his childhood still boasts the same rose arbors Warren constructed when he was twelve years old. He built his own wagons, toboggan, skis, and ambitiously finished a boat, the *Swan*. The *Swan*, it is sad to tell, when hauled to the dammed-up creek, immediately capsized. But Warren was learning to be self-sufficient. He knows what workclothes feel like and he knows the feel of honest sweat. I think he would have been taught these things even if his father had been wealthy. But, to be realistic, the Hull brothers in those early days never drew more than five dollars at a time from the business, and that was for groceries and essentials.

Warren was taught by his father that a person should always be so upright that he can look any man, even a stranger, straight in the eyes. He was told about human dignity and the dependency of one man upon another. I remember a workman once told me, "I think the world of your nephew. When he comes by, he always finds a few minutes to stop and talk to me."

Music, you may know, played an important part in Warren's career. It was the famous baritone John Charles Thomas who suggested Warren leave the Eastman School of Music (*Continued on page 97*)

End of a wonderful day: A happy homcomer reminisces with his wife Sue, mother Laura, and aunt Ruth Harkness.



Warren Hull emcees *Strike It Rich*—seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 11:30 A.M., and Wed., at 9 P.M.—heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 11 A.M.—all EDT, for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



IT'S A

*Julius La Rosa
has everything
he ever wanted—
and more, too*

By CHRIS KANE

Godfrey's the greatest, in Julius's honor roll. And why not? In just two whirlwind years, he handed the world to young La Rosa on a long-term lease.

A YEAR AGO, he was on the morning radio show with the other Little Godfreys, but nobody'd seen hide nor hair of him on TV. People asked why; he told 'em.

"Mr. Godfrey knows when I'll be ready. I'm still gawky, nothing professional about me. . . ."

Today, he's a television star, but no more "professional," if to be professional is to have the slick, hard finish, the high gloss, the air of being unerringly right.

Take a show he did this past June. Thirty million people watching, that Wednesday night, and Julius fluffed. Came in two measures too soon on the introduction to his song. He didn't brazen it through; he quit cold, (Continued on page 94)

Julius La Rosa sings on Arthur Godfrey Time, heard Mon. through Fri., on CBS Radio, 10 to 11:30 A.M. (seen Mon. through Thurs., on CBS-TV, 10-11), for Kleenex, Snow Crop, Star-Kist, Fiberglas, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Nabisco, Pillsbury, Toni, Chesterfield—also Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., at 8 P.M., for Chesterfield Cigarettes, Toni, and Pillsbury. All EDT.



GRAND YOUNG LIFE!



Fame has brought Julius rewards which he fully (and modestly) appreciates: The adulation of many fans . . . meetings face-to-face with his own idol, Perry Como . . . fun-filled holidays in Florida . . . and friends galore.





Cinderella

SIS CAMP

By ANNE HAYNES

SIS CAMP had just slipped back into her dungarees after trying on a skirt she was sewing. Outside, the wind was howling around the Pohlkamp household, for it was November and the Cincinnati winter had set in. Sis could hear her father and her two brothers talking in the living room and her mother was in the kitchen, tidying up after their dish-washing session.

The telephone (Continued on page 89)

Sis Camp is seen on the Paul Dixon Show, Du Mont TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

No jealous members in this Cinderella's family! Father and brothers Joe (seated), Jack and Dick (standing) take great pride in her success. Mother helps make the clothes that transform a dungareed duckling into a sleek swan—and Cinderella herself still likes to work in the kitchen.



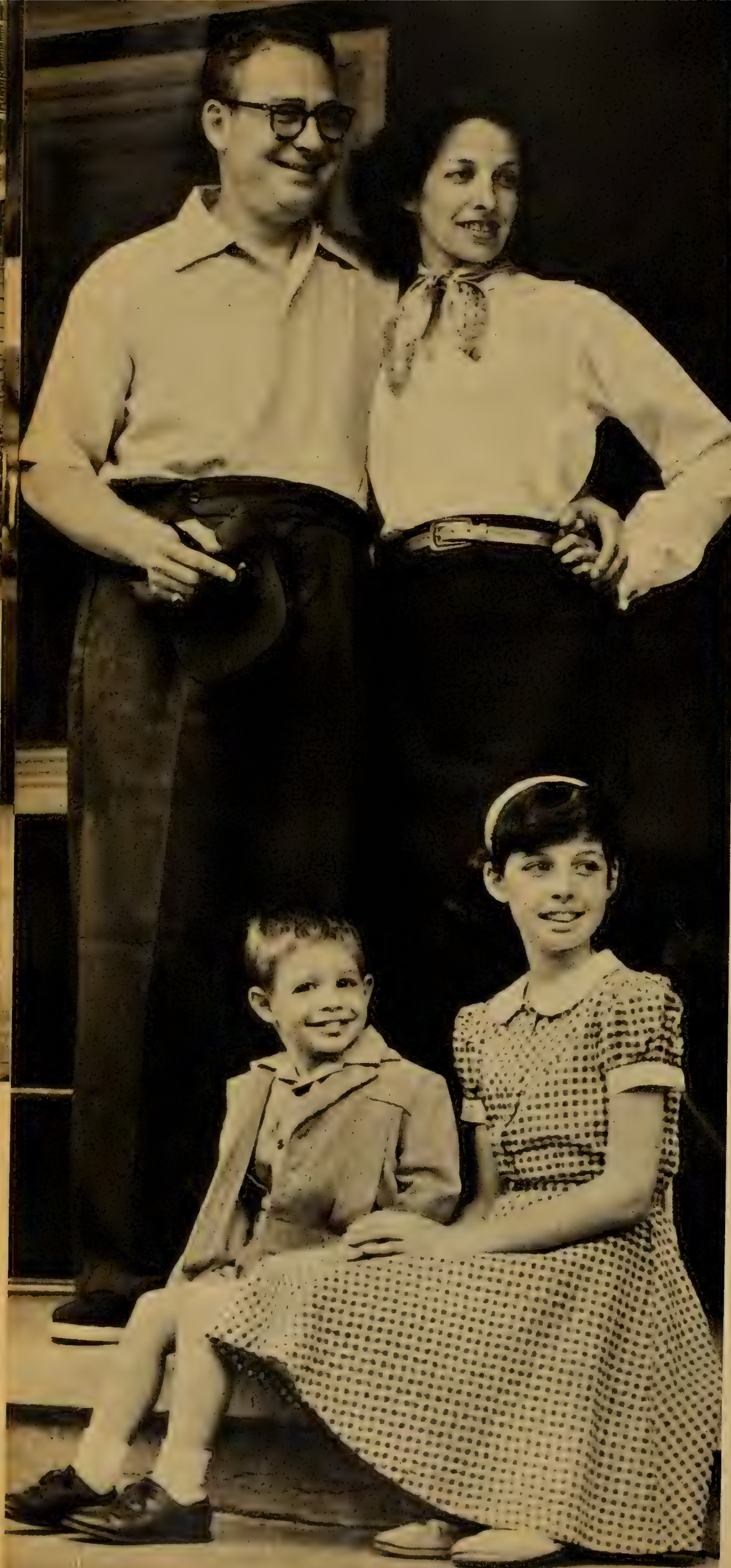
Sis never dreamed a phone call would change the whole course of her life in less than 24 hours!



the phrase

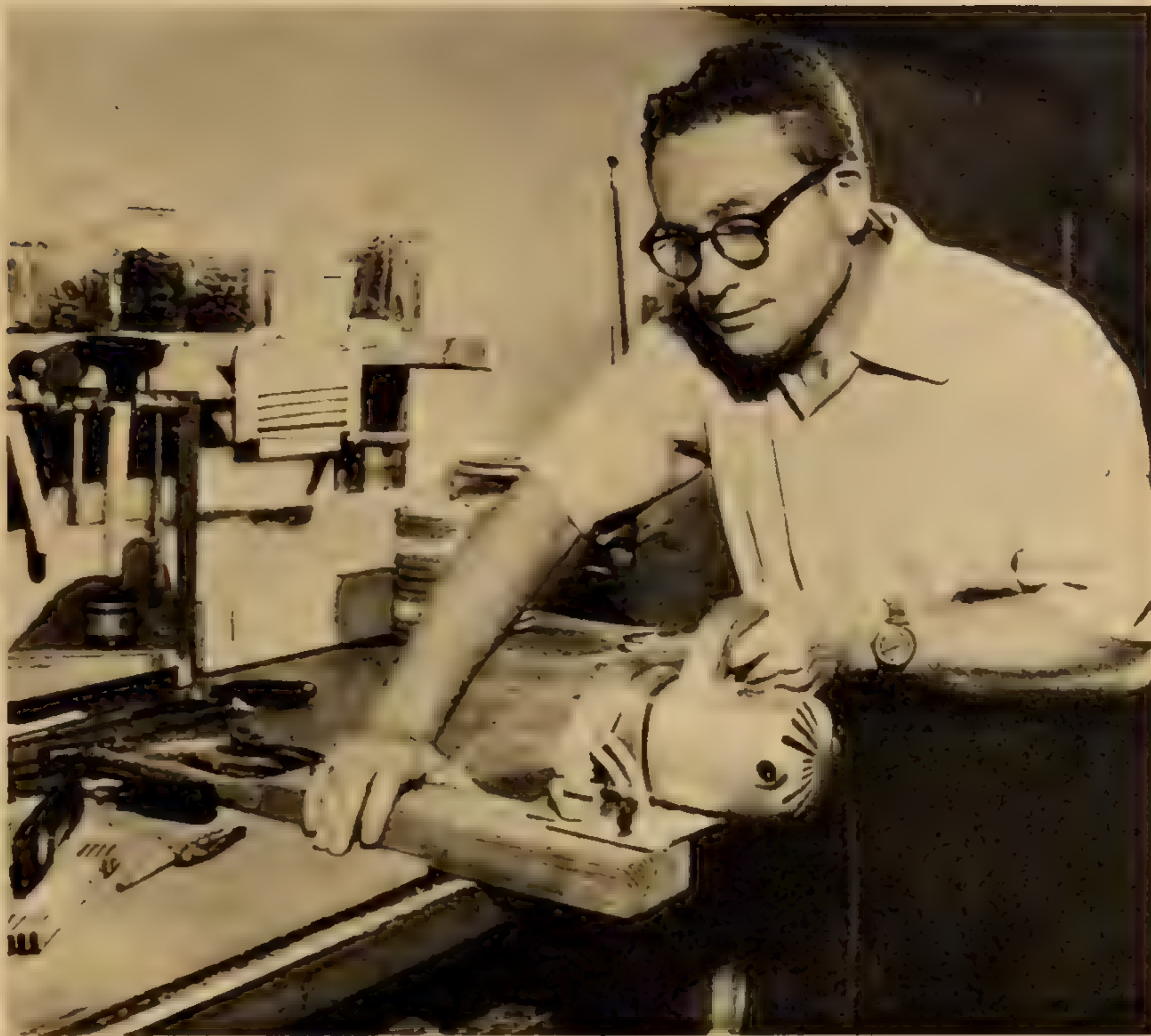
*Red's a human dynamo
who has developed
a philosophy that makes
life very satisfying*

By MARTIN COHEN



Family candid: Wife Fleurette is better known as Flippy . . . daughter Susan has musical talent like her song-writing dad . . . son Stephen's a rip-roaring chip off the old block!

That pays for RED BENSON



After years in show business, Red revels in country life, is proud of the improvements he's made around their ranch home, proud of his gardening and carpentry—and the calluses which prove he did it with his own hands.

Hard to believe but he plays as hard as he works, has many hobbies, including a prized miniature auto collection.

LIKE FIRE from the stack of a locomotive, that flaming mop on Red Benson's head indicates the same thing: a very much alive, furiously working dynamo. Red, who enjoys giving away a quarter-million dollars' worth of prizes a year on quiz shows, is friendly and relaxed as an emcee but seldom slows down to less than a sprint.

"When Red goes to sleep at nights," his wife says, "he doesn't really quit. He just kind of banks the fire for a few hours."

The bespectacled star has at various times in his life been a prizefighter, milkman, bandleader, night watchman, fireman, advertising man, hypnotist, singer, actor, and comedian.

"But everyone refused to call me 'Red,'" he says. "That was something I really had to work for."

He was born Norman Benson in Columbus, Ohio.

He would introduce (Continued on page 100)



Red Benson emcees The Phrase That Pays, NBC Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet—Name That Tune, heard on NBC Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., and seen on NBC-TV, Mon., at 8 P.M.—Take A Number, Mutual, Fri., at 8 P.M.—Great Day Show, Mutual, Fri., 9:05 P.M. All times EDT.

Search for tomorrow



The Bergmans wondered, as Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate ch

AT THE PARTY the Bergmans were giving, Joanne Barron could feel herself being pulled against her will toward Arthur Tate. Arthur—with his crisp, black, wavy hair, his almost-pure Irish grin—was enough to melt any woman's heart. Almost like a ghost rising between them, however, was the memory of Keith. . . . Joanne thought back on those carefree days when she had first responded to Keith's love. He, too, had had winning ways about him, ways which had made a happy life seem within easy grasp. However, the months and years of her marriage had revealed to Joanne that there was more to building a life than just appearances.

She had faced the problem of Irene Barron, a mother-in-law who was possessive to the point of weakening and destroying her own son with her demands. . . . Now, even closer since Keith's death, was the problem of Joanne's daughter, Patti. A court case had had to be fought for Patti's custody against Keith's mother, Irene—and, in fighting for Patti's custody, it looked as though Joanne had lost Patti's love and respect. Missing the firm hand of her father, Patti was finding her young world difficult. Then, too, Patti's grandmother had done everything in her power to poison Patti's mind against Joanne. . . . Watching Arthur talking quietly in a corner of



Could it be a budding romance? Joanne was wondering, too.

the room with the Bergmans, Joanne was struck by his apparent quiet strength. In the past few weeks, Arthur had been taking a firm hand with Patti, an intelligent and forceful manner with business, too, leaving Joanne to pick up the threads of her life which had been tangled by her emotional experiences with her ex-mother-in-law in her fight for Patti. . . . For an idle moment, Joanne lost herself in reverie—thought: *Is it possible to live and bring up a child properly without a husband and father? What do I really feel about Arthur? Could I fall in love again?* Before she had time to figure out her reply, she saw Arthur rise and come toward her. After all,

he has never mentioned marriage, she reminded herself. Well, let time take care of these little problems. . . . Arthur leaned down to help her get up. "Penny for your thoughts," he whispered. "Don't have any," Joanne replied airily, "except—let's say good night to the Bergmans, for tomorrow is another day."

Search For Tomorrow is on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, for Spic & Span, Cheer, Joy, and Shasta. Shown in their original roles are Mary Stuart and Terry O'Sullivan as Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate (above), and Melba Rae and Larry Haines as the Bergmans (center, left).



*Mrs. Arthur Murray
once thought of herself
as an ugly duckling!
Nothing could be
further from the truth*

By GREGORY MERWIN

Arthur and Kathryn Murray built a big business out of dancing. But business to them isn't schools—it's people. Their interest in others is reflected in their TV Party, featuring such distinguished guest stars as Hoagy Carmichael and Larry Storch.



from Wallflower



Shyness is something both the Murrays knew personally—and learned to conquer. Kathryn made sure that their two daughters never suffered the despair she herself felt in her teens. And grandchildren Martha and Kathryn will eventually benefit from the same wise advice she gives in these pages.

ONE OF VIDEO's most enchanting and gracious ladies is Kathryn Murray, femcee of the Arthur Murray Party, over CBS-TV, and wife of the famous dancing master. This glamorous grandmother is rated by men and women alike as one of the most attractive women to smile from their picture tubes. But Kathryn herself says, "I'm just the ugly duckling who learned how to get along with people."

Kathryn's knowledge of what makes a man or woman successful is based on her experience as a business woman, TV celebrity, and partner in a 28-year marriage. She has observed thousands of students going through the Murray dance courses, and these have included celebrities ranging from comic Groucho Marx to beauties like Ingrid Bergman and notables such as the Duke of Windsor and Eleanor Roosevelt. And (Continued on page 86)

The Arthur Murray Party is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Ipana A/C and other Bristol-Myers products.



to ORCHID

Barbara Britton and her family have experienced
laughter, tears, and a happy time in living

"We're all pulling together"

By ELIZABETH MILLS

FOR A LONG minute, the telephone rang on the other end of the line. Barbara Britton was about to give up when suddenly a childish voice carefully answered, "Hello, this is Dr. Czukor's residence!"

"My goodness, Teddy, is that you?" laughed Barbara. "This is Mommy. What are you doing answering the phone?"

"Hello, Mommy," said the youngster. "Everybody is out cutting down the ivy. I thought I could at least help by answering the phone. After all, I'm a part (Continued on page 83)

Mr. and Mrs. North—CBS-TV, Fri., 10 P.M.—CBS Radio, Tues., 8:30 P.M.—both EDT, for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.



Dating at home, Barbara romps with daughter Cris, son Teddy, and Saint, the Great Dane. Dining out, she shares hillbilly chow (at Ciro's!) with husband Gene.



Mr. and Mrs. North of the airwaves introduce their real-life children—Barbara's boy, Teddy, meets Richard Denning's own little girl, Diane.





Anne and godson Carl Cathers use an "antique" 1929 Ford to landscape the lovely grounds—where Anne and Violet serve many an outdoor feast.

Stella Dallas

EXCITING LADY

By GLADYS HALL

ONE THOUSAND miles from nowhere is not Outer Space, but the location of Stella Dallas' home—that is, the home of the vivacious, enthusiastic Anne Elstner who is Stella Dallas both on radio and in real life. Here the local townfolk call Anne "Stella" and bring their problems to her for talking over. Here is the two-hundred-year-old stone house which she and Jack and Violet call home. Here, too, is a lake over a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide.

The house is built of quarry stone which has mellowed and rosed with age. Twenty-three acres of lush New Jersey farmland spread their green skirts around it. Tall evergreens—graceful hemlocks, white and Scotch pines and a towering Norway spruce—guard the fine old doorway. "So far, the only name we have for it is 'Home,'" Anne says.

Jack (John Matthews, Jr.) is Anne's "wonderful" husband, and has been for twenty-eight years. Violet Anderson has worked for and with the Matthews' almost a quarter of a century. Anne "found" Violet in New York, but Violet was actually born in Maryland, just twenty miles from where Jack himself

Stella Dallas is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Bayer Aspirin.



LIKE THE WONDERFUL WOMAN SHE PLAYS, ANNE ELSTNER CAN TACKLE



Towering trees guard the doorway where "Stella" and husband Jack Matthews greet their guests. Below, Anne loves perfume and feminine frills, as well as garden chores and country sports.



ANY PROBLEM AND ENJOYS A BUSY LIFE



"Matthews Lake" is really the old quarry from which the stone came, ages ago, for Anne's and Jack's gracious house. It's perfect for swimming and canoeing—and there's plenty of fish to rise to the bait.

was born. She is very much part of the household.

"The day Jack and I first saw the old stone house, we threw pebbles in the lake," Anne says, "and the bass just swarmed and grabbed. Jack just swallowed. 'You go in and look at the house, baby,' he said in his Southern accent that is thick as syrup, 'I don't need to look at it. I like this place,' he said, his eyes shining. 'It suits me fine.'

"It suited me fine, too, but before I would say, 'We'll buy,' I went back to town and checked with Violet. 'Now, Violet,' I said, 'we have found this place we love but we're not going to buy it until you see it and say you love it, too. We won't go without you.'

"We didn't have to. Violet's as happy here as we are. She has the run of the house. She has her friends in. She fishes. She goes up to broadcasts with me. When, recently, she had a cornea transplant, everyone around NBC wrote her letters. After my sixteen years of playing Stella Dallas over NBC Radio, Violet's better known around the studio," Anne laughs, "than I am!"

Fourth member of the household is Anne's godson, Carl Cathers, whom Anne has helped to educate. "He's just graduated from Rutgers University," Anne says proudly. "He's with us a great deal of the time, and has done such beautiful stone and landscape work in our yard and garden. Of course, he enjoys the place with us and so takes great pride in all our work and plans for it. Together we plant and transplant, excavate and fill in, and almost move mountains—think we would

try to move one, if we knew where to put it!"

Anne keeps a list in her mind, and in her heart, which she calls "The Things I'm Proudest Of": Her father's poems. Her mother's letters. The old silver from both Jack's and Anne's grandparents. The exquisite hand-painted paper dolls her sisters made for her when she was a little girl. High on this long and loving list is the role she has made her own:

"I'm proud of Stella Dallas," she says. "It's a terrific responsibility to live up to such a wonderful person, but it's also a challenge to the best in me, and I try to meet it. I particularly love it when Stella reads the Scriptures and know, from the reaction I get, that all of Stella's friends love it, too. One of these days I would like to do a whole program of readings from the Scriptures—if ever I achieve this ambition it will be another of The Things I'm Proudest Of."

ON THE lake which mirrors the old stone house, there are two canoes. In the morning before she leaves for New York to become Stella Dallas—her "other self"—slender, blonde, blue-eyed Anne walks around the place.

"I garden, even in the rain. I love gardening and sharing the flowers with neighbors. Love to wear flowers, too, and always do. I use basic hats and each day I have a different floral arrangement on my hat. 'You picked a pretty hat today!' my director recently remarked. They're known around the studio as my 'hat-gardens,' and I often allow

STELLA DALLAS



Flowers are dear to Anne's heart. She enjoys growing them, for their beauty in both garden and home—and trims her most fashionable hats with living blossoms.

one of the men in the studio to pick a posy for his button-hole! In the winter I often wear pine cones," Anne laughs, "on my mink hat!"

"Weekends, Jack and I do together all the things we love the most. We swim. We ride. We fish. We garden. We cook (we give Violet every weekend off)—we both love to cook. We go to our local baseball games. Jack could have made professional baseball, which is on my list of Things I'm Proudest Of—also a mite jealous of! All my life I wanted to be a ballplayer.

"In the wintertime, we trap-shoot. Another Thing I'm Proudest Of is Jack's first trophy for trap-shooting; a little proud because he lets me shoot with some of the world's greatest shots (even though I'm sometimes the only woman). Among Jack's skills as a marksman is that of throwing coins into the air and shooting them down. Our friends refer to us as," Anne laughs, "'Anne Elstner and Her Penny-Shooting Husband!'

"Getting a man is easy, I always say," Anne does say, with a twinkle, "but keeping him—that's the thing you have to work at! Since no man is going to take up a woman's interests, the way to 'work at it' is, in my opinion, for the woman to take up the man's interests. In this respect, I was lucky. Born with the love of the outdoors in my blood, I didn't have to 'take up' Jack's interests; they were already mine. Meaning that—just as Jack is as much at home in the woods, in the fields, on a horse, in the water, on a baseball diamond, as in a drawing-room—so am I! (Continued on page 76)



Violet's specialty is Southern-fried chicken, but ner fish is appetizing, too—and as fresh as can be caught!





"Paul and Peter are learning to share everything."

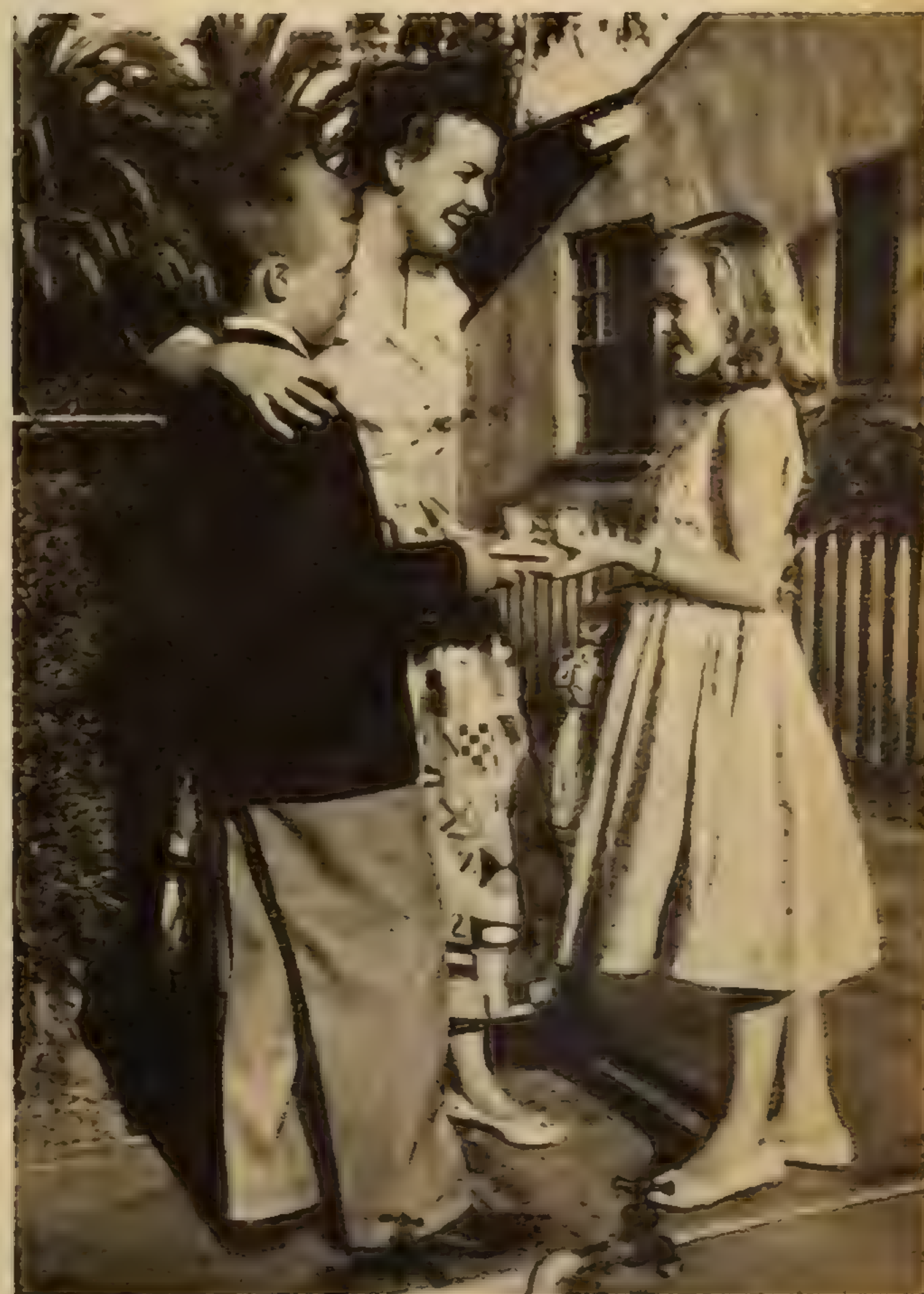
OUR LITTLE MARGIE SAYS:

"I'm in love with four guys"

By GALE STORM

I REMEMBER one day in Texas, when I was about fifteen, I asked my mother: "Mother, am I pretty?"

"Gale, honey," she said, "you're cute as a rosebud garden. But I think you'll get over it. I say that because you have a disposition which goes hand in glove with ham hocks, corn bread, mustard greens. and (Continued on page 98)



"It's easy to love my brood—like Phil with his date, Susan Thayer—like Lee, my husband."



Marjorie, Christopher, Lynn (with little Ti Mambo) and Mark are the very wonderful reasons why Karl Weber would rather be home than anything.



MAN ABOUT THE

Karl Weber, who
 rivals Lorenzo Jones for
 Belle's affections, is
 just a family man at heart



Sophisticated Verne Massey of radio would hardly recognize himself, cutting some five tons of stone for the walls!

By FRANCES KISH

DOWN A CERTAIN New Jersey road, across the Hudson River from New York City, live Karl Weber and his family. In New York, Karl is known as playwright Verne Massey, whom he portrays in the dramatic radio serial Lorenzo Jones. Hardly the type to get his hands dirty doing country chores!

However, once shed of the distinctly urban clothes which characterize this tall, dark, good-looking man when he plays Massey, and dressed in jeans and a sport shirt, Karl is not only one to get his hands dirty, but he's a person who loves it.

"When we moved (Continued on page 78)

Karl Weber in Lorenzo Jones, on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, for Fab and Colgate Dental Cream.

HOUSE



Both from Iowa themselves, Karl and Marij are still genuine "country kids" and enjoy teaching their own city-bred children the real down-on-the-farm way of living.



Christopher gets a kick out of learning the old-fashioned skills which will—some far-off day—make him a handy man to have around his own home, like Dad.



We won \$1800—and didn't
have a dime to tip the messengers
delivering us congratulations!



By SIBYL LANGE



TWO for



Jack's a medical student, I'm a laboratory technician—so a home game of chess just about fits our "entertainment" budget.

THE TRUTH of the matter is that we didn't have enough money on hand to tip the Western Union messengers who walked up four flights of stairs to deliver messages congratulating us because we won \$1800 on Two For The Money. We had been kind of "broke" that week and, of course, we ran rampant after winning the money, and my husband Jack took my mother and a friend of hers and me out for double malteds.

That's kind of cheating, beginning at the end of a rather hectic and funny story. You see, Jack and I had been married only seven months. He is studying medicine at Cornell, and I work there as a laboratory technician. The business of being broke doesn't mean that we are poverty-stricken. Some weeks

There we were, facing Herb Shriner,
and he was kidding us—\$1800 worth!



the MONEY

our budget just suffers from a lack of green corpuscles.

But that still isn't getting to the real story. How we got on Two For The Money is quite simple—we wrote in for tickets to Balance Your Budget. That's as clear as mud, but true. However, I'll stick to the facts and maybe we'll come out right in the end. You see, it was suggested that, when writing Balance Your Budget, you mention an amusing incident in your life. Jack did that, explaining that my father was instrumental in bringing us *(Continued on page 95)*

Two For The Money can be heard on NBC Radio, Tues., at 10 P.M., and will be seen over CBS-TV, Sat., at 9 P.M.—both EDT, for Old Gold Cigarettes.

Our winnings mean so much to our future, but all we have bought is—that irresistible "dog in the window."



I found a Wonderful Man

We think we have wonderful children, too—our daughter, Linda Anne, and son Galen Spencer.





*My husband, Galen Drake, has
found contentment in
accomplishing the things he
wanted to do . . . deep
contentment in his family*

By ANNE DRAKE

MY HUSBAND, Galen Drake, is on radio on his own programs not less than sixteen or seventeen times a week. Sometimes even more than that. I, Anne Drake, am a Powers model, which was what I was doing before I met Galen. Yet, in spite of our busy lives, we live a wonderful home life with our two children and are a contented and happy family.

I like to think that it is some of our happiness which spills over into Galen's programs and inspires so many people to write him that he has made their lives a little brighter. His love for us—although he does not mention his family very often on his programs—and his love for people in (Continued on page 101)



Galen reads constantly, of course, and I try to be of help. But I won't say we work together—because, according to his philosophy, what he's doing isn't "work," any more than playing with the children!



Galen Drake is heard on CBS Radio, Sat., at 10 A.M., for Hunt Club Dog Food (and others), and at 1:55 P.M., for Instant Sanka—on WCBS Radio (N.Y.), Mon. through Fri., 4:30 P.M., Sat., 9:30 A.M., for the Housewives Protective League—also on WCBS he does a newscast, Mon. through Fri., 5 P.M., and Starlight Salute, seven days a week, 11:15 P.M. All EDT.

Right to Happiness



1. Condemned to die! Danny Lockwood's life hangs in the balance. Only Governor Miles Nelson can stay the execution, already set.



2. Carolyn Nelson doesn't believe Danny is guilty—particularly after a stranger stops her and roughly warns her not to interfere.

OVER THE past few years, Carolyn Nelson has discovered that being the wife of Governor Miles Nelson is not simple. Facing her now, however, is a situation without parallel in most women's lives. Carolyn is convinced of the innocence of a boy named Danny Lockwood, who faces execution as the result of his conviction in a court of law. In the hands of her husband rests the fate of Danny . . . he can either sign away Danny's right of appeal, or call for a stay of execution to examine more evidence which might be presented. Weary, strained to the emotional breaking point, Carolyn knows there is little hope of new evidence turning up which will delay his decision. Perhaps, during this delay, some new facts will come

to light. As a woman, as a wife, Carolyn knows that she is pushing Miles against his will . . . yet, as a woman and a wife, she is forced to plead for Danny, no matter what it may cost in her relationship with her husband. Miles is not one to hide his emotions too completely, and it is with obvious resentment that he agrees to Carolyn's plea for time. However, he refuses to listen to what he considers utter nonsense: Carolyn's revelation that she has been threatened on the street. With a woman's instinct—and not much more—to back it up, Carolyn is convinced that there is political pressure being exerted to send Danny to the chair immediately . . . perhaps the same group of people exercising political pressure on her husband in every

CAROLYN NELSON MUST ALWAYS BE TRUE TO HERSELF—EVEN IF IT MEANS



3. Carolyn pleads with her husband, Miles, who doesn't believe Danny is innocent—and doesn't even believe her story about the stranger's threats!

See Next Page ►

SACRIFICING HER HUSBAND'S LOVE WHICH SHE HOLDS SO DEAR



4. Miles broods about the constant pressure he's subjected to. Everyone wants something—even his wife. Is there anyone he can trust?



5. Even Annette Thorpe, to whom he turns in his bitterness, begs him to make a state-wide campaign for her Better Government Committee.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



6. Yes, Annette wants something, too. She has her own reasons for sending Miles out of town the very week that Danny is scheduled to die.

decision he tries to make for the good of the state. Miles derides Carolyn's belief that anyone influential cares one way or the other about Danny. However, he admits that three men, Lassiter, Davis, and Conklin, have been exerting great pressure on matters which are coming before the legislature. Emotionally, Miles feels that he is being pulled and hauled in every direction. He is learning, the hard way, that one in public life cannot be a rugged individualist who stands and falls on what he believes . . . he must rightly interpret the conflicting wishes of others, weigh them, and decide on the side which will do the most good for the greatest num-



7. Carolyn receives an anonymous threat—which she's sure only Annette could have sent. Miles is far from convinced. He has more faith in Annette than in the wife who loves him.

ber. It is natural for him to feel that, since his own wife Carolyn is responsible for so much of the emotional turmoil, he must find peace and comfort elsewhere. Annette Thorpe is there to see that Miles has a champion and a supporter in whatever direction he turns. Annette is the kind of woman who can make a man feel he is directing, when actually she is leading. Carolyn is well aware of this situation, but she must be honest with herself and, even if it means driving her husband into the arms of Annette, she cannot help herself. . . . Fortunately for Carolyn, Miles doubts even Annette, although he is loath to show it. Annette urges him to

accept the invitation of the Committee for Better Government to make a speaking tour of the state. In her mind, now is the time for her to drive the final wedge between Carolyn and Miles—if she is ever going to be able to do it. . . . Then comes the matter of an anonymous letter which Carolyn receives. The contents of the letter are such that Carolyn is convinced only Annette could have written it. Honest, forthright, but actually fearing the result, Carolyn voices her suspicions to Miles. Miles decides he will put an end to his doubting, once and for all. He assigns a detective to follow Carolyn to see if she is being honest about being threatened . . . if

See Next Page ►



8. Still refusing to interfere in Danny's case, Miles won't sign the papers which would delay the execution.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

9. Triumphantlly, Annette sees Miles off on his tour, sure she has driven a wedge between Miles and Carolyn forever.





10. Alone, Carolyn faces the result of her fight to save Danny. If, by any miracle, she could still win, might it not be at the cost of her husband's political future—or their marriage itself?

the detective actually sees the encounter, Miles will believe that Carolyn is telling the truth—might even go so far as to believe Annette could have written the letter. On the afternoon when Miles is to decide whether or not to take the state-wide tour, Carolyn deliberately courts trouble and allows herself to be accosted. She knows the detective is following her and assumes he's seen the encounter. . . . Unfortunately, the press of the crowd is such that the detective sees absolutely nothing. When Carolyn tells Miles—Miles, bewildered, angry, feeling completely betrayed by Carolyn, refuses to believe anything she has said. He boards his train for the state-wide tour in behalf of the Committee for Better Government, convinced his only supporter is Annette. Carolyn, almost at her wits' end, knows that she has driven her husband too far, but she is powerless to do anything about it. . . . Her only ray of hope now is that Miles has gone off without taking any action on Danny's appeal—neither signed it,

nor rejected it—and perhaps, with a little time on her side, she will be able to save Danny. Perhaps time, too, will help reveal Annette to Miles. Carolyn can only fall back on the belief that a marriage built on a strong foundation will last, no matter what tests it may encounter along the way.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Carolyn-Nelson.....Claudia Morgan
 Miles Nelson.....John Larkin
 Annette Thorpe.....Gertrude Warner
 Danny Lockwood.....Bob Hastings

The Right To Happiness is heard over NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT. It is sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Company.



And he's proud he picked Lorraine for a wife—with Gale and Jackie, it adds up to a fine trailer-full of family!



*Johnny lives in a trailer
with his two children
and a wife who believes he
should be everybody's choice*

By PAULINE SWANSON

Johnny Dugan — Ladies' Choice



Plenty of room and love, even for pets, and never any fighting—except, of course, on a purely man-to-man basis.

JOHNNY DUGAN is a blue-eyed, black-haired, thirty-two-year-old Boston Irishman with a lyric tenor voice which would melt the hardest heart.

By virtue of these assets, he is the star of Ladies' Choice, heard on Monday afternoons on NBC-TV, with a rapidly soaring rating which indicates that he is on the way to becoming the ladies' choice himself.

His salary—which only a couple of years ago hardly justified that word, when he was "buckin' for jobs, night-club casuals mostly"—has inched into the four-figures-weekly bracket, and it would be fair to say that young Mr. Dugan has arrived.

It is surprising, in the face of these statistics, (Continued on page 72)

Johnny Dugan is the singing emcee of Ladies' Choice, NBC-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT.



"My Secret of Happiness"

*As both pretty actress
and practical grandmother,
Spring Byington has her
own way of meeting—and
defeating—life's problems*



She's long on patience, short on time!
Leisure moments are spent in knitting,
finding new games to amuse the children
—or reading, her own favorite hobby.



Spring Byington can be heard as Lily Ruskin in
December Bride, on CBS Radio, Sun., 9 P.M. EDT.





Like Lily Ruskin in *December Bride*, Spring Byington is the loveliest of mothers-in-law in real life.

By BETTY GOODE

PRETTY, blonde, twice-a-grandmother Spring Byington—who gently chides life's vagaries each week over CBS Radio's *December Bride*—has a face reflecting, not just what the good Lord gave her, but kindness and understanding which she has put there herself. Though she was blessed originally with good features, it still took years of living and a wealth of experience for Spring to grow into the beautiful woman she is today.

Happiness to each person means a different thing—to Spring, happiness is orderly living, a

recipe for a way of life, with a few simple ingredients.

"What I've learned," Spring is apt to contend, "is a simple recipe for living—it has to be simple because I'm not too much of a cook. Happiness is such an individual problem! Certainly, we're all looking for our own particular rainbows—but all rainbows are beautiful and, unless we keep our eyes on the one that's ours, we'll lose sight of the goals we set ourselves. Unless we have some idea of where we're going—some order in our thinking—we get confused." (*Continued on page 84*)



"We're living

By ELSA MOLINA

THE PERT blonde singer tapped one foot in appreciation of the bouncy song her partner was singing. This was the CBS-MBS Curt Massey Time with Martha Tilton. Curt and Martha were singing: "*Oh, come with me, Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile,*" and the show was humming along in its usual carefree manner—almost, that is. For, if things had been entirely normal, the pert blonde woman would have been tapping both feet to their song!

But one of Martha's feet had temporarily lost its tapping ability. It was a foot encased in a plaster cast, definitely immobilized.

"I know love hits you hard," said liltin' Martha Tilton, "but I never expected love to toss me a blow hard enough to break my leg!"

"But then I wasn't exactly expecting love! Honestly, I had about given it up. It had been more than five years since I'd seen a man that I thought would interest me romantically. Though my friends all said, 'Why, Martha, you're in show business; Hollywood is the place where good-looking, available men grow like wheat on a Kansas farm—with all those big, strong Hollywood actors on the loose, you'll meet plenty of men!'

Martha's broken ankle became a joke to her and husband Jim and son Jonathan—but oh, what they thought when it happened!

*Love tossed Martha Tilton
a blow—and
it couldn't have
been more welcome*



happily ever after!"



Pampas, the dog, was also surprised at Jim—who met Martha on an airplane assembly line, wooed her at high speed—and literally dropped her at the door of their honeymoon cottage.

"They just don't know the half of it. Five shows a week, a home, and two stalwart sons to look after, take up the hours in the day like my youngsters inhale sodas through a straw. The time is there for a few seconds, then like the soda—it's gone forever!

"So, since my divorce five years ago, I've had no time for romancing. But every girl dreams. Like anything else, if you just do your job and work along steady, I've found everything comes to him who waits."

Martha wasn't looking for love, and she

certainly never expected to meet her man while on a publicity trip to the North American Aviation Company! Nor did she expect to fall so hard (in love) that she'd break a leg!

"You just never know, do you?" smiled Martha in her dressing room after the show. "Now, take that publicity visit to North American. Who'd think I'd (Continued on page 88)

Martha Tilton on Curt Massey Time, heard M-F, on CBS Radio, 5:45 P.M. (WCBS Radio, 6:30 P.M.)—Mutual, 12 noon—all EDT, for Miles Laboratories.

Johnny Dugan—Ladies' Choice

(Continued from page 67)

to find Mr. Dugan living in a trailer, in a Burbank, California, trailer park, with his pretty, dark-haired wife, Lorraine . . . their nine-year-old son, Jackie . . . daughter Gale, who is eight . . . and—hold your hats, or better yet, leave them outside, please—one aging cocker spaniel, Taffy . . . a mother cat and three kittens (two of the kittens were given away recently after tearful scenes) . . . a huge tank of goldfish (you'll find it on top of the 17-inch television set) . . . two parakeets and—sharing their cage—a baby sparrow whom Jackie brought home as a wounded fledgling and nursed back to health with splints and a medicine dropper.

The Dugans, and menagerie, are not too painfully conscious of overcrowding. Their trailer home (this one has not yet been seasoned on the road) is a luxury job, thirty-five feet long, "with everything."

And, for comparison, "you should have caught" its predecessor, a twenty-two-footer, in which only five years ago, Johnny, Lorraine, the kids and Taffy conquered Donner Pass. But that story will be coming up.

Trailer or not, the Dugans call it home, and "home" is an important word to them—especially to Lorraine. Johnny was not in show business when he met and married his darlin', then a Brooklyn model, but in the United States Navy, since the year was 1942.

But he explained to her at the outset of their courtship that he had been entertaining one way or another—for money when there was any handy, for fun when there was not—ever since he was four. Show business was his life and he would be heading back to it as soon as the war was won.

That was all right with Lorraine, with certain reservations.

He could have his show business, and he didn't have to worry about her wanting to get in on the act:

"I can't sing. I can't dance. I don't tell funny stories. And I don't want to learn. My job will be keeping our home together."

"But," added the lady, who has a very definite mind of her own, "I'm going to do that job. I've read enough about show-business marriages to know why so many of them fail—the people don't stay together."

"We're going to stay together, or we're not going to get married. That means whatever you do, wherever you go—me, too—no matter what. When there are kids, the kids go, too, no matter what."

"No matter what," Johnny acceded, and the bargain was sealed.

Radio in Boston, and night clubs in the vicinity, were Johnny's first entertainment beachheads after his discharge from service in 1945. Which was fortunate—since the family which had to stay together "no matter what" had expanded now with two babies, born sixteen months apart.

Jackie was three and Gale just under two when, late in 1947, Johnny landed his first West Coast job, an eight-weeks' run in a new George White revue at Hollywood's Florentine Gardens.

An eight-week contract seemed practically a lifetime deal to Johnny in those days, so he moved his family to the Coast without trepidation. But the job (and the show) folded after five weeks, and there they were: their small supply of cash going out for restaurant meals and crowded rooms in second-rate hotels. Johnny went out every day "buckin'" for jobs; Lorraine stayed at home, washing the children's clothes in the bathtub, reading stories by the hour so that the healthy and

active small fry would not annoy their less child-loving neighbors.

Johnny got a break, an engagement in the Mapes Hotel in Reno.

"I've gotta take it," he told Lorraine.

"We'll all go," she replied firmly.

But this was a quick deal—he had to be in Reno for rehearsal at two o'clock the next afternoon. Their all going made too many problems . . . train reservations, hotel reservations . . . and what would they do with Taffy? (Taffy had been Johnny's wedding gift to his bride—to keep her from being lonesome when he was away at sea.)

"We'll buy a trailer," Lorraine said—it was a flash inspiration—then they all could go, Taffy, too.

The down payment on the "beat-up twenty-two-footer" made a big crimp in his remaining cash, but he parted with it.

Pleased as punch by now with his purchase—including a tank of butane gas for the three-burner stove, the accessory tank of water for cooking (and everything else)—he picked up Lorraine, who was waiting with all baggage, "animate and inanimate," set to go.

"But there are no dishes," Lorraine wailed after inspecting her new domain. "And no table and no chairs."

Back downtown they went, the whole crew of them this time, to the trailer supply store. When he had bought the essentials, Johnny had less than thirty dollars left.

It was sundown, and it was raining "like a son of a gun" when they headed out of the city, north by northeast.

Everything went fine at the start. Supper was cold—cold cuts and fruit—but they had a thermos of coffee. By eleven that night, Johnny had begun to get the feel of his new toy and was singing at the wheel—for fun, and for free—like an Irish lark.

They were hitting a steep downgrade "on the loneliest road you ever saw," the rain still coming down in sheets, when . . . bam! . . . a trailer tire blew. By the time Johnny could brake his cumbersome rig on the wet, almost perpendicular road, the rim was split.

There was nothing for it but to find a garage—that meant unhitching the crippled trailer, which Johnny did, muttering as the rain soaked him through.

And the garage had no trailer rims, so they welded the broken one. This took a couple of hours.

Nothing else happened until daybreak.

They were going up this time, the signposts reading: "Elevation 7000 feet." They were only halfway up Donner Pass, but already it was snowing, and bitterly cold. But they would still make it in time for Johnny's rehearsal—of course he would be wearing a beard and showing dark circles from lack of sleep, but they would make it. And then . . . bam! . . . the same tire. By the time Johnny slowed to a stop, the poor sad thing was cut to ribbons.

The nearest garage was closed, but smoke was pouring out a chimney so Johnny banged on the door until he roused the proprietor.

The fellow had no six-ply tires (minimum for trailer safety) but he thought a four-ply might get them there. But Johnny would have to put it on himself.

Trailer jacks weigh at least several tons, Johnny decided wearily after his struggle with the massive thing. But the new tire was on, and Lorraine was offering breakfast (hot coffee still holding out) and their destination was—well, practically—in sight.

First he must pay for the tire.

That, said the friendly fellow, would be thirty bucks. And, oh, another twelve for the tube.

Johnny didn't have it, so the man accepted his hundred-dollar gold watch.

"Still has it, I guess," Johnny says cheerfully now. "We've been all over hell-and-gone in that trailer, but somehow I never went back over that road."

They hit Reno at 4:30 P.M., and headed for the first trailer park. It was a beauty, everything trim and freshly painted including a sign which read, "No Dogs."

Way on the outskirts of town, they found a canine-loving park, "people-loving, too, I guess," Johnny says: "the guy took one look at me and offered to back her in."

"It was cold as a mother-in-law's heart, five below zero, as a matter of fact, and the kids were turning blue. The fuel—frozen, too—wouldn't come in from the butane stove . . ." Johnny shudders even now, remembering.

Johnny raced to the Mapes, took his "chastising," rehearsed, grabbed a quick shave at the hotel barber shop and went on. And, believe it or not, he says: "I did great."

He stayed at the Mapes for a good long run—and has gone back regularly every year since, at a gradually increasing salary. It's his good-luck spot, he figures. From there they headed south to Las Vegas—with everything working in the trailer and everybody happy—and back to the Coast to Del Mar, and back "home" to Hollywood where, although he didn't know it then, TV was waiting for Johnny.

"Try for a TV one-shot," his agent advised him, "so I can show you to some managers."

Johnny tried for and got a spot, singing "A Little Bit of Heaven" on a variety show, Lights, Action, Camera—and was seen, presumably, by managers, and definitely, by an NBC executive producer, Ed Sobol, who was impressed.

"Where'd you come from, kid?" he asked Johnny after the show. "You'll be great for television with that voice and that Irish kisser. Contact me tomorrow."

Sobol set up a local show, On The Beat, in which Johnny played an Irish cop and sang dreamy, Irish-flavored duets with Carole Richards. When a top Coast-to-Coaster went off for the summer, Sobol steered Johnny into the spot as a replacement with his first big time try, The Johnny Dugan Show.

"We put it together in about two weeks with old bits and spit," Johnny confessed. And, before the summer was over, the show had doubled the rating of its high-priced predecessor. Thus: Ladies' Choice.

Johnny is a natural for this weekly tête-à-tête with the ladies, for he genuinely loves all ladies. He adored his mother, who died when he was sixteen. He greatly admired his grandmother, thus the "Grandmother of the Day" honor he has worked into his show.

Unlike some emcees of daytime shows directed toward the women's audience, Johnny would take off an arm before he would get his laughs at his ladies' expense.

"Women make up 98% of the listening audiences," he will tell you. "They buy all the products . . . I know. . . . Lorraine buys all the soap we use at our house, and we use plenty—she's that fastidious. I don't see any profit in making the women look ridiculous."

He wouldn't anyway.

He likes the women too much.

Some people would say that's natural. He's been pretty lucky in his choice of 'em.



Miss Chandler Roosevelt. Her complexion care is a thorough creaming with Pond's every night. "I just love the fresh, really *clean* look Pond's Cold Cream gives my skin," Miss Roosevelt says.

**"It makes you
so happy
about your skin—
this quick, easy
wonderful care!"**

says

Miss Chandler Roosevelt

Granddaughter of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and one of the most popular sophomores at her college, Miss Roosevelt is a sunny-gold blonde, with deep blue eyes. Her complexion is enviably lovely—clear and smooth, with a fresh, vital color.

MANY A GIRL gets the idea that a lovely skin is just plain good luck. Skin doctors know this isn't so.

Time and again, a girl's skin has been almost magically changed with the right care.

And it's a fact that any girl can work this complexion magic with one of the simplest, easiest of home treatments. It is the care Miss Roosevelt and so many girls have adopted for the wonders it works—a good Pond's Cold Creaming each night.



**No skin need
look dingy,
rough, "pore-y"**

The root of many, many skin troubles is not just ordinary surface dirt. It's the more insidious dirt that works *deeper* into pore-openings—and hardens and *sticks*.

The unique formulation of Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to soften, then *lift out* the embedded dirt that makes pores look enlarged, skin look muddy. This is why a Pond's Cold Creaming makes your skin look noticeably clearer, and finer in texture right away.

And, a daily Pond's Cold Creaming benefits your skin by giving back the oils and moisture your skin loses every day from outdoor exposure, and dry indoor heat. Losing these natural skin softeners gives your skin a coarse look . . . a dry, rough "feel." Pond's Cold Cream *replenishes* oils and moisture—keeps your skin smooth, soft to touch.

Here's the way to get the most good from your daily Pond's Creamings:

**For fresh tone,
a clear texture**



Cream *brisk* little circles from throat up to forehead.

This *circle-cleansing* with Pond's Cold Cream stimulates circulation. Cleanses flawlessly. Helps your skin look finer. Tissue off this first creaming *well*.



**A snowy,
beautifying "rinse"**

Circle on fresh finger-fuls of Pond's Cold Cream. But this time, tissue off lightly. The invisible traces of cream you leave on your face will soften and protect your skin.

"It's *easy* to have an attractive complexion," say girls who use Pond's Cold Cream every night. Start your Pond's Creamings tonight. You'll agree no other care has ever done your skin so much quick *see-able* good.

Rosemary

For a bewildered teenager, love comes before understanding

By
ROSEMARY
ROBERTS

I HATE lying to people. Besides, I'm so bad at it that it doesn't even pay me to try. But, as I stood at my window watching Lefty Higgins stride back to his taxi, I bit my lips and decided that this time I'd had to lie. With Lefty's anxious brown eyes fixed on me that way, making plain the question he'd come all the way from New York to ask, I'd had to say it. "Of course, Jessie will be glad to see you, Lefty. Surprised, maybe, but so am I, having you and Blondie just drop down out of nowhere. When she gets over the first shock, she'll be glad as anything."

All the time, in my mind, was the clear memory of thirteen-year-old Jessie's violent reaction to Lefty's last letter. *I hate him. I hate him. He's not my father. Tell him never to come to Springdale to see me, ever. Make him leave me alone!*

With a sigh I turned, and immediately my spirits rose. At least he'd brought Blondie along. Hating small towns the way she did, and antagonistic toward Jessie, Lefty's wife, Audrey, would have undoubtedly made things even worse, but my friend Blondie Van George was the best person I could think of to have around in an emergency. She didn't know much about kids, but she knew how to keep her head, whatever came up.

"And when Jessie finds out Lefty's in town," I said, thinking aloud, "plenty's going to come up, unless I miss my guess."

Blondie crossed her long, slim legs and regarded me ironically. "I thought that welcome mat was a little loud and hearty. You tell me the truth, Rosemary. If you don't want Lefty Higgins around, I'll sweep him and his cab back to New York so fast—"

"It's not that I don't want him. I love Lefty! I don't want him and Jessie to hurt each other, that's all." I passed Blondie some cookies in absent-minded hospitality. "Still, it's got to be settled sooner or later. He is her father."

Blondie brushed cookie crumbs from her lap. "Well, what's the matter with the kid? What's she got so awful against Lefty? He's so good, Rosemary! If you knew how he's always thinking of her, thinking of things to send her. That's one thing gets on Audrey's nerves, you know. He never gets a word of thanks from Jessie."

A word of thanks! I could still see Jessie's flushed, tear-streaked face bent over the last thing he'd sent her, the red silk dress. "I don't want it! He gave me away, now let him leave me alone!" (Continued on page 90)

Rosemary is heard on CBS Radio, 11:45 A.M. EDT, for Ivory Snow. As pictured at the right, Larry Haines plays Lefty, Joan Lazer is Jessie, and Virginia Kaye is Rosemary.



Lefty didn't realize that Jessie, his own daughter, was ashamed of him. What could I do to help them both?

Stella Dallas, Exciting Lady

(Continued from page 51)

"I really put the 'tom' in tomboy," Anne says, with a grin, "and yet I've always loved feminine things, too. Love lacy negligees, voluminous skirts, smart suits and dresses, my floral hats. I don't think a woman can have too much pride in her appearance. Even now, I run and put the lipstick on before Jack gets home!"

"Living life outdoors is, as I've said, a passion with me. One of my two passions. The other is the theatre. And the two have run, as you shall see, like parallel threads through my life, all of my life. And still do."

"Born in Lake Charles, Louisiana—too many years ago!" Anne makes a comical face. "I was the youngest of eight, four boys, four girls. Of the eight, only three survive—my sisters, Markoleta and Frances, and I."

"Yet my parents—my wonderful, gallant-spirited parents—never let their sorrow make any difference to my sisters and me or to the rich and happy life they gave us . . . except that they expected us to do all the things both boys and girls do and, since we inherited our love of sports and back-to-nature from our father, we did all the things boys do—and I, at least, still do them!"

"Our home in Lake Charles was an old Southern mansion with galleries on three sides of the house. As a toddler, one of my favorite sports was to mount the railing of the top gallery where, precariously balanced, I'd nonchalantly devour sugar cane or licorice, which were to me what lollipops and ice cream are to other kids. There are people in Lake Charles who still remember me, a speed-demon on roller skates, streaking by with a licorice stick in my mouth!"

"At the same time, however, as I was skating, swimming, playing baseball, I was also 'acting,' for I always, from the age of two and a half, said that I was going to be an actress. When people laughed at my 'notion,' I'd get so mad! How could they laugh at something that was so definite in my mind? My parents didn't laugh. They may have hoped—and I later realized they did hope—I would get over my 'bug,' but they never laughed at me. They took me to see my first play when I was three. For the plays I put on at home, Mother let me 'dress up' in her beautiful gowns and—this was my favorite costume—her wedding negligee with its train and elaborate petticoat. Later, when I was a teenager and going to high school in Chicago, they took me to see the important actresses of the day—among them, Maude Adams, Lillian Russell, Minnie Maddern Fiske. . . .

"We had a big yard around the Lake Charles house which became, every afternoon—according to the season—a football field, a baseball diamond, an arena for snowball fights. Snowballs in Louisiana were achieved, thanks to the fact that we had an ice box, the biggest I've ever seen—it held 500 pounds. I'd go in, get the ice-shaver, and by the hour shave ice to make the snowballs for the gang. But often, too, while a battle was in progress, I'd have a bunch of kids off in a corner, acting!"

"In our spacious dining room, beautifully panelled in curly cypress, there was, at the far end, a wide window seat latticed at either side. This was my first stage, upon which, at the end of every meal, I would mount and perform. How they stood me, I don't know! Imitations were my specialty. I always imitated Mother's callers. And the village 'characters.' But although I imitated people with gusto—and, I'm told, fidelity—I never made fun of them."

"When I was seven, Daddy picked up

and left Lake Charles. We lived, thereafter, in many parts of the country—in Texas, in Arkansas, in Chicago—but we moved, from Lake Charles, to a ranch near Denver, Colorado, where I attended grade school. I used to ride my pony to school and rode so fast that, when I pulled into the yard, nothing but crumbs would be left in my lunch-box!"

"In Colorado, too, the theatre—as well as the outdoors—was, so to speak, with me. Paul Whiteman lived within two miles of us. (Paul now lives within one mile of us here in New Jersey!) And in Denver, there were the famed Elitch's Gardens, where we saw all of the best New York actors who played there during the summers."

"Later, during high school days in Chicago, I, always interested in athletics, made quite a record for myself in the field meets. I did the high jump, the broad jump, the running jump. In the races, my specialty was the one-hundred-yard, also the fifty-yard dash. During one meet, folk-dancing was introduced between the races, and I was obliged to do the 50-yard dash in an accordion-pleated skirt. They gave another girl first place because it was my skirt, and not me, they said, that came over the line first!"

"Although my parents had always said I could go on the stage, I must first, they made clear, have an education. 'All actresses,' said my mother, 'go to convents.' Accordingly, I was sent to Mt. de Chantal Convent—from which my mother graduated—in Wheeling, West Virginia. Here, too, the pattern, my pattern of the parallel threads, continued. I did all the sports. I did the school plays. I imitated all the teachers (even, by request, some of the nuns). And the girls would ask me to imitate them 'so we can see how we look.'"

"One time, we gave 'Joan of Arc,' in which I played the Dauphin. But the reviewer got a bit mixed up between his princes and fishes—and reported, 'Anne Elstner played the dolphin.' As I wrote my mother, when I sent her the clipping, 'I must have gotten along swimmingly!'"

"It might sound, from all this," Anne remarks parenthetically, "as though I were much more interested in play-acting than school-going. Actually, I have always been keenly interested in education, and still am. I believe in competition and incentive. Each year, I give a dictionary for the best speller in our local school—and, every Christmas during the war, gave each child a book with one stamp in it to start a War Bond."

"It was only a ten-cent stamp, but I remember one little fellow from the kindergarten who gravely greeted me. 'Hello, Mrs. Dallas. Thank you for the War Bond!' But these things, of course," Anne smiles, "came later, much later. So—back to the days before I was ever known as Stella Dallas. . . .

"It had been agreed by my parents that, after I graduated, I could go to New York and make my bid for the theatre. But, before that, I was to take a summer trip with my mother, then go home and pack up for the Great White Way. That was when my sister Markoleta wrote me: 'Hurry home. I've got a beau picked out for you. Meanwhile, I'm dating him!'"

"Home, at this time, was San Benito, Texas—and, the first night I arrived, I put on an evening dress and went to a dance with the beau my sister had picked out."

"He was John Matthews, Jr. And I fell head over heels in love with him on sight. The minute I walked into the room, there was no question about that. I liked his manner. I liked his looks. I liked his Army uniform and the fact that he was born in

La Plata, Maryland, which made him seem 'home folks.' When I later discovered he could ride better than just anybody—could gallop and shoot at and hit telephone poles as he went by—oh, boy! I liked everything about him. He started dating me, yes, but he dated others, too, and so did I. But I was always thrilled when I was with him and always, when with other boys, missed him more than ever. "Then he left San Benito—'Destination Unknown'—and, soon after, I was on my way to New York."

In New York, Anne went first to Saragat's Dramatic School "to get my feet pointed in the right direction." Thereafter, she hit the trail so many girls had blazed before, and will blaze after her. She made the rounds, the forever fruitless rounds, it seemed, of casting offices and agencies. She lived in rented rooms and cheap boarding-houses. "Terrible places." Her first break was "Liliom," in which she understudied Eva Le Gallienne and actually played her part. Later, she created the role of Emmy in "Sun-Up" on Broadway. But quite a spell later. Meantime, she took jobs of all kinds: "I sold things. Holeproof hosiery, for instance. I pasted silhouettes in an art studio. I worked as secretary for a very wealthy man, a promoter on Wall Street who, when I told him 'I can't take shorthand,' said, 'You've got the personality I want.' He read poetry to me. And was a perfect gentleman. But I had to do business with the biggest banks and, when he was in South America where his interests were, he'd send cables and I'd decode them! I had to do more acting on that job," Anne laughs, "than I've ever had to do since!"

When Anne's luck turned, it turned, a luck has a way of doing, all the way! She landed the job in "Sun-Up." "Mrs. Broughan, an old friend of my mother's, looked me up and insisted that I 'come home' and share her wonderful big apartment with her and her daughter Bessie, a girl of my own age. And I had a card from Markoleta telling me: 'Jack Matthews is in New York. He's with the F.B.I. Doing shadowing and things.' (At one time he shadowed Nicky Arnstein—that was something!)"

"Thereafter, I kept thinking—and Bessie, in whom I had confided the state of my heart, kept sighing: 'Oh, when will he come? When will we see him?'"

"One day, on our way to a musical at the Three Arts Club, which I had just joined three days before, I stopped in the traffic on Broadway at Seventy-ninth Street to say, 'I just feel like I'm going to run into Jack Matthews! Yes, today. Now.'"

"After the musicale, as we started to leave, Bessie saw me pushing aside chairs as I yelled, 'There is Jack Matthews!'"

"So we walked him home to dinner. And, after that, I saw him all the time although we weren't engaged. He had other dates and I had lots of beaux."

"I don't believe, I can't remember, Anne sounds amused, "that Jack ever rightly proposed to me. Not in so many words. Once I was telling him about the fellow I'd gone dancing with the night before. 'His name,' I said, 'is Henry.' 'Well, listen, I don't want you to be Henry's girl or Johnny's girl! I want you,' he said, 'to be mine.' This, to the best of my recollection, was his proposal."

"Some months after our meeting in New York, Jack went back home to Maryland with his father, to a 500-acre tobacco plantation which had been in the family for more than a century. The house, two hundred-and-ten years old, had been paid for in bags of gold, so the legend runs, by a sea captain."

"Meanwhile, I'd landed 'Sun-Up' and made quite a success in it. Every time Jack saw it, and he saw it several times, he'd come backstage mad as a hornet at the love scenes! 'What's a woman doing,' he'd growl, 'with a damn career?'"

"When, after the New York run, we were set to go to London with the show, I wrote Jack: 'They want me to go to London.' 'Well, if you want to put the ocean between us,' he wrote back, 'I want you to do what you want to do, but I couldn't do it.'"

"I couldn't, either."

"We got married, very quietly, at the Little Church around the Corner, and I went 'back to the farm.' But it was, in keeping with my pattern, just like in a theatre. The house, known as The Ferry, is one of the places where Washington actually slept because it had been, in his time, the ferry across the Potomac. We had no lights, no heat, no furniture, no radio (a friend gave us one which had no batteries—we hitched it up, every night, to the Model-T Ford). No money (Jack traded his eggs for coffee, butter, sugar, etc.), but we lived like lords. Diamond-back terrapin and canvasback ducks for dinner. And oysters which were tonged five minutes before eating. And beef hung and aged on the place. After living in the Quick-and-Dirties, to eat terrapin and beef with the man you love . . .! There was a mile of river front and a canoe on the river and we'd go, by canoe, by moonlight to the neighborhood dances. It was romance and enchantment, it was magical and fabulous; a fabled life and, if anyone from New York called me, Jack, feeling he'd got me out of the theatre, would say: 'It's that career reaching out for you!'"

"A farm," he said, "is where we belong."

"So it was. So, blessedly, it is. But—although, our last year in Maryland, we

raised 19,000 pounds of tobacco, 2000 bushels of wheat and 200 barrels of corn—we couldn't make enough money to live. And it was back to New York—"The Devil's Lap," Jack called it—for us. The day we left the plantation, we sat and cried. The family who lived and worked on the place with us sat and cried, too.

"Soon after we got back to New York, I saw in the paper an item about a revival of 'Sun-Up.' I went down, naturally interested, to the theatre; Lulu Vollmer, who wrote the play, was there. 'Anne,' she said, 'you are an answer to a prayer!'"

"Miss Elstner," called the stage director, "will you come up, please?"

"I went up, picked up the lines, and when Jack stopped by for me that afternoon, 'First thing I heard,' he tells you, laughing, 'was Anne's voice on-stage and I thought, *They got her again!*'"

"It was after the revival, which ran a short time, that Lulu Vollmer wrote Moonshine And Honeysuckle, the first thing written for radio by a 'name' writer. It was a Sunday-afternoon show, ran for three years, and I played Cracker Gaddis, the lead and, in addition, six other parts—including that of the old, crazy mother. At the end of three years' time, a play was made of 'Moonshine,' and I went on the road with it.

"My experience on the road with 'Moonshine' made me realize that in one radio broadcast you play to more people than in a lifetime in the theatre. I realized that on radio you are in people's homes every day—in their homes and their hearts. I saw, as we met people face to face, how they adored the characters. 'Firecracker,' they called me, 'Cracker' for short! As, when we first moved to Jersey, much of my mail—bills included—came addressed to 'Stella Dallas.' And in the village, people came up to tell me their troubles;

ask 'Stella's' help with their problems. You get no more out of this life, so I believe, than you put into it, and I do resent not having time to do more for others than I do. But in this department I feel that 'Stella'—who does so much for others—helps me, by proxy, to do the same.

"So I knew, when I met my radio public face-to-face, where I belonged. And know it now.

"When I came back from the tour, I went into radio with a will. Often I worked nineteen hours a day, did seven shows a day—the lead in Miss Lilla, in Showboat, on the Heinz Magazine Of The Air—Moonshine And Honeysuckle, Hearthrobs Of The Hills, March Of Time—nearly 7,000 shows in all is my total, so I figure, to date.

"But meantime we were living, pent-up, in the shadow of the studios, and you may imagine how we felt. Our hunting and our fishing . . . the wind in our faces, and the rain. . . . *We had to get back to nature.*

"Stella helped me. With Stella, a daytime show, I could live a saner life. Week-ends, we were able to go out and shoot and swim and hike and do the things we liked to do. And Jack, so glad not to have me in the theatre, was reconciled—and happily—to radio. Has even done a few shows himself—but mostly to help out a friend—but acted, I must admit, as if he were led to the slaughter!"

"And so, one day, we found—thanks to friends who live in our neighborhood—the old stone house. And here my two passions have met and run parallel again in, and through, my life. As Stella Dallas, my love of the theatre is well and richly satisfied. As Mrs. Jack Matthews, wife and boon companion of my huntin', ridin', shootin' husband, I am living my life outdoors where, for my happiness, it must be lived."

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out the window
when panties of

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Man about the House

(Continued from page 55)

to the country from a New York apartment a little more than a year ago," he says, "it was the first time in years that I got my hands really grimy, and it felt good. Good, because it brought back my childhood in Iowa. Memories of my father's farm, of my hard-working, strong, wonderful grandfather, and the stories they told me about my great-grandfather. How he had come from Europe and made his way out to Iowa with only his blacksmith tools to get him started in a new world. Living once more in a country community, I, too, began to remember many skills I had been taught but had almost forgotten over the years. Now I am delighted to be passing them on to my own two sons."

These skills include finishing the stone masonry on the outside of his modern house, woodworking in his workshop, laying flagstone for the terrace, and digging out huge boulders which clutter up space wanted for gardens. Karl's also building an outdoor grill, patterned after one he saw in an old Danish kitchen on a trip to the Virgin Islands.

The family consists of Karl and Marjorie, the blue-eyed blonde he met and fell in love with during their college days; their thirteen-year-old daughter Lynn, a Girl Scout, butterfly-collector, lover of horses and country-enthusiast in general; Christopher, nine, a Cub Scout, who shares his dad's passion for woodworking and making things; and Mark, who at three is enamoured of their small garden tractor.

Marj and Karl were country kids originally. They met at Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, the town where Marj lived with her folks. She was majoring in English and was editor of the college paper. Karl was minoring in English. Both were contributors to the college literary magazine and members of its literary society, so there was a definite association of interests from the first. When Marj transferred to the University of Iowa to work for a Master's degree, Karl transferred, too. Already he had decided, however, that he was going to be an actor, encouraged by the fact that the head of the speech department had recommended him for a job with the Old Globe stock company, a Shakespearean repertory company.

After college, Marj had gone abroad as research assistant to a professor of history who was digging into British museum records, after which she stayed in New York and took an advertising copy job. Karl had decided to try his luck in radio in Chicago, and for that purpose had borrowed fifty dollars to get him there and give it a try.

"I was expecting to be with some friends and to look over the radio situation, then go on to New York for a visit with Marj before getting settled in Chicago. I had some auditions, was encouraged to stay on and wait, and then got a role in a half-hour dramatic radio show. The afternoon before the broadcast, the director remarked, quite casually, that it was a 'dress' show—and I was travelling with one suitcase and no dress-up clothes at all. So, between rehearsal and broadcast, I hocked my typewriter and bought an inexpensive linen summer suit and white shoes.

"It was great to be introduced to an audience as 'one of Chicago's new, young leading men,' but it would have sounded sweeter if I had had time to get some dinner, instead of standing there feeling empty and dizzy. It was the beginning,

however, of a run of jobs, and my trip to see Marj had to be put off time and time again. When I did fly to New York, about a year later, I was fairly well established in radio, had paid my debts, and owned a small farm back home, so I convinced Marj it was high time we stopped being 'engaged' and got married. After all, I had seen her exactly two days out of that whole year. A few weeks later, we were married by Marj's minister-father in the town where we met, and we started our married life in Chicago."

Months sped into years. Karl became successful. He was Kirk Harding in an important serial called *The Woman In White*, and he was in demand for many other dramas. One day, Karl was looking through his appointment book, thinking that it was a very good week, in which he was doing several important shows. It occurred to him that they were about the same shows he had done the year before, for about the same money. Out of curiosity, he got out the previous year's book and verified that. "I'm in a rut," he said.

He turned to Marj. "How would you like to go to New York to live?" he asked.

"Fine," she said. "I like New York. It might be better for your work."

And the decision was sealed, just that way, although they already had Lynn to consider and Marj was pregnant with her second child.

Karl and Marj had no special plans for New York other than: one, finding a place to live; and two, finding some jobs for Karl. Karl was soon at work on one program after another. He even went into two Broadway plays, neither of which lasted long enough to make much difference, but there was always radio to carry him along.

Finding an apartment was a different story. There was one on Long Island, another in the heart of New York. And then Karl went into the Navy, assigned to the Armed Forces Radio Service. After his discharge, he went back to radio and another stage try, this time with an off-Broadway group called *New Stages*.

As television developed, Karl's jobs developed with it, and he was in early *Studio One* dramas, in *City Hospital*, and *Lamp Unto My Feet*. He still does a role, that of Pat the bartender, whenever that character is included in the script of *Search For Tomorrow*. On radio, he plays regularly in *Lorenzo Jones*, intermittently in *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, appearing as the Apostle John, and, of course, he is heard in the *Best Plays* series, in *Mr. Keen*, *Mr. Chameleon*, and a dozen others. The blind know his voice because of his recordings of their *Talking Books*.

That voice, capable of many variations and rich in quality, which had been his stock-in-trade during all the years of radio and stage, failed Karl temporarily about four years ago when he was doubling on both the stage and radio. Overuse and forcing it had developed what is called a "singer's node" on the vocal cords. After an operation, Karl had to be completely silent for six weeks. Not even a whisper was allowed.

He turned to manual work to relieve the strain of waiting. A friend who had bought an old Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse in Bucks County was re-doing it, and Karl began to get his hands used to being dirty again by pitching in and helping him.

Their own house, modern and functional, made of cypress and stone, is situated near a lovely small lake. A bluff drops a hundred feet in front of the house, and the view

across the valley is superb. The Webers fell in love with the site the first time they saw it, but found that not less than a fourteen-acre plot could be bought. This would have been biting off a great deal more than they could chew. Karl and a friend decided to go into it together, taking what each wanted for his own property—in Karl's case, about four acres—and selling off the rest to seven others, stipulating that modern houses only must be erected and that plans must be approved.

The Weber house is on three levels. "A labor-saving house," they describe it, with Marj's work area, the kitchen and dining portions, concentrated at the center of the house, not too far to run to answer doorbells, not too far from guests in the living room. The dinette is really a curved counter extended from the kitchen area, where the kids can be served quickly.

Karl had a contractor for the house, then went over the list and checked off everything he could do himself. Such things as the inside and outside finishing, the stone masonry and cabinet work. All the landscaping and terracing. "We did the fireplace wall ourselves, a nineteen-foot stone wall, with a raised fireplace that takes four-foot logs." He shows you how the blue-gray stone complements the pinkish cherry wood paneling. "There are about five tons of stone in that wall," he goes on. "I know, because I cut every bit of it from the rough stone and laid it in myself."

The thirty-five-foot floor-to-ceiling window—which overlooks the bluff and the valley, where the view is punctuated by a picture-book church steeple off in the distance—is being fitted to drapes by Marj.

There is a master bedroom with its own dressing room and bath, as well as two other rooms on that same floor, one to be a study and the other a guest room with bath. The two older children have their own "apartment" on another level, over the garage and shop area—two bedrooms and bath and a large playroom. A sun-deck adjoins the children's quarters, enjoyed by the entire family.

There is a huge vegetable garden, flower gardens, an orchard with fruit and nut trees, and the wooded slopes are covered in the spring with a mist of pink-and-white dogwood and tulip trees. There are lilacs in the spring, roses in June, and all the beautiful fall flowers almost until the snow falls. Karl has built a grape arbor and the little plants are taking hold beautifully. All these things fascinate the city-bred Weber children and are an endless source of wondering discussion.

There was just a little doubt in everybody's mind when they first acquired the country property. Would Marj and Karl, especially housewife Marj, miss the nearness of city friends? Would the children miss their old associations? As it has turned out, there are new friends galore, and the old ones just wait for invitations.

"It has got so that we rate our guests now according to their skills," Karl will tell you, trying to hide his tongue-in-cheek look. "Do you paint?" we will ask a prospective guest. "Do you garden? Are you handy with tools?" Then Marj and I will decide what needs to be done that weekend and whether it is a good one for these particular guests!"

Actually, the Webers themselves have done practically all the work, for which they haven't hired helpers. Especially Karl, who has never had so much fun since he was a boy, getting his hands really dirty. And liking them that way!

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Jack Arthur		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival Of Books	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:45	Faith In Action			Organ Concert
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News	Church Of The Air
10:15			10:05 Message Of Israel	
10:30	Art Of Living	Faith In Our Time	College Choir	
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Frank And Ernest	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Viewpoint, U.S.A.	Bromfield Reporting		News, Peter Hackes
11:30	U. N. Is My Beat	Reviewing Stand	News	11:35 Invitation To Learning
11:45	Portrait Of Our Times		11:35 Christian In Action	

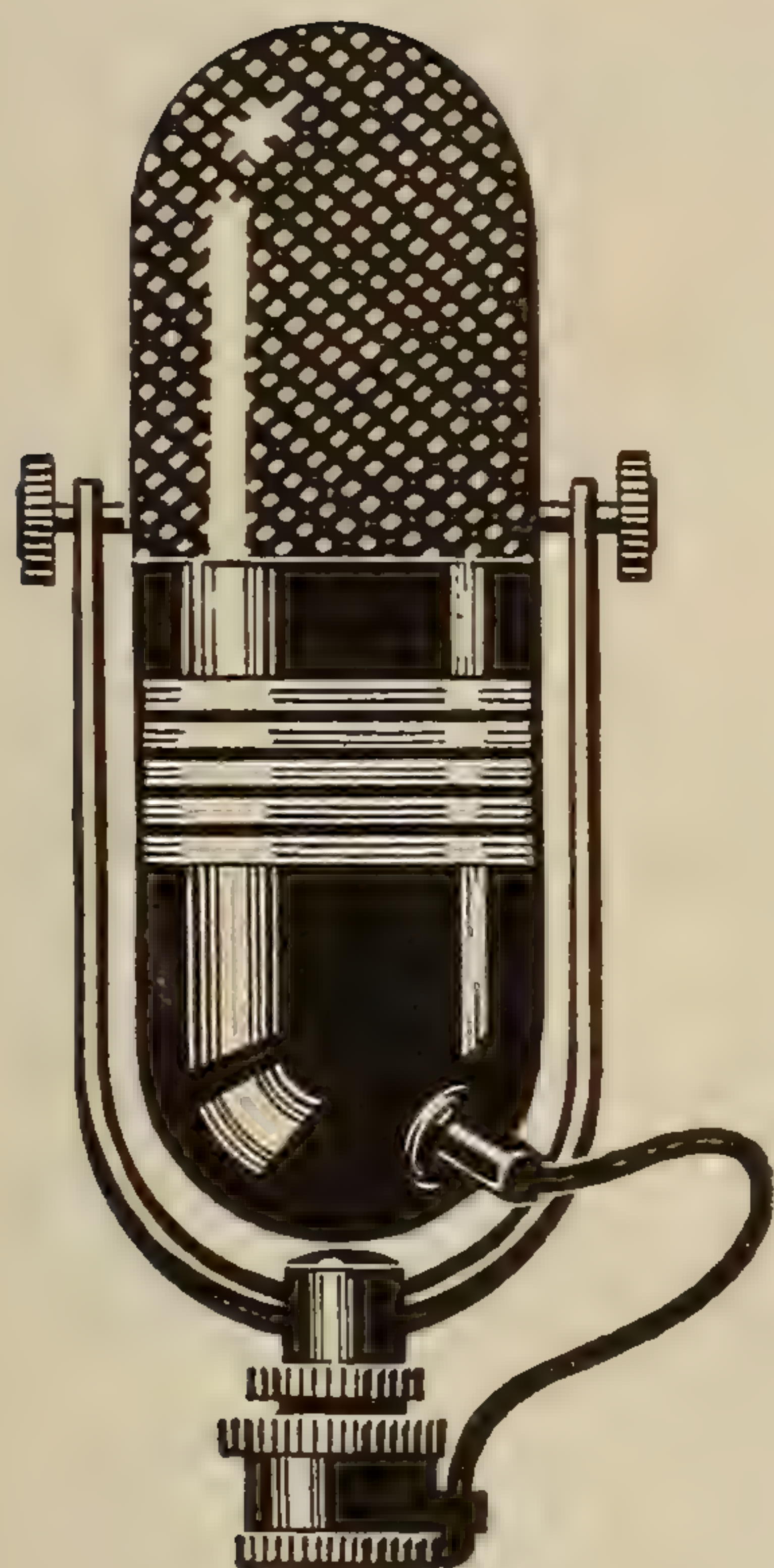
Afternoon Programs

12:00	Sammy Kaye	College Choirs	News	News Story, Bill Costello
12:15			The Great Fraud	Howard K. Smith
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Piano Playhouse	
12:45		Merry Mailman		News, Costello
1:00	Mind Your Manners	Fred Van Deventer	Herald Of Truth	On A Sunday Afternoon—Eddie Gallaher
1:15		Lanny Ross Show		
1:30	Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Lutheran Hour	News	
1:45		Game Of The Day**	1:35 National Vespers	
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Pan American Union	On A Sunday Afternoon—Antonini
2:15			U. S. Military Band	World Music Festivals
2:30	American Forum	Wings Of Healing	Lone Pine And His Mountaineers	
2:45		Dixie Quartet		
3:00	Critic At Large	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines In Review	On A Sunday Afternoon—Antonini
3:15	Youth Brings You Music			
3:30	Music For Relaxation	Musical Program	Hour Of Decision	On A Sunday Afternoon—Antonini
3:45	Elmo Roper			
4:00	Hollywood Bowl Concert	Under Arrest	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	The World Today, Don Hollenbeck
4:15		Dear Margy, It's Murder		On A Sunday Afternoon—Betty Cox
4:30		4:55 Ed Pettit, News		
4:45				
5:00	NBC Summer Symphony	The Shadow	This Week Around The World	On A Sunday Afternoon—Betty Cox
5:15		True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	Music, Music
5:30				News, Bill Downs
5:45				5:55 Cedric Adams

**Heard only in southeast, southwest and central states

Evening Programs

6:00	Youth Wants To Know	Nick Carter	Monday Morning Headlines	Quiz Kids
6:15	Meet The Veep	6:25 Cecil Brown	Don Cornell	
6:30	Listen To Washington	Squad Room	George Sokolsky	Our Miss Brooks
6:45				
7:00	Juvenile Jury	Treasury Varieties	American Music Hall, Burgess Meredith, Emcee	Guy Lombardo
7:15		Little Symphonies		Richard Diamond with Dick Powell
7:30	American Forum Of The Air			
7:45				
8:00	Tony Martin Show	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall (Cont.)	Junior Miss
8:15				My Little Margie
8:30	Best Plays	Enchanted Hour		
8:45				
9:00		Jazz Nocturne		December Bride
9:15				Escape
9:30	I Confess	Answers For Americans	News, Taylor Grant	
9:45			The Adventurer, Burgess Meredith	
10:00	Barrie Craig	London Studio Melodies	Paul Harvey	Robert Q.'s Wax-works
10:15		Music Of The People	London Column	News, Ed Morgan
10:30	Meet The Press		Science Editor	10:35 Listen To Korea



Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

R
M

Monday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Wonderful City	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies' Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance		Double Or Nothing 11:55 Turn To A Friend	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	12:25 Jack Berch Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:25 Guest Time 12:55 Music Box		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Fredericks Reports Dr. Paul	Wonderful Town 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
		Game Of The Day**		The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens News, Banghart	Mac McGuire Show Music By Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.) 3:55 Edward Arnold, Storyteller	Hilltop House House Party Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00	Backstage Wife	Music By Bruce And Dan	Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 The Chicagoans
4:15 4:30 4:45	Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Lucky U Ranch	4:25 Betty Crocker Music In The After- noon	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson Keystone Ranch 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Play Fair Ronnie Kemper John Conte	News Sunshine Sue Curt Massey Time

**Heard only in southwest, southeast and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaitenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Johnny Mercer Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Summer Show	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Your Land And Mine Field And Stream Concert Studio	Crime Classics Talent Scouts with Garry Moore
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Hollywood Show- case Band Of America	News, Charles Shaw Reporters' Roundup Off And On The Record	Jan Peerce Show	Lux Summer Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Walk A Mile—Bill Cullen News, Clifton Utley Stars Of Paris	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show Eddie Fisher 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill Freedom Sings	Starlight Concert News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Tuesday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane	Jack Hunt
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8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Rosemary Clooney First Nighter	That Hammer Guy High Adventure	Three-City Byline Musical Personality Literary Greats	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Barron And The Bee Cousin Willie	News, Charles Shaw The Search That Never Ends Off & On The Record	Town Meeting Erwin D. Canham, News	Johnny Dollar 21st Precinct
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	News, Clifton Utley Stan Kenton Concert	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Bands For Bonds 10:35 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill United Or Not	Louella Parsons Doris Day News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Wednesday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Wonderful City	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies' Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance		Double Or Nothing 11:55 Turn To A Friend	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 Guest Time 12:55 Music Box	12:25 Jack Berch Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Fredericks Reports Dr. Paul	Wonderful Town 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez Game Of The Day**	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Mac McGuire Show Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens News, Banghart		Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.) 3:55 Edward Arnold, Storyteller	Hilltop House House Party Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Music By Bruce And Dan 4:25 News Lucky U Ranch	Jack Owens Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Music In The Afternoon	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson Keystone Ranch 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Play Fair Ronnie Kempe, John Conte	News Sunshine Sue Curt Massey Time

**Heard only in southwest, southeast and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Johnny Mercer Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile—Bill Cullen Great Gildersleeve	Deadline Crime Fighters	Mystery Theatre City Of Times Square	F.B.I. In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	The Best Of Groucho My Son, Jeep	News, Charles Shaw Family Theatre Off & On The Record	Mr. President Crossfire	Playhouse On Broad- way 9:25 News Rogers Of The Gazette
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Scarlet Pimpernel White House Report Summer Show	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show Sounding Board 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill The Latin Quarter Orchestra	Summer In St. Louis News, Robert Trou Cedric Adams

Thursday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Wonderful City	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
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11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance		Double Or Nothing 11:55 Turn To A Friend	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

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12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Fredericks Reports Dr. Paul	Wonderful Town 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez Game Of The Day**	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Paula Stone Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens News, Banghart		2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.) 3:55 Edward Arnold, Storyteller	Hilltop House House Party Wizard Of Odds 3:45 It Happens Every Day
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5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson Keystone Ranch 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Play Fair Ronnie Kemper John Conte	News Sunshine Sue Curt Massey Time

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7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeysier Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Starr Of Space 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Johnny Mercer Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective John Steele, Adven- turer		Meet Millie GE Summer Theatre
9:00 9:30 9:45	Counter-Spy Summer Show	News, Charles Shaw 9:05 Rod And Gun Club Author Meets The Critics	Mike Malloy Time Capsule	Romance On Stage
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Judy Canova News, Clifton Utley Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Eddie Fisher 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill	The American Way with Horace Heidt News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Friday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Wonderful City	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies' Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Live Like A Millionaire	
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12:30 12:45		12:25 Guest Time 12:55 Music Box		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Fredericks Reports Dr. Paul	Wonderful Town 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15		Game Of The Day**		The Guiding Light
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens News, Banghart	Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Mac McGuire Show Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.)	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
4:00	Backstage Wife	Music By Bruce And Dan	Jack Owens Show	Hilltop House House Party
4:15 4:30 4:45	Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Lucky U Ranch	4:25 Betty Crocker Music In The Afternoon	Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson Keystone Ranch 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Play Fair Ronnie Kemper John Conte	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
				News Sunshine Sue Curt Massey Time

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Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke	
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Family Skeleton Johnny Mercer
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Rosemary Clooney Summer Show	Movie Quiz True Or False	7:55 Les Griffith, News	Edward R. Murrow
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Musical Sweepstakes Pick And Play With Bob And Ray	News, Charles Shaw Great Day Off & On The Record	Adventures Of Michael Shayne Platterbrains	Mr. Keen, Tracer O. Lost Persons Music In The Air— Earl Wrightson, Alfredo Antonin.
10:00 10:15 10:30	Music By Mantovani Words In The Night News, Clifton Utley	News, Charles Shaw Great Day Off & On The Record	Summer Show Summer Show 9:55 News	Music In The Air— (Cont.) The World Dances
10:35		Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orch.	Fights Virgil Pinkley 10:40 News Of To- morrow 11:55 Edwin C. Hill	Capitol Cloakroom News, Robert Troun Cedric Adams

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Breakfast In Holly- wood			News Of America Garden Gate Robert Q. Lewis
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Archie Andrews Mary Lee Taylor Show	Local Program News, Frank Singiser Helen Hall	Little League Club House	Galen Drake Let's Pretend
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	My Secret Story Modern Romance	Coast Guard 11:25 Holland Engle, News Farm News Con- ference		News, Bill Shadel 11:05 Grand Central Station Give And Take

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Coffee In Washing- ton	Man On The Farm Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre Of Today Stars Over Holly- wood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour U.S. Army Band	Music Ruby Mercer	Navy Hour Shake The Maracas	Fun For All City Hospital 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45		2:25 Headline News Georgia Crackers	Late News 2:05 Playland	Music With The Girls Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Design For Listening	Bandstand, U.S.A. 3:25 News, Frank Singiser Sports Parade	Late News Martha Lou Harp Show	Overseas Report Adventures In Science Farm News Correspondents' Scratchpad
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Stars In Action All-Star Parade Of Bands	U.S. Army Band College Choirs	Horse Racing Treasury Show	Army Band Treasury Show
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Big City Serenade Author Speaks	Preston's Show Shop 15:55 News, Baukhage	London Studio Concerts Paulene Carter Pianist	Washington, U.S.A. Music

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News, George Hicks News, Cassidy NBC Summer Symphony, Milton Katims Conducting	Dance Orch. Country Editor Preston Sellers	As We See It Speaking Of Business Bob Finnegan, Sports	News, Ed Morgan UN On Record Sports Roundup
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45		Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 Cecil Brown		News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Talent, U.S.A. (Cont.)	20 Questions Virginia Barn Dance	Women In Uniform Dinner At The Green Room	At the Chase Broadway's My Beat
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Talent, U.S.A. (Cont.) Grand Ole Opry	New England Barn- yard Jamboree Lombardo Land	Margaret Whiting's Dancing Party (Cont.)	Gene Autry Tarzan
10:00 10:15 10:30	Eddy Arnold Show Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	ABC Dancing Party (Cont.)	Gangbusters 9:25 Win Elliot Gunsmoke
			At The Shamrock Orchestra	Country Style Music News, Ed Morgan

"We're All Pulling Together"

(Continued from page 46)

of this family, too!" he fairly shouted. "And that's how it is with us," explained Barbara, the pretty blonde co-star of the Mr. and Mrs. North series. "This is a one-hundred percent family! Everybody pulls together. Good thing, too. Otherwise we'd never make it!"

The Barbara Britton who plays the role of Pam North on the air appears as a gay, giddy, not always practical wife. The Barbara Britton who is Mrs. Eugene Czukur at home is gay, sometimes giddy—but always practical! The secret lies, she says, in the hitched-up-horsepower help of her family.

"We're more than just a unit," she laughed, "we're a team! There's my husband, Gene, six-year-old Teddy, year-and-a-half-old Cris (Christopher Eugenia), our houseboy, Kay—and, of course, me! When we're all in action, we're faster than the Brooklyn Dodgers on a double play!"

Barbara fits into this smooth-running combination like the spark plug in an engine. In fact, the analogy can be carried further: Gene is the driving power and has the energy of eight pistons; Teddy is the spark that keeps them jumping with his humor; eighteen-month-old Cris is the timer—since her risings and settings dictate the flow of movement in the house; and Kay, the houseboy, is the eccentric—because that's what he is!

Although Barbara did most of the cooking, cleaning, and sewing in the little house, things changed when they leased and moved into Ilona Massey's big house in the Valley. So Kay was brought in to help keep things in order.

But Kay is a Japanese exchange student. So what happened? Everybody in the house helps with Kay's homework! But that's as it should be, since it only goes to show that everybody works as a team.

"I was pleasantly surprised," said Barbara, "when Gene suggested we bring in an exchange student, since the idea had never occurred to me. I was pleased, too. Gene said we could do as much good for Kay as he could for us."

"And we do. Gene helps Kay at night with his homework. They look like two college kids poring over *Silas Marner*! Last month, I went up to the attic and got out some of my old speech books which show how to hold your lips and tongue for good pronunciation. Then Kay and I stood in front of the big living-room mirror and *a-e-i-o-u*'d all evening."

"We practiced every other night for weeks. Then one morning last week, I was hanging some wash out on the line in the back yard when I heard one of the neighbor children say to his playmate, 'Look—there's the A-e-i-o-u Lady!'"

"Well!" was all I could say.

"I learned," said Barbara, "that their TV was set against a window that looked into our living-room mirror. When Kay and I were practicing his English, they could look into our reflection—and doubtless our *a-e-i-o-u*'s hummed in their ears."

"I suppose it was upsetting—especially if it came as a background to a show like Mr. and Mrs. North! Imagine dialogue like 'Have you *a-e-i-o-u* . . . got the *a-e-i-o-u* . . . gun, Pam?' Or 'Where's the *a-e-i-o-u* . . . poison, Jerry?'"

"You can bet," said Barbara, "the A-e-i-o-u Lady, and Kay changed their

a-e-i-o-u practicing room in a hurry."

Kay thinks he is getting more help from Barbara and Gene than they are from him. Gene found him a part-time job on his Easter vacation and then financed his first suit with matching trousers! "Matching trousers," said Kay. "Ah, so, I did not have some in Japan. . . ."

"But I think we come out more than even in the exchange," said Barbara. "If anyone gets the advantage, it's me—since Kay has shown me a way to get the children interested in eating vegetables. You'll have to admit that as a hard job, that compares with the digging of the Panama Canal."

Kay does it by making clay models of the vegetables *with* the children. Every afternoon about three o'clock, Teddy begins pestering Barbara with, "Mommy, Mommy, is Kay home yet?" He can hardly wait for Kay to get in from North Hollywood High School and start the vegetable modeling.

"Yesterday, as usual," said Barbara, "when Kay came in he went out in the back yard with Teddy and began making clay models—mostly of animals and the vegetables. That's fine for Teddy, since he can learn about so many different kinds of things. Kay, in turn, gets practice at the English names for the things they make."

"Sometimes they get mixed up and their clay models make for comedy. For example, last night we had Brussels sprouts for dinner. When Teddy sat down, he recognized the sprouts as Kay's small clay models of cabbages. 'Oh, boy,' he said, eager to show off his newly gained knowledge, 'Oh, boy, do I like cabbages!'"

"Then Kay, who has trouble with his

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3. Convenient (So easy to use)

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'L's,' entered the dining room and said, 'Oh, no, Teddy, no cabbages—these brushes sprout!'

"Well, if you'll pardon the expression, that was the craziest! But it is a good way to get up children's interest in eating the things that are good for them.

"The vegetable eating is one problem we've licked through co-operation. Another is the problem of the ivy—also a vegetable, as Teddy pointed out."

When Barbara and the family first moved into Ilona Massey's Valley home, it was covered with ivy. Everything grows in the Valley and, with plentiful water, grows like Jack's beanstalk. Barbara's property has a stream running right through it, so the ivy completely covered the house. It looked like a green-and-yellow variegated mountain from the rear.

"I remember noticing once," said Barbara, "without paying it too much attention, that the ivy was creeping in the bedroom window. My reaction to this was 'How quaint!'"

One morning a few weeks later, Barbara awoke and the first thing she saw was the long arm of the ivy reaching out from the window, across the wall and, with greedy green-and-yellow fingers, down toward the bed!

"I was shocked," said Barbara, "and a little bit frightened, too. It was so human it gave me the creeps. It had grown so fast—almost overnight! Of course, I was ashamed of my fright. After all, it was only ivy, and this made it seem so funny. So I didn't say anything to Gene.

"Two days later, I was lolling in a warm tub when I dropped my hand over the side. What was this! Thick, stubby fingers of ivy! In a tub this can be most disconcerting. . . .

"After my bath, I went into Cris' nursery to check on her nap. There was the ivy, like Peck's bad boy, peeking from under the dresser, reaching toward the crib. This was too much!

"It could scare me in bed and in the tub—but when it threatened my child, it would have to go, decorative or not!"

Like a general marshalling his troops before a great battle, Barbara called a meeting of war. It was to be the Czukors vs. the Ivy.

"Listen to me," she said, when they were all gathered around the council table (the breakfast nook). "The ivy's growing out of hand. It's invaded nearly every room in the house, and if we don't take a stand soon, we won't have a beachhead. What do you say? It's got to be us or the ivy!"

"Hear! Hear!" said Dr. Czukor.

"Ah, so . . ." said Kay.

"Da . . ." contributed Cris.

"But isn't ivy a vegetable, Mom?" said Teddy.

Well! thought Barbara. Attack from an unexpected quarter. She was momentarily shocked into silence. Then, quickly recovering her balance like a prizefighter, she countered with, "Yes, ivy is a vegetable, Teddy. But, like all things, there are good vegetables and bad vegetables. Now ivy is threatening our home—and the back yard where you make clay models.

Do you think it's a bad vegetable for doing that?"

Said Teddy with determination, "Yes. Then," said Dr. Czukor, "that settles it and he started passing out the saws and knives with which to do battle.

The ivy put up a good fight but, after two days of constant hacking, snipping, and chopping, it was fairly well cleared from the bedroom, bathroom, and nursery.

Said Dr. Czukor: "After cutting away at it for two whole days, working clockwise around the house, I almost expected to come around the final corner and find the part I'd cut out two days ago grown back in again, stronger than ever. But it hadn't—thanks to Teddy. He got into the small nooks and crannies where Kay and I couldn't penetrate. Teddy was a regular little commando."

"Of course, it isn't all gone," said Barbara. "We left enough for shade in the back, and I even cut some to fill the antique vases for decorating in the living room. But, believe me, I keep my eye on the stuff that's in the house! You can never tell—it may devour the vase!"

"And so," said Barbara, "whether it's the ivy, Kay's 'brushes sprout,' or some other problem facing us, we feel our co-operative efforts will help us tackle it. Perhaps it is the spirit of the thing that helps us—we have confidence in our ability when we know that everyone is pulling together. This co-operative spirit is both the high octane fuel and the lubricating oil that keeps the 160-horsepower engine that is this family humming along so smoothly. Or, as Kay says, 'Humming so, ah, so . . .!'"

My Secret of Happiness

(Continued from page 69)

Spring remembers the time, in the last year of the war, when she received a letter from her daughter Phyllis. "Find a house, Mother," it said, "because Bill, Lois Ann, and I will be out in two weeks."

It was indeed a time for orderly thinking.

"Fifteen days to find a decent place for the four of us to live! After spending most of my life in hotels, I knew very little about houses. And, this being the time of true scarcity, there was very little to be found, even if you knew about houses."

This would have been a fine time for Spring to panic, to buy the first thing she laid her eyes on. But, instead, she stuck to her ideas of logic and order—even as the days swept by. Spring knew that a hasty decision wouldn't help her out of her difficulties. The house had to be right for herself, right for the family, or they would all be miserable and what good would just having a house do any of them? So, holding her breath a little more every day, Spring searched patiently for the one house that would be right for their needs.

"I finally came across this house," Spring explains. "Though there was no furniture in it, I saw that it had possibilities for living. There was plenty of room both upstairs and down, and that allowed for privacy—something two families must have if they're to live together."

Getting the house solved the immediate needs of Spring, her children and her grandchildren. But, there were still other experiences to be encountered.

"I knew right away that I was going to have to make a new kind of life," Spring says seriously. "I had been living alone for so long, traveling on the road in the theatre, working in motion pictures in Hollywood, that I had grown very set

in my ways. So I knew that living with the children, much as I would enjoy it and had looked forward to it, would be a challenge. Not a problem, mind you," she adds with a twinkle in her bright blue eyes, "but a challenge.

"As a matter of fact, I don't call things 'problems.' I call them 'projects.' In thinking seriously about daily upsets, I've found I could replace the word 'problem' with 'project' and, as soon as I did, the whole thing changed color like a chameleon in the sun.

"Suddenly, a dark problem, like a vicious whirlpool without a bottom, when turned into a project, takes on shape and form. Once I've figured out the shape and form, with patience and a little orderly thinking, I find I can take my projects one by one and work them out one step at a time. Discipline and order in your thinking work wonders in saving you from the confusion of flying off in every direction in an attempt to overcome difficulty."

Spring realized, when she moved into the new house with her daughter Phyllis, son-in-law Bill Baxley and little Lois Ann (nicknamed S'An), that they would need furniture. "I merely dialed the furniture store and asked, 'What can you deliver on Thursday?' Then, furniture and family arrived together the next day, and we trooped into the house, safari fashion.

"The house and furniture were small projects," Spring says. "People are really big projects. You can replace all things but you can't replace the affection and contributions which people make to your life.

"Since we had all more or less lived on our own, we wanted to continue that way. Young-marrieds need time together to talk over family affairs. The breakfast table is their council table.

So, I found it wise not to appear on the scene too early in the morning. I had breakfast in bed."

To early-rising Spring, this was an innovation. Never before had she enjoyed (or even longed for) such a luxury. Yet every morning of that year in which she shared the house with her family, Spring made it a point of never appearing downstairs before noon.

The project of living together kept every member of the family on their toes and taught them to "keep their elbows in."

"As a mother-in-law or mother, I didn't expect to be included in everything my children did, nor did I intend to include them in all my affairs. Perhaps this is the mistake family members make. The in-laws want to give advice and want to be in on everything the children do. The new sons-in-law and daughters-in-law are at fault, too. In trying to maintain a happy family relationship, they invite their in-laws to help, ask for advice. Of course, the mother-in-law takes them seriously—she's only human, too!"

Today Phyllis, with Bill, eleven-year-old S'An and four-year-old Chrissie, live in their own home, within five-minute walking distance from Spring. The independent family patterns established when they shared one big home haven changed. "We still lead our own lives," Spring said. "Even though Bill is in the radio business, too, for the first time in seven years Bill and I found ourselves invited to the same party just the other day. . . ."

The fact that their social groups are different (and that they are not inclined to be a dropper-in type of family) doesn't in any way indicate they are not close. "We are wonderfully close," smiles Spring, "because we are such good friends

be completely happy, I think a family is to like each other as well as love each other, don't you?"

"Perhaps the explanation (or secret) is in the fact that we treat each other with the same respect and attention we give our friends. Just because we are family, we don't take each other for granted. To me, this is an important part of a happy relation."

Because Spring's many activities occupy much of her time, a date with any of the Baxleys is a thrill. "Even if Phyl and Iris are just stopping in for coffee—as they do several mornings a week—or if the whole gang is coming for the evening, it's an event. Something to be cherished."

Living a person's own life, Spring feels, is also an important lesson in learning to stand on one's own feet, an important part of happiness: "Something else I've always tried to teach my children. Today it still works. If Phyl or my daughter in Santa Barbara, Mrs. James Graham, have problems, they often discuss them with their own friends before telling me about them. I believe in this. Friends of their own age undoubtedly will have a different—and more contemporary—understanding of the problem than I. Of course, parents should be friends, too."

"The same applies to me. For instance, if I feel my granddaughter should be chastised for something she's done, it's Phyl's business to look after it. Not mine. My business is to keep my business to myself."

Spring says her grandchildren alternate between being positive angels one minute and devils the next (as all kiddies do). "There's a way of handling everything," laughed Spring. "if you're just patient enough to find it."

Patience, Spring has much of—time, very little. "Well, time to do more of the things I love. Such as reading (my favorite hobby), letter writing, gardening. You'd be surprised by the number of things I don't do!"

That list includes swimming, playing bridge and the piano, plus cooking!

"Cooking," smiled Spring, "is for those who know how. The amateurs—like me—should leave it alone."

Three nights a week, though, Jeannie, a Scotch lass whom Spring defines as a positive genius, comes to the hillside house. Not only does she cook a gourmet's dinner, but is sure that there is enough for the next day, too.

If it comes to entertaining, Spring says, "I take them out!"

However, last New Year's Eve, she had a few close friends in to celebrate.

"Now, dears," she said to the assembled group in the living room, "I've put magazines and cartoon books all about the place. Entertain yourselves. Only don't expect to see me for at least a half-hour. I've got a chore or two in the kitchen."

"You know," she now admits, "though I really can't cook, I must say it worked beautifully. The day before, I watched Jeannie and simply tripled the proportions and put all the things in order. You really don't appreciate order until you've seen disorder alongside it in a kitchen. So I had no trouble at all. Simply poured and mixed where necessary."

It's easy to see that Spring really does have a recipe for happiness and contentment. "I think you'd have to say that 'order' is one of the ingredients," Spring says. "Not all, mind you, but one. Certainly, thinking of the rights of others is another—especially with your family. Mustn't take them for granted. It's not fair."

"As for order again, look at the heavens. Every star and every planet in its place. And lastly even the Bible says, 'Let all things be done decently and in order.'"



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From Wallflower to Orchid

(Continued from page 45)

Kathryn, as wise as she is charming, has drawn these conclusions: Stars are not born but made; beauty is not a shell but the heart of a woman; the art of being popular and loved is not endowed by nature—it is something you learn and earn.

"There are very simple, sound rules that transform a wallflower into an orchid," she says. "I know, because they have worked for me and, as a matter of fact, for Arthur, too."

As a child, Kathryn Murray remembers herself as being small and homely. Relatives referred to her affectionately, but not considerably, as "Monkey." Her father, a loving but quick-witted newspaperman, would tell her, "Don't you care, baby, beauty is only skin deep . . . we'll skin you and you'll be just fine."

Her favorite daydream was to be the epitome of female loveliness in frilly pink and white, admired by multitudes. Her mother, more realistic, dressed little Kathryn in neat, crisp linens designed to fill out her slight build. For all her thinness and what, for Kathryn, was her unattractiveness, she was a bright and energetic child. She was so clever in school that teachers skipped her along until her mother objected. Even so, Kathryn entered high school at the age of eleven.

She was, naturally, the tiniest student in the school. The boys towered over her, and the girls seemed so much prettier. It hurt. It was perhaps the most crucial period in her life.

Kathryn used her intelligence to observe and learn the secrets of popularity. When she graduated from high school, she was one of the best-liked and most sought-after girls in her class. A few years later, she met and won as a husband Arthur Murray, whose profession brought him daily meetings with beautiful and charming girls. Yes, Kathryn had learned quickly and well.

"I'll tell you why I proposed to Kathryn," Arthur says. "After our first date, I kept thinking how much fun it would be to have a wife who was such good company."

That was perhaps the first thing Kathryn had observed: The most popular girls were fun to be with. As a school girl, she learned to do things that would make her good company: she danced well, she played the

ukelele, and sang. She found out what people her own age enjoyed talking about.

Friends included those of her own sex. She never hesitated to express her admiration for another girl and, furthermore, never felt she was belittling herself by asking a potential rival for advice. From this teen-age beginning, Kathryn built a life of great success in marriage and in a business where personality is very important. Today, a mature and gracious woman, she has amplified and added to her ideas on popularity.

"Arthur and I firmly believe a woman must work to remain young and attractive," she says. "Working is growing, and when a flower stops growing, it withers. A mother, when her children are grown, should turn to another full-time occupation that keeps her alert and exciting."

She recalls a woman who came to work in the Arthur Murray office on the recommendation of another employee. The woman was large and dressed neatly but badly in a foulard dress. She looked dowdy and old. She was natively bright but had little to occupy her time.

"She worked here three years," Kathryn says, "and dropped fifteen years from her appearance."

Responsibility and activity animated the woman and gave direction to her life. Mingling with others, she became conscious of her appearance. The cheerfulness that permeates the studios became part of her outlook.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray's interest in this woman is the amazing thing. Their schools amount to a very big business with 274 studios in the United States and Canada. But when this pair of tycoons talk business, it is usually in the terms of personalities, the problems of their staff and students.

"Arthur prowls the school for shy or unhappy students," Kathryn tells you, "and then he moves in."

Arthur's experiences as a youth were similar in some degree to Kathryn's. He was a gangling, awkward boy who felt hopelessly shy. So miserable was he that he quit high school for a time. It was dancing that saved him, after he had lost six other consecutive jobs. A neighbor taught him the rudiments of dancing, which he discovered he did well. So bashful was he, however, that he could never bring himself to dance with anyone he knew. His terrible inferiority complex

led him to attend, unobtrusively, strange wedding parties where he found partners he had never seen before and would never meet again. Luckily, dancing came naturally that he easily got a job as dancing instructor. His phenomenal success from then on is a national legend.

But Arthur remembers his past, and his identification with shy youngsters continues. The regular dancing parties his schools conduct is one of his answers and ways of helping the wallflower. And he still personally continues his one-man campaign to help backward people.

There was Lida, a rather tall girl with a hangdog expression. He found her taking lessons in the studio. He asked Lida (not her real name) if he might dance with her. Her hands were clammy and her teeth fairly rattled in her mouth. He learned that she had never attended one of the students' parties. On this occasion Kathryn came to his assistance.

"The girl didn't feel attractive," Kathryn says. "She was nearsighted and wore unbefitting glasses. She was self-conscious about her height and tended to slouch."

Kathryn talked with the girl, told Lida that her own twin daughters wore glasses. She sent Lida to an optometrist with the suggestion that she get handsome glasses with blue frames to match her eyes. She tactfully called Lida's attention to the kind of attractive clothes the women teachers wore. Lida took the hints. She began to dress in better taste.

"Let's face it—women have a special problem," Kathryn says. "In addition to ability, a woman must be able to attract. Unlike men, women are usually in the position where they must wait to be asked."

And Lida? Well, she came to the studio parties. She met a young minister, married him, and now has a family.

"Becoming a proficient dancer bolstered Lida's ego," Kathryn tells you. "Of course, it doesn't have to be dancing. It could have been tennis or little-theatre work or anything that gave her skill and confidence in a group activity."

Kathryn does not insist that dancing is the cure for all social ills. In analyzing personality problems, she has come up with the secrets that make a man or woman well-liked and fun to be with. But, she is a woman who does not preach, "Do as I say, not as I do." She heeds her own advice. Take her philosophy on work, for example.

When Kathryn's daughters were grown-up, she went back to a full-time job in her husband's studios and is a vice-president of the organization. She is in her office from 9:30 in the morning until six or as late as seven in the evening. She does that five days a week, but every morning she rises between six-thirty and seven-thirty. In those early hours, she takes care of her own clothes, makes up the shopping list for the grocer and butcher, and does all the other odds and ends that fall to a wife. Some mornings she does some baking, for Arthur has a sweet-tooth.

She doesn't often prepare dinner or supper, for Arthur knows that when she gets in a kitchen it's a problem to get her out. One night, for example, her publicist had asked her to have a party for the many celebrities they had taught to dance. The photographer, in the course of shooting pictures, asked Kathryn to please pose for some kitchen shots. He got the pictures but Kathryn didn't get back to the party for a half-hour.

"I had cracked all of those eggs for the photographer," she explains, "and I had to make something out of them."

"It brought us back together again"



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Kathryn Murray gets real pleasure out of doing. Added to her studio schedule is the weekend video show. For some programs, her rehearsal may take only one day. Other times, she may spend an entire week polishing up a dance. But she is never harried. She, to the contrary, is cheerful, and that is another characteristic of an attractive person.

As a matter of fact, you have to be cheerful to get a job in the Arthur Murray studios. Teachers are reminded that they are not properly dressed unless they are wearing a smile. Kathryn maintains that it works as well for a woman who is single as one who is married and has children.

"Poise is another virtue but one of the most misunderstood words in the dictionary," Kathryn says. "It doesn't mean being a glamour puss, pointing your nose at the moon, making a grand entrance."

Poise is simply being secure and relaxed. A woman achieves poise when she forgets about her appearance. By that, Kathryn means do all the homework you like on your face, figure and dress, but once in company, forget about rouge and lipstick. She notes, "Nothing makes a woman look so old or ill at ease as digging into her purse in a public place. Everyone gets the jitters watching her pull out the mirror, compact, tissues, and on and on."

Kathryn has no desire to be a "glamour puss" and reflects that she gets little satisfaction out of such flattery. She does really feel complimented when told, "I like to be with you. You're as comfortable as an old shoe."

There are a few other rules that sum up what Kathryn considers a well-rounded person. If you want to be popular, you must have a sense of responsibility and willingly accept your share of work. You must be adaptable at any social gathering—if you learn to listen you will get along with anyone and be much wiser and better liked for it. And tact is something that should be employed with your family and close friends, as well as strangers.

"This business of being frank is too often an excuse for being rude or catty," she says. "Tact is merely a question of being considerate of someone else's feelings."

She cites the incident of a friend asking your opinion of a dress she is wearing.

"So you don't like it," Kathryn says, "and you say, 'It's very pretty but not for you.'"

That is not being tactful, for your friend can't run home and change the dress. She might even be stuck with it for months. You have just destroyed her self-confidence.

"The point is that you wouldn't feel very happy if someone made that kind of comment to you," she says. "Tact is simply the Golden Rule in practical application."

Kathryn is a firm practitioner of the Golden Rule. Her secretary doesn't work on Saturday when Kathryn doesn't work on Saturday. She doesn't make a social date for Arthur before consulting him, for Kathryn appreciates the same consideration. She doesn't interfere in the home lives of her married daughters, for she knows she wouldn't want anyone interfering in her private life.

"Tact, cheerfulness, adaptability, social skills: all of these things make a woman or man attractive, and they are all things you have to work at," she says. "I've noticed that many homely women make the best wives and happiest homes. It's because they have a physical handicap and work harder at making themselves attractive. There's proof for you."

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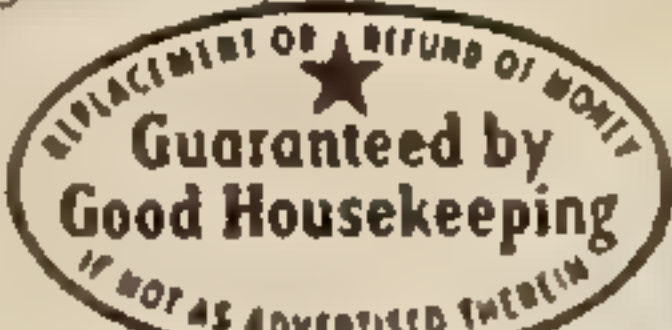
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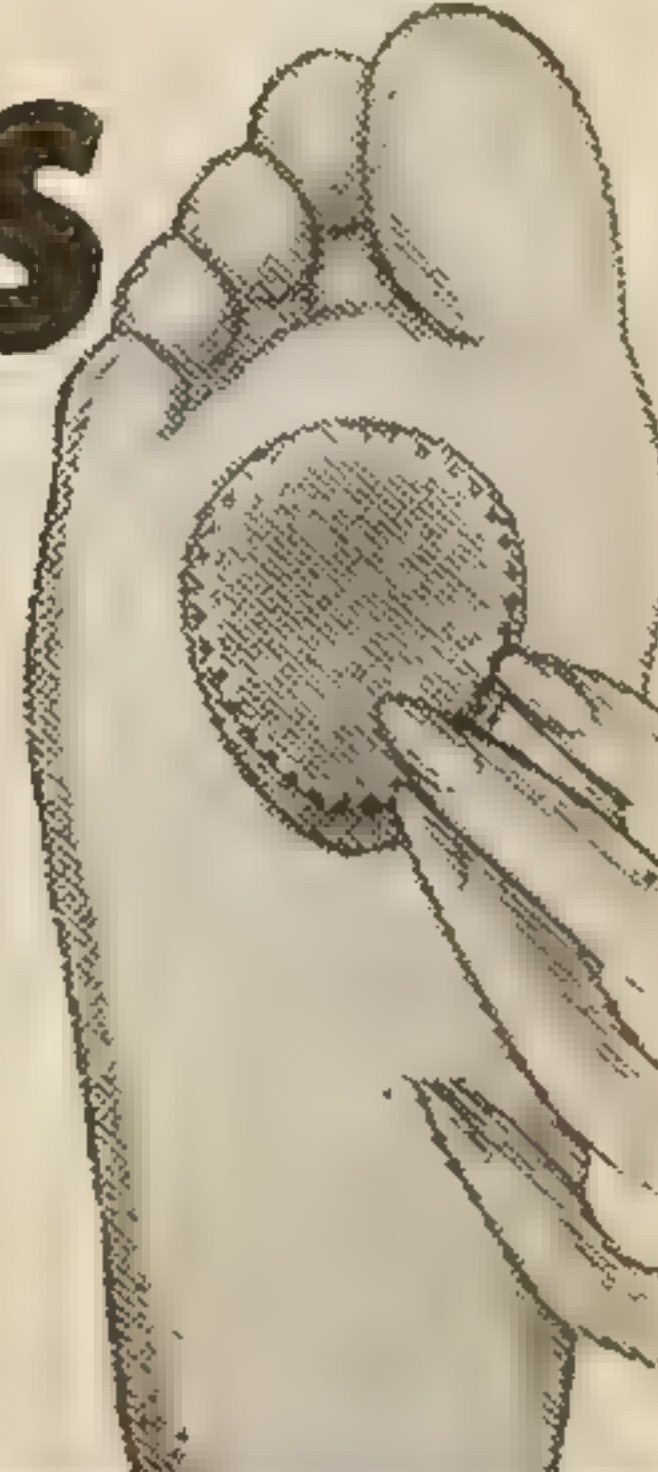
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"We're Living Happily Ever After!"

(Continued from page 71)

discover my Prince Charming? A living, breathing, walking doll!"

Jim Brooks, the doll, assigned to show the singer around the plant, was a test pilot at North American. "The perfect bachelor type, you know," said Martha, "so he got the job!"

This was no ordinary job to Jim Brooks. And it was only a few moments before this was obvious. Jim outdid himself, becoming suddenly an eager "Textbook on Airplane Assembly" wired for sound! "This is the wing section," he said when they entered the big plant, "and beyond it, the tail assembly. Then comes the nose and radar, that's the ears, and finally," said Jim, pointing in front of them, "here are the fuselages." But, when he said it, his eyes were on Martha.

Martha's reaction to this was, "Yes, it's interesting." And, she thought, "So is he!"

As the tour came to an end, Jim said in a casual voice, "Oh, say, would you like to go to dinner?"

Martha took a second, longer look at the good-looking blond Mr. Brooks, and before she thought, murmured, in an equally casual voice, "To dinner? Why, yes, I'd love it!"

"I was supposed to have dinner with some friends," said Martha, "but I knew, if they were any friends of mine, they'd understand and forgive me. I canceled the date in short order, for I wasn't going to miss an opportunity like this—a jet-propelled test pilot!"

Dinner that night led to other dinners and other dates. Soon Martha found her datebook was filled with only Jim's name. "See Jim at 6 P.M. Monday; Tuesday—Meet Jim for lunch; Wednesday—Pick up Jim at recording studio." It was no longer a datebook, but *Jim's Book!*

There was one growing question in Martha's mind during this time when she and Jim were seeing one another like two images in a mirror. That was the question of her two sons' approval of Jim.

Jerry, sixteen, and Jonathan, ten, together with Martha, had made a compact little unit for all the years of their lives. "They were as much a part of me as I was of them," said Martha. "We've lived together for so long, that we think as much alike as three thieves in the market. Not that I was thinking of marriage, mind you, but I did want to know how they felt about my seeing Jim all the time. I usually went out only with business associates, but even here the boys always put their stamp of approval on my dates. Now I wanted to be sure they okayed my spending so much time with Jim.

"But the boys were way ahead of me. One night, I found them waiting up for me when I came home.

"Come into the kitchen, fellas," I invited. "We'll have a bedtime snack. I think there's some turkey left."

"They took me right up on it. I didn't have to steer the conversation around to the question that was bothering me, either—for, before we even had our Dagwood sandwiches made, Jerry, my eldest, popped up with, 'That Jim's a nice guy, huh?'"

"I think so. Do you like him?"

"The boys couldn't say yes fast enough! 'I think he's swell!' agreed Jerry, who is sort of airplane happy himself. And Jonathan said stoutly, 'Me, too! I think he's keen. Boy, I'm gonna be a test pilot when I grow up!'"

As the months rolled by, Martha and Jim realized they were falling in love. "Even though we argued something fierce! I used to think we had a personality clash,"

said Martha. "When we get upset, we are both as stubborn as mules, and as immovable in our opinions as a battleship stuck on a sandbar. In short, we each wanted our own way!"

"But we learned to compromise. That is, I found I wasn't going to get my way all the time! After a quarrel, I'd stomp off and wait for Jim to call. He didn't."

"So I called Jim! The nice thing about those fights was the making up—and we never stayed angry! Fortunately, we find we can laugh at everything—even ourselves. Jim has a divine sense of humor."

After twelve months of courtship, Martha came in one night and again found her sons waiting up for her. "Hi, Mom, want to have a little snack in the kitchen?"

"They had 'conspiracy' written on their faces as plain as George Washington's face on a dollar bill. As soon as we got to the kitchen, the conversation got underway. It started off in high with Dagwood sandwiches, and jumped from 'chicken goes good with mayonnaise' to—and you sure go good with Jim!"

"Say," said Jerry, "are you going to marry him?"

"Yeah," said Jonathan, "are you going to marry him?"

Conspiracy it was, thought Martha. "Well, would you like it if I did?" she asked.

"Oh, boy. I'll say!" they agreed in unison, she laughed.

So Martha and Jim tried to decide on a wedding date. "It was like trying to find room for another piece of cheese in one of those Dagwood sandwiches," said Martha. "There just wasn't any room for a wedding day in our schedules!"

"Let's see," said Jim the next afternoon, when they met outside the network, "I have a special flight coming up this weekend. . . ." They both had their black datebooks in their hands, and together they worried over the months and days.

"Golly," said Martha, "that puts us way up into June. Say—how about a June wedding?"

"That's a long way off!" said Jim.

Finally it was agreed! When the blooms came out in June, they'd be married. But fate, which had kept them apart for a year, must have had conscience pangs, for she stepped in again!

It was that very next weekend, at the last of April, that Martha found she was free from her busy radio schedule for a few days, and took off for a Palm Springs rest. "This was the weekend of Jim's special flight," said Martha, "and I intended to get some quiet!"

"I was no sooner settled, and calm as a clam in a cool bay, when Jim flew in. He literally came right out of the blue."

"Look, my flight has been canceled," he said. "We've got the rest of today and all of tomorrow! Let's get married now! Enough of this nonsense!"

"Golly," shrieked Martha, "I'm not ready. . . I mean, I've only got this sunsuit and one blue print dress with a sagging hem. . . and we haven't any place to live. . . ." Martha's arguments weren't getting across to Jim at all. He just looked at her with the solid determination of a set-jawed test pilot!

Martha saw the square jaw. She knew what that meant. She'd have to compromise.

"Oh, who cares what I wear! Pack the bag, Liz," she called to her sister. "We're flying to Las Vegas!"

And they were happily married in the Sands Hotel on May 3, 1953.

"It was such a pretty wedding," said Martha. "Loads of flowers, carnations,

glads and lilies! I even found time to buy myself a little white lace hat, which sat on top of my head bravely trying to ignore the droopy dress—I hadn't time to find another, so the hem still sagged! No matter what I was wearing, I couldn't have been happier."

After the wedding, honeymoon thoughts had to be postponed, since Martha was due back in Hollywood for the radio show the very next day. "It was all so fast," she laughed, "I felt like saying to Jim, 'Thanks for marrying me. Now if you'll just drop me off at CBS—I'll see you later!'"

"But when? We still didn't have a place to live! Jim was in his Manhattan Beach apartment, and I still had to work in Hollywood every day! That meant I'd have to stay in the Hollywood home with my children and parents!"

"It was three infinite days before I was able to take time out and get to the beach!"

The rest is history.

Martha met Jim at the foot of the hill that led up to the apartment—their honeymoon cottage. "Darling. . ." said Martha.

"Sweetheart. . ." replied Jim, and immediately kissed his bride, taking her into his arms and picking her up bodily—a maneuver adequately suited to test pilots! Suspended six feet in the air, Martha clung to Jim. They mounted the hill and approached—and crossed—the threshold! That's when it happened!

Was it the lack of oxygen—the rarefied air at this hilltop altitude? Or was it a sudden giddy feeling on Jim's part because of his closeness to his heart of hearts?

No matter what the reason. It's just that, as they crossed the threshold, Jim suddenly tripped and weakened his grip—in fact, relinquished it altogether. Martha dropped to the floor.

Jim saved himself after the stumble, but Martha's thump still echoed against the living-room walls!

"And that's the news that hit the front pages," said Martha. "I was hurt in two places from the bouncing, but mostly it was my ankle. It was broken!"

"It almost killed Jim! He has taken an unmerciful riding from his friends. He's received letters and newspaper clippings from buddies all over the world! And the mean things they write on them! Well!"

"I don't have to tell you how sad it was for me. But we didn't realize how funny it was, either, until the next night when Jim went down to the corner drugstore for a pack of cigarettes. That's when the papers came out. There was Jim and there was I, big as life, but half-hidden by the plaster cast, staring up at him from the front pages of all the papers.

"He said, upon coming home, 'It was very funny, you know, sort of a feeling that it must be happening to two other people!'"

"We practically said it together, 'This-can't-be-happening-to-us!' But it had! That's when we laughed!"

"So you see," said Martha, "everything comes to him (or her) who waits. You may be lonely for a time, or you may have held a dream for a good many years, but if you just work along steadily, and have patience, your dreams will someday come true. And when they do you can bet it'll be sudden—perhaps as sudden as a broken leg!"

"We're waiting and dreaming now for a house. In Brentwood, we hope, halfway between Jim's work and mine. And I know one thing for sure! That is, Jim's only going to carry himself across that threshold!"

Cinderella Sis Camp

(Continued from page 38)

rang and Sis glanced at the living-room clock as she went to answer it. Just eight o'clock. She thought: If that's a call to go out, I'll have to refuse—too late and, besides, it's too darn cold even if. . .

Over the telephone she heard a voice that she thought she recognized—but why would Paul Dixon, the man whom everyone in Cincinnati knows, be calling her?

"Miss Camp," the voice was saying, "my wife suggested I call you. I have a problem I think you can help me with."

"Who's—who's calling?" Sis asked, a little bewildered.

"This is Paul Dixon," the voice rushed on. "I was wondering if you would like to be my Girl Friday on my television show."

"Are you kidding?" Her own voice was half-laughing, half-shaky.

"No," said Paul, "I have never been more serious in my life."

"You mean just on your local show." Sis by this time had drawn up the telephone seat—she felt as if her legs just wouldn't hold her up another moment.

"No, I mean on the network, too—the whole works," Paul's voice held a hint of suppressed laughter. He knew what a weird feeling it must be for Sis to get this call out of the blue. Here she was being offered a job she'd neither sought nor coveted.

"But," Sis was protesting, "do you really think I can do it? Are you sure you mean me?"

"I most certainly do mean you, and if you'll meet me at the studio in half an hour we'll get to work."

"Oh, Mr. Dixon," Sis wailed, "if you think I can. I'll try, I'll work hard, really I will. I'll do everything you tell me to do—oh, Mr. Dixon."

"Okay," Paul smiled into the telephone. "Then the first thing is to get to WCPO immediately and we'll begin the work."

Sis couldn't stop talking even though she'd hung up the telephone. Her family couldn't make head nor tail of what she was trying to say—only her persistent urging that she had to meet Mr. Dixon at the studio immediately came through. Her mother helped her dress, and the whole family breathed a sigh of relief when she finally drove off.

"I hope this isn't just someone pulling Sis's leg," Mrs. Pohlkamp told her husband as she closed the door.

Meanwhile, Paul was driving toward the studio on the other side of town. Doubts began to assail him. He'd only seen Sis twice before in his life, and actually it was Marge, his wife, who had observed more about Sis than he had. He knew that Sis had worked at WCPO a few years before, but she had done nothing like what she'd have to do on his show.

When Paul arrived at the studio, Sis was already there. He put on the records which would be used on the next day's show. Sis would have to pantomime, coordinating the movements of her mouth and body to the words and music on the records. It had to be perfection, else the illusion would be lost—and both a show and a girl's chances for success spoiled.

"Hour after hour we worked," Paul described the session later. "Sis went over and over again the pantomiming of the recordings. It was four o'clock in the

morning when I finally called a halt. She wanted to continue, because she said she wanted to be perfect on her first show. I was afraid we'd grow completely stale if we went on any longer, so I promised we'd meet at ten the next morning for three more hours' rehearsal before the local show went on the air.

"The next morning I arrived completely worn out. Sis, bright as a daisy, was already in the studio working on the records. The three hours evaporated—as time is wont to do when you need every second you can get—and the signal came for the director. We were on the air.

"All of us connected with the show held our breaths. Then Sis walked on-camera, poised and with the charm of a veteran troupier. Her first number was perfection.

"From that moment, Sis was 'in.' Len Goorian, our producer, hugged her. Al Sternberg, our director, was doing nips-ups in the control booth. And Wanda Lewis, the artist on our show, put her arms around Sis and gave her a big hug."

Since then, Wanda and Sis have become the best of friends. "Wanda's like the sister I always wished I had," Sis tells everyone. "Certainly, I've never had a better friend."

Sis Camp, the modern-day Cinderella, was born Loraine Pohlkamp in St. Bernard, Ohio, a little suburb completely surrounded by the city of Cincinnati. She's the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pohlkamp—a daughter who had the usual dreams of being an actress but didn't do anything much to make them come true. Closest she'd ever come to show business was some high-school modeling and a bit of chatter on a record show over WCPO. No years of singing instruction, no years of dancing school, no years of dramatic productions.

Sis is exactly what she appears to be on the Paul Dixon Show over DuMont. She's a family girl. After being graduated from Our Lady of Cincinnati College, where she majored in sociology, Sis took up modeling full time and became a fashion coordinator for a local department store in Cincinnati. She was employed in the department store when the call came through from Paul Dixon that changed her life.

Sis lives at home with her parents and three brothers, in the same house in which she was born. She can cook up a fine meal all by herself, and often does, to give her mother a little rest over the weekends. Actually, Sis was pursuing her hobby—sewing—when Paul phoned her that cold November night. She has made many of her own clothes and often turns out a skirt or formal for Paul's show, when she has time.

Sis is still "Sis" to her three brothers, who tease her as unmercifully as they did when she was a youngster trying to compete with them in baseball or football. However, her oldest brother Joe, who is now in business for himself, doesn't mind boasting to his business acquaintances that it's his "Sis" on TV. And her father, a foreman at Procter and Gamble, is apt to carry around a few anecdotes about the "behind the scenes" life on the Dixon show. Brothers Dick and Jack, still in school, have a way of casually having friends drop by the house at Sis's rehearsal time. Sis takes it all good-naturedly, for it's all part of being the "Cinderella girl of TV."

The clock may have struck at midnight for the Cinderella of that classic fairy tale, but for Sis it struck at eight one evening with the resounding ring of a modern telephone.

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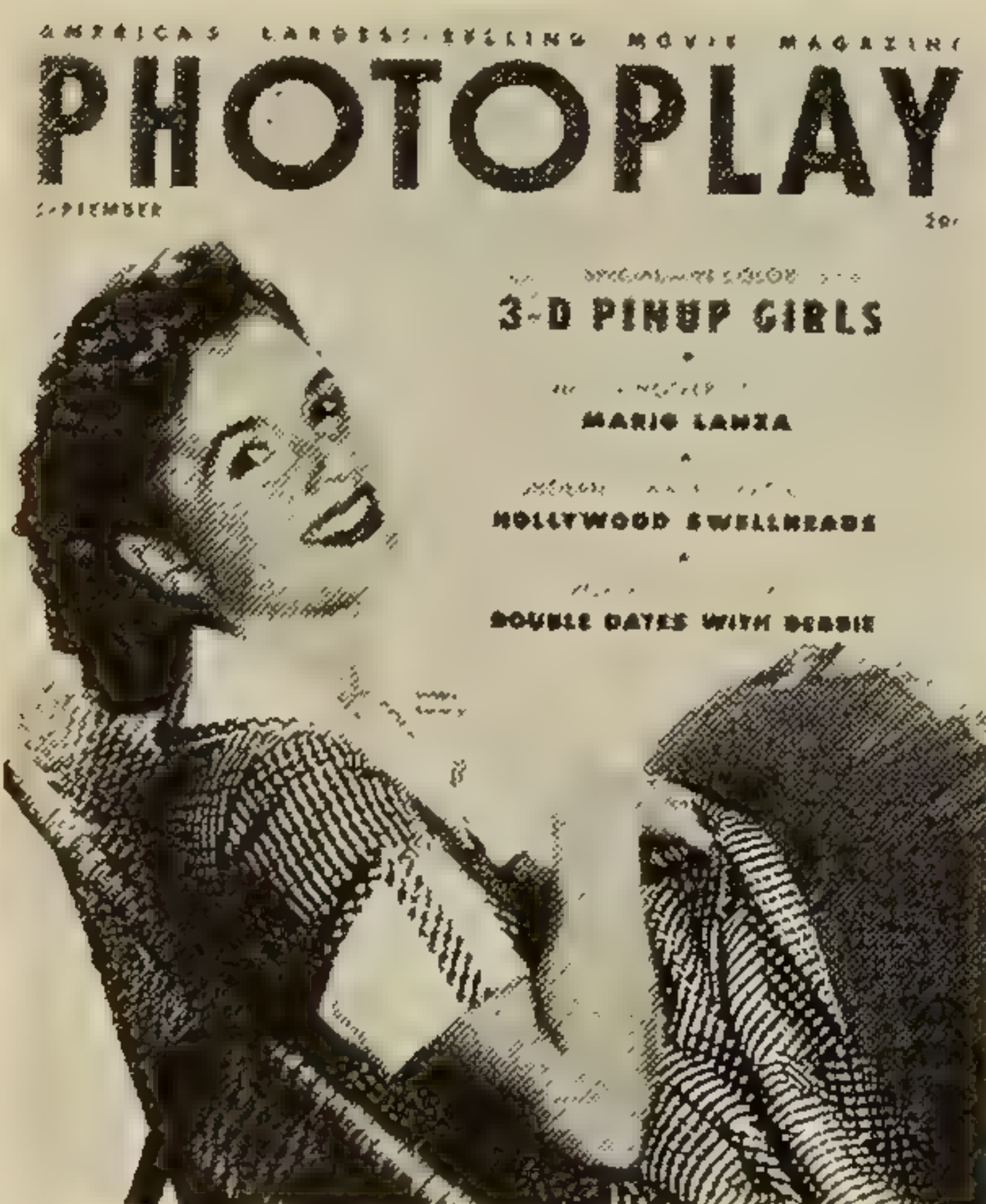
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Rosemary

(Continued from page 74)

"I gotta hand you one for trying, though," Blondie said. "I never heard you lie so good before. About how she'll be glad to see him."

"Do you think he believed it?"

Blondie shrugged. "He wants to, so he does—halfway, anyhow. But if I were you and Bill, Rosemary, when he comes back here tonight for dinner, I'd talk to him like a Dutch uncle. Give it to him straight. After all, it was he who gave the kid away to your folks when Jessie was little. Not legally, maybe, but settling with your folks to bring her up here in Springdale like she was their own. Now he wants to go back on a bargain, and he's too late. Jessie'll never love him like a real pop."

Maybe, I mused. Jessie had become part of my family, the Cotter family. Yet always on the fringe of her life was Lefty, a sort of silent threat that might destroy her security. Lefty meant no such threat. The last thing he wanted was to cause her the slightest unhappiness. But, now that she was growing up, he longed more and more for the happiness he'd had to give away. He'd glowed with delight when I told him Jessie had captured the hero of the sophomore class, young Bim Evans, and that he was taking her to a formal school dance the coming weekend. All he wanted was a tiny bystander's share in happy things like that. The pity of it was that things were so different for Lefty nowadays that he could have had his share, too. Married, with his former transgressions well behind him, and making a completely respectable living as a New York cab-driver, there was nothing in his life now to be ashamed of. If only Jessie hadn't grown to fear and distrust him!

We couldn't tell Lefty tonight that there was no hope Jessie would ever love him. How did we know? At thirteen, the world is brilliant one day because of a smile, and the next day it's ashes because you don't meet the right someone at the soda bar! It's all change; surely Jessie could change about Lefty, as well!

Abruptly I stood up. "I've made up my mind, Blondie. I'm going down and invite Jessie for dinner, too."

Blondie stared at me. "You don't think she'll come, do you?"

"She will because I'm not going to say Lefty's coming, too. Don't look at me so reproachfully, Blondie. At least, if I'm telling fibs, I'm telling one apiece. That's fair!"

My conscience twinged as Jessie's gay voice answered the phone. "Rosemary, have I got things to tell you! I'd love to come tonight, and wait till you hear—"

I felt like a mean intriguer. "Come early, dear, and we'll talk."

"Oh, I'll help, too, Rosemary, you know how I love working around your kitchen. Bim said today—no, I'll tell you later."

"Don't worry about helping, honey. Blondie's here unexpectedly, from New York, so things will be under control." I held my breath, waiting for her to ask, "Anyone else?"

But young Bim Evans came unconsciously to my aid. Jessie wasn't really aware of anyone else. "Great—she's fun!" was her only comment, and then immediately, "Oh, and, Rosemary, is it all right if I come sort of formal? I mean I think I'll wear a good dress instead of just a sweater and skirt, and my pearls, and probably I'll wear heels instead of my whites—I think Bim might be walking me over! He'll be over earlier to work out some math with me, and he just might want to walk me over!"

I crossed my fingers. With luck, that might help a lot. No matter what Jessie thought when she saw Lefty, she wouldn't be likely to lose her head in front of her hero. Or . . . Oh, dear! I thought weakly. *Maybe I shouldn't have.* But it was too late now.

Bill's reaction, when he had come home and freshened up and was getting in our way in the kitchen, was even more discouraging than I'd feared. He stopped filling his pipe and frowned at Blondie. She pretended to back away.

"Don't look at me. Bill, honest, Rosemary dreamed this one up strictly on her own. I told her she was heading for worse trouble—"

"But, if I tell Jessie, she won't come at all!"

"But, if she comes and sees Lefty when she doesn't expect to, the explosion is likely to be much worse," Bill complained. "Rosemary, for a straight-thinking young woman, you sometimes get the—"

I was beginning to suffer real misgivings, but I said stubbornly, "I don't care, Bill, he had to at least see her! I want them both to be happy and fond of each other, and what way is there?"

"Oh, I know, honey." Bill was just giving me a comforting hug when the doorbell sent my heart plunging downward.

"It's Lefty! Oh, Bill—help me! Keep your eyes open and think fast," I pleaded. Then Lefty came in, and the evening got off to a hopeful enough start. As I perched on the arm of a chair, some time later, with my ginger ale gripped in an unsteady hand, I was thankful for this much of a pleasant evening, anyway. Still, I thought, I'd better tell Lefty before Jessie gets here. I have to—if the two of them are surprised, there's really no telling at all what may happen.

"Lefty," I blurted, "Jessie's coming tonight."

"Gee, Rosemary! Gee, that's swell!" His face came alive and fairly glowed. "I guess you knew I wanted to see her!"

"That's the understatement of the year," Blondie murmured.

I went on uneasily, "Lefty, I only wanted to remind you—Jessie's at a difficult age. You know, thirteen—adolescent. Up one minute, down the next."

"She's not sick or anything?"

"Oh, no! But she's—well, you never know just what's coming. Sometimes she's perfectly sweet, and other times . . ." I had my fingers crossed. Other times she could be moody, yes, but she was never really unreasonable. Except about Lefty.

"I guess I see what you mean," Lefty said uncertainly. He stared into his glass. "She's temperamental-like. But gee, I already know that. I can make allowances for my own kid . . . I guess . . . if she isn't very—relaxed." He looked up, smiling valiantly. "Don't you worry, Rosemary. So she's got a temper—she wouldn't be mine if she didn't! Look at it one way—"

"Here she comes!" Blondie said suddenly, and Lefty leaped so sharply his drink sloshed over. Bill and I watched him anxiously, neither of us moving to the door. Then Blondie firmed her lips. "I'll be darned if I'll let a babe-in-arms scare me!" she announced. A moment later we heard her greeting Jessie, and Jessie's excited, laughing answer. "Blondie! Golly, what a dress! Gee, you look just wonderful!"

Jessie was in the room before she finished. Dark hair flying, cheeks pink, eyes glowing . . . and then, she saw her father. All movement stopped. Even her

flaring skirt fell still around her. She stared, and all the color faded from her face. She was clutching an armful of tulips, and she held them out to me like an automaton.

"I thought you might like these for the table," she said, her eyes still on Lefty. Before I could reach for them, Blondie scooped them up and said she'd take care of them and disappeared kitchenwards. I looked after her enviously. Then Lefty took an uncertain step forward.

"Hi, baby."
"Hello." Jessie's gaze shifted to me. "You didn't tell me."

My lips opened soundlessly. Lefty's voice rang out. "Big surprise, baby! Say—how about a kiss for your old man?"

She went over and touched her lips to his cheek. I could almost feel their stiffness. "How . . . how are you, Lefty?"

In nervous anxiety Bill, Lefty and I all spoke together. Lefty said, "Fine!" Bill said heartily, "How about a ginger ale?" And I said, "Lefty, isn't she two inches taller than the last time? Turn around and show Lefty, darling—"

"No, I—I've got to go outside for a second. Bim's—" she bit her lip. "I'll be right back."

"Who's Bim?" Lefty asked quickly. "Sounds like a dog. You got a dog now, baby?"

I laughed. "Those are fighting words, Lefty! Don't you remember, I told you about the big catch of the sophomore class! Jessie, why don't you bring him—"

"No, no!" She was panic-stricken. "He's got to go right home! I'll just say good night and be right—" She turned so abruptly she collided with Blondie, and while they were steadying each other Lefty acted. "Aw, baby, what kinda way's that to treat a friend?" His jovial shout must have carried clear down to the intersection. "Hey, come on in! Let's get a look at Jessie's boy friend!" A little moan escaped Jessie, and she leaned against the wall with a face gone white as milk.

It was too late to stop Lefty. His friendly arm was already propelling Bim Evans into the room. Tall, sandy-haired, a little bewildered, the boy stood blinking a moment. "Hey, Jessie baby," Lefty said reproachfully. "Don't you even introduce us? What kinda manners—"

Swiftly I went over and held out my hand. I said, "It's nice to see you, Bim," and introduced him to the others as casually as I could manage. When I came to Lefty, Bim stopped looking shy and simply stared.

"Jessie's father? But I thought you were dead." A wave of fiery color washed away his freckles. "I mean—that is—" He sent Jessie an imploring look. But she saw nothing; she was staring fiercely at the floor.

Lefty broke the silence with a weak laugh. "Dead from the neck up, maybe. Say, Bill, what's the matter with everybody? I mean, maybe Jessie's friend would like a drink or something. Aw, there I go. What are you, Bim, sixteen, seventeen? I don't mean a drinkin' drink—I guess your folks would have a fit if we offered you liquor I mean like ginger ale, or Coke—"

Bill had jumped as if galvanized, and interrupted the flow that Lefty didn't seem to know how to stop. "How about it, Bim? We've got both right here."

Bim shuffled. Now he, too, seemed to be finding the floor completely fascinating. "No, thanks, Mr. Roberts. I gotta—"

"Aw, come on, Bim, live a little! Maybe a cream soda's more your poison, huh?"

Bim shook his head and said thanks again. Jessie's voice came out on a high, near-hysterical note. "Can't you hear, Lefty? Bim said no thanks, he doesn't

want a drink. He doesn't want a drink." She raised her eyes and gave Bim a meaningful glare. "He has to go right home, don't you, Bim? Isn't your family expecting you right away for dinner?"

"If you must run, we'll understand," I put in, smiling. "Though we'd love to have you for dinner—perhaps the next time Jessie comes? That way you can ask your mother in plenty of time."

Blondie coughed, put her hand to her lips and muttered behind it, "What's the matter with the kid—doesn't he know enough to leave while he's ahead?" Only I heard her, for Lefty spoke at the same time, practically pushing Bim into a chair.

"Listen, we ain't ready to eat yet, are we, Rosemary? I guess Bim here can hang around a while and get acquainted. I guess he wouldn't think much of me as a father if I didn't try to get a line on my kid's new boy friend, huh?"

Bim made an indistinguishable sound. I knew I should do something, but I'd never felt so helpless in my own living room. Bill, red with suppressed laughter, was absolutely no help. He'd never been a touchy adolescent girl undergoing the anguish of having a young friend "gone over" by the family. If that were all that was making Jessie writhe it would be enough. But it was far from all. . . . Not that she was doing her writhing where it showed. Fists clenched—teeth, too, I suspected—she simply stood there like a stone figure. If only she were old and philosophical enough to be reminding herself that "This too shall pass away" . . .

"No," Bim was saying, "not in the same class as Jessie. We don't all stay in the same class. I mean—" He put the toe of one dirty white shoe over the other in an agony of concentration. "We have sort of different classes for different things. Subjects."

"Well, that's clear. Ain't it, Rosemary? He's got a good head on him, this Bim. Anybody that can explain a thing like that so I can get it, it's a clear explanation. After all, I never went past the sixth grade myself. Tell me, Bim . . ."

There was only one thing I could do. I excused myself and rushed out to the kitchen, where I slammed the oven door, rattled dishes, and generally made it plain that, instead of us sitting around waiting for dinner, the dinner was now sitting around waiting for us. When I went back, Bim was on his feet, but Lefty was still talking.

"I guess I don't have to tell a nice boy like you to take good care of my Jessie, eh? I mean when you're out shakin' an ankle this Saturday." Bim looked bewildered again. "I mean cuttin' a rug. Rosemary—whatta the kids call it these days?"

"Bim and Jessie will have a wonderful time at the dance, Lefty, don't you worry." I put a hand on Bim's shoulder. "I don't want to rush you . . ."

Looking back, I have the distinct impression that we all sort of ganged up on Bim and ushered him out of the living room backwards, his brown eyes clinging in fearful fascination to Lefty until he could no longer see him. Bill was laughing when he came back from the porch door. He started to say something about being sure Bim had to be home anyway, but when he looked around his voice dimmed out. Lefty was standing with his back against the fireplace, frowning over at his daughter. At first, I thought Jessie was crying, but she was simply huddling down into her chair, very still, head bent to hide her face. All I could see of her was her hands, still clenched.

"Well," I said loudly, "I think we really can eat now, friends. If you don't mind

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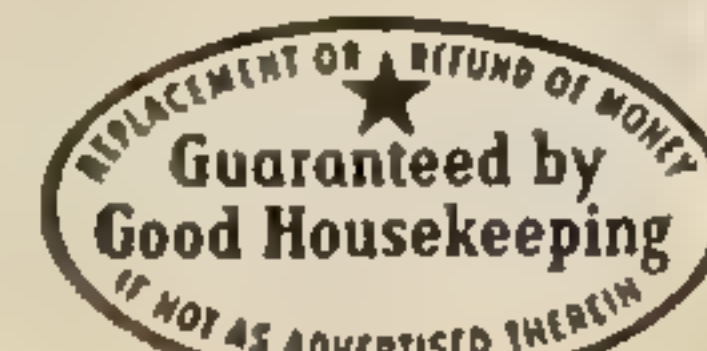
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having some slightly overdone roast—"Nobody seemed inclined to rush into the dining room except Bill. Finally, he pulled Blondie to her feet, put an arm around Jessie, and swept them along. I touched Lefty's arm. "Lefty—dinner."

He followed me as if he didn't really care. My heart ached as I settled them all around the table. It looked so pretty, too. . . .

As I rose to clear away, Bill coughed and said, "Well, Lefty, did you have a good look around town this afternoon?"

Lefty took his eyes off Jessie. "What you say, Bill? Oh—yeah, sure, it's—it's quite a little town." He turned to Jessie again, and while I sought frantically for something to say he burst out, "Jessie, what's wrong, baby? Aren't you gonna talk to your old man at all?"

"Everything's wrong." Jessie rolled and unrolled her napkin. Her voice was thick. Suddenly she raised her head and glared at Lefty. "Everything's wrong, that what's wrong! You're wrong. Why can't you stay away from me and leave me alone? I'm not bothering you! Who asked you to come and stamp around and ask my friends a lot of d-dumb questions and pretend you're the one that's bringing me up? I don't want you here! Why don't you stay away from me?"

"Jessie!" I think I was angry enough to have shaken her, but she jumped up and ran to the door.

"Leave me alone, do you hear! You'll spoil everything! He'll never talk to me again! I'm ashamed, that's what's wrong! Bim'll never talk to me again as long as I live, and everyone'll look at me as if I was a—a—"

Bill and Lefty were on their feet now, too, and Bill was almost angrier than Jessie. "Come to that, Jessie, I'd like to have a word with you about telling people your father is dead. That's a pretty outrageous thing to do, wouldn't you say?"

"I wish it was true!" Jessie wailed. "Rosemary, I don't want any more dinner. I've got to go home. I've got to get away!"

There was silence in the dining room. The tap of running feet and the click of the gate sounded ominously final.

Lefty said dully, "Well, I guess that's that. But gee—" he sent a harried glance around at us—"I never thought I was a real bonehead, but I must be getting there. I don't get it. What have I done? What's so awful she has to throw a fit?" He began to get angry. "What is she, a real sensitive plant or something? If she's bothered, can't she say it out in plain English about what's eatin' her?"

I bit my lip. "There's no excuse for the way she acted, Lefty. But . . . well, you know, Jessie's in kind of a confused spot when you think about it. You're her real father, yes, but she's grown to love Mother and Dr. Jim as though they were her parents, too. In a way she doesn't know—well, where her loyalties belong. A child has to have a fundamental sense of security, of belonging, and Jessie sort of belongs in two places and it upsets her."

I gained confidence as I went on, but Lefty's morose, heavy expression didn't clear. He shook his head. "Nice try, Rosemary, but it don't ring a bell. Let's face it. My kid's just plain ashamed of me, that's all. All the things she threw at me—how else does it figure? No—that's the deal, all right. She's ashamed, and she's right. What does a nice, high-class kid like her want with a roughneck like me for a father?" He pulled out his chair as if about to sit down again, then thrust it back. "Rosemary, please excuse me, huh? I guess—I guess I'm not very hungry either. If nobody minds, I think I'll take myself a walk around the block."

Nobody tried to stop him. After he went the three of us finished our dinner in gloomy silence broken only by an occasional half-hearted comment. Finally sighed, "I guess it was all my fault. don't know what I was thinking of to plan to surprise her like that."

"Your fault nothing!" Bill was still angry. "That kid needs a good paddling over someone's knee. All that stuff about how Bim will never speak to her again! What's Lefty done that's so crushing? What's she so disgraced about? I didn't know Jessie was growing into such a snob. Rosemary, and frankly I'm shocked."

"Kids are snobby." Blondie, obviously as angry as Bill, was trying hard to see both sides. "I guess, in a small town like this, the others might make Jessie feel it is her old man wasn't up to par." She shrugged. "No use kidding ourselves, we all know that's why Jessie's so upset. Lefty's a swell guy, but you don't see that right off the bat, if you're a kid. You see he's kind of a roughneck, like he said himself. His grammar's not out of a book. But, still and all, if she was mine I'd haul off and tell her a few of the facts of life. Such as grammar doesn't necessarily make a decent, wonderful guy who'd give his right arm to see her happy. Such as—oh, well, she's not mine."

We lapsed into silence again over our coffee, and when the phone bell broke it we all jumped nervously. Bill half-rose, but I waved him back. "It'll be Mother, Bill. Wanting to know . . ."

"Be sure you tell her," Bill commanded. "She'd be more upset than any of us if she'd heard Jessie. She ought to be told!"

But there was no point getting Mother all excited about it. She was dismayed enough at the way Jessie had rushed upstairs and locked herself in her room. "I can't get a word out of her, Rosemary. Is she ill? Did she quarrel with Bim? They left here in the best possible mood—talking away—"

"It was my fault, Mother. It was Lefty. My little surprise fell flatter than . . ." I sighed . . . "than anything I can think of at the moment."

"Oh, so that was it," Mother said in a tone that made it plain she'd suspected the truth all along. "Bad, Rosemary?"

"As bad as possible." But I didn't go into it. Mother would be terribly hurt if she thought Jessie was—as Bill said—growing into a snob. There was nothing in the way Mother and Dr. Jim were bringing her up, nothing in the gentle, loving background they provided, that would excuse her for that. No, this was Jessie's confused reaction to her first social problems. Wanting to be popular . . . wanting to be "in" on the big, important teen-age life of Springdale, desperately afraid of being one of the "outsiders." I told Mother I'd come over the next day while Jessie was at school and tell her all about it.

Lefty arrived next day after breakfast with two big azalea plants and a determined, almost happy look in his dark eyes.

"These are for thanks for trying, last night, Rosemary. Where'll I put them?" He set them gently on the window sill where I quickly cleared a space and waved away my thanks. "Not only thanks for trying, but they're for an apology, too, for running out on you. After all, I'm not a fifteen-year-old kid. I shoulda had more self-control."

"Morning, Lefty." Blondie came in flourishing the coffee-pot and cups on a tray. "Let's all have second cups and talk things over."

"Morning. You're the very gal I want to see." Lefty accepted the coffee and thanked her. "I'm shovin' off today, but

I figure you're hanging around a while longer, right? You'll have to find your own way back to town, I guess. I'm sorry to leave you in a hole, but that's the way it works out."

Blondie and I exchanged a glance. "Don't worry about me, Lefty," she said. "About you, though—you sure you want to—"

"I'm sure. I didn't plan to stay more than two-three days anyway. And now things are all set, so there's no sense waitin'."

"Lefty, how do you mean, all set?" I bit my lip. "As far as last night is concerned—"

"Don't give it a thought. I got it all fixed. At least I got it fixed the best way I can, and no man can do more than that." Lefty gave us a valiant imitation of his big grin. "Walking around last night, I was thinkin', Rosemary. Thinkin' real hard. Didn't take much to think it out straight. Jessie's got a kind of position here in Springdale, hasn't she? And me . . . well, I talk rough, I look rough, and why not? I grew up rough—rougher than you two will ever know. Sure, it goes against the grain with Jessie. Why should she have to own up to an old man who sounds like a movie hoodlum? Her nice friends, like that Bim there—they get to thinking of Jessie having a father like me, what're they gonna think about her? So, as luck would have it, just as I get thinkin' about that Bim, there he is!"

"There he is where?" Blondie asked nervously.

"Rolls right up behind me on his bike, that's where. Boy, I was never so glad to get a second chance to talk to anyone, I tell you. By the time I was finished, I guess I had it all cleared up." He looked from one anxious face to the other and said, "Gosh, I thought you'd be jumping for joy, and look at you. I tell you I fixed it all up good again for Jessie!"

"Lefty," I said gently. "What did you say to Bim?"

He was only too eager to tell us. He had given the boy a capsule autobiography, that was all. He had told Bim all about growing up on the New York streets, about the gang he'd been part of because either you were or you didn't survive. About the stint in reform school that he hadn't really deserved, and later on the stretch on the real "inside"—the penitentiary—that he did deserve. And how he would have come out of that straight into the rackets if the Marines hadn't caught him first. "Of course," he said regretfully, "I hadda tell him about the citation and the medal I got. But that was only to show him how close I come to not making a liar out of Jessie—to dying, I mean, like she told him I had. And he sure looked like a different kid when he rode off."

Blondie said, "I bet he did." I couldn't say anything. I was thinking wretchedly about Jessie, wondering if now she really didn't have reason for anger at Lefty. Last night—well, if she hadn't been over-excited about Bim in the first place and over-sensitive like any adolescent, she wouldn't have taken Lefty's clumsy sociability quite so to heart. But snobbery was one thing, a wrong thing; it was something else again to deliberately drag out all your dirty linen and display it on the line without even washing it, which was what Lefty apparently had done. Bim's family were perfectly nice, ordinary Springdale folks; I knew them, and they knew and liked all of us. But how would they react to the news that Jessie's real father was an ex-convict? Jessie had something there, all right.

I said cautiously, "Lefty—how do you figure this helps Jessie at all?"

"For a bright kid, you sure ask dumb questions." He gazed at me in surprise. "Don't you figure I showed him why Jessie's got a right to consider the Cotters are her real folks? Tellin' him all I did, I was explainin' why I'm not fit to be a real father to the girl, wasn't I? I mean I was explainin' why he oughtn't to blame Jessie for me being her father, and showing what a different bringing-up I went out of my way to get for her. She's so different from me, I told him, that I can't possibly really consider her my kid. You just keep thinkin' of Jessie as the Cotters' girl, I told him. You can see for yourself there couldn't possibly be anything in common between a nice-brought-up girl like Jessie and an ex-hood like me."

Blondie shrugged, and I sighed. There was no point in discussing it. The damage had been done.

I could see, when Lefty said goodbye, that he meant it to be final. He didn't plan to come back to Springdale ever again. With Jessie at the back of my mind, I didn't have the heart to urge him, but I made sure he planned at least to drop in on Mother before he went. I told him Jessie didn't get back from school till after three, and he grinned and said, "I get it, Rosemary. Don't worry. I'll stay in the safety zone. Wish Bill all the best, will you?" And then he was gone, and I started wondering how I could help clear up the damage he'd done.

Which just goes to show that nobody except a teenager can really understand a teenager.

Blondie and I were just finishing lunch when Mother phoned. "Is Jessie there?" she asked cautiously.

"Mother, is anything wrong?" My voice sharpened.

"I don't think so. I mean, of course not, wait till I tell you . . ." Mother dissolved into laughter. "Honestly, Rosemary, I know I sound strange but what I've just been through would be enough to . . . Listen to me. Lefty stopped in this morning. To say goodbye. Poor man, I almost cried. He seemed so dejected and forlorn. And I couldn't think of a word to make him feel better. It just broke my heart."

"As we were talking, who should fairly burst in but Jessie, saying that she must go over to see Lefty at the hotel at once, immediately—you know the way she is—and suddenly she saw he was sitting there with me, and Rosemary—" Mother's voice broke. Blondie, at my elbow, was muttering, "What is it, Rosemary, what happened?" I held the receiver so she could hear. "I wish you could have been there. I'll never forget it. Rosemary, Jessie almost went down on her knees to her father. She told him she was so ashamed of herself she didn't know how to look him in the face, that he was a fine and kind and wonderful man, and she begged his pardon forever for talking to him the way she had."

My mouth fell open.

"It seems it was young Bim Evans. Lefty'd had some kind of talk with him last night, and Bim had—well, Bim asked Jessie if she had a picture of Lefty he could hang on his wall right under that young jet flyer out in Korea, I don't know his name. I mean, whatever Lefty told Bim, the boy just fell head over heels into the biggest hero-worship of his life. He thinks Lefty Higgins is the greatest man since I don't know when."

"And that made Jessie change?"

"It did something. She'll probably be over after school to tell you about it, Rosemary."

"I'll be ready, Mother." I said it half-grimly, half-joyfully. How wonderful for Lefty! Unexpectedly wonderful, to be sure.

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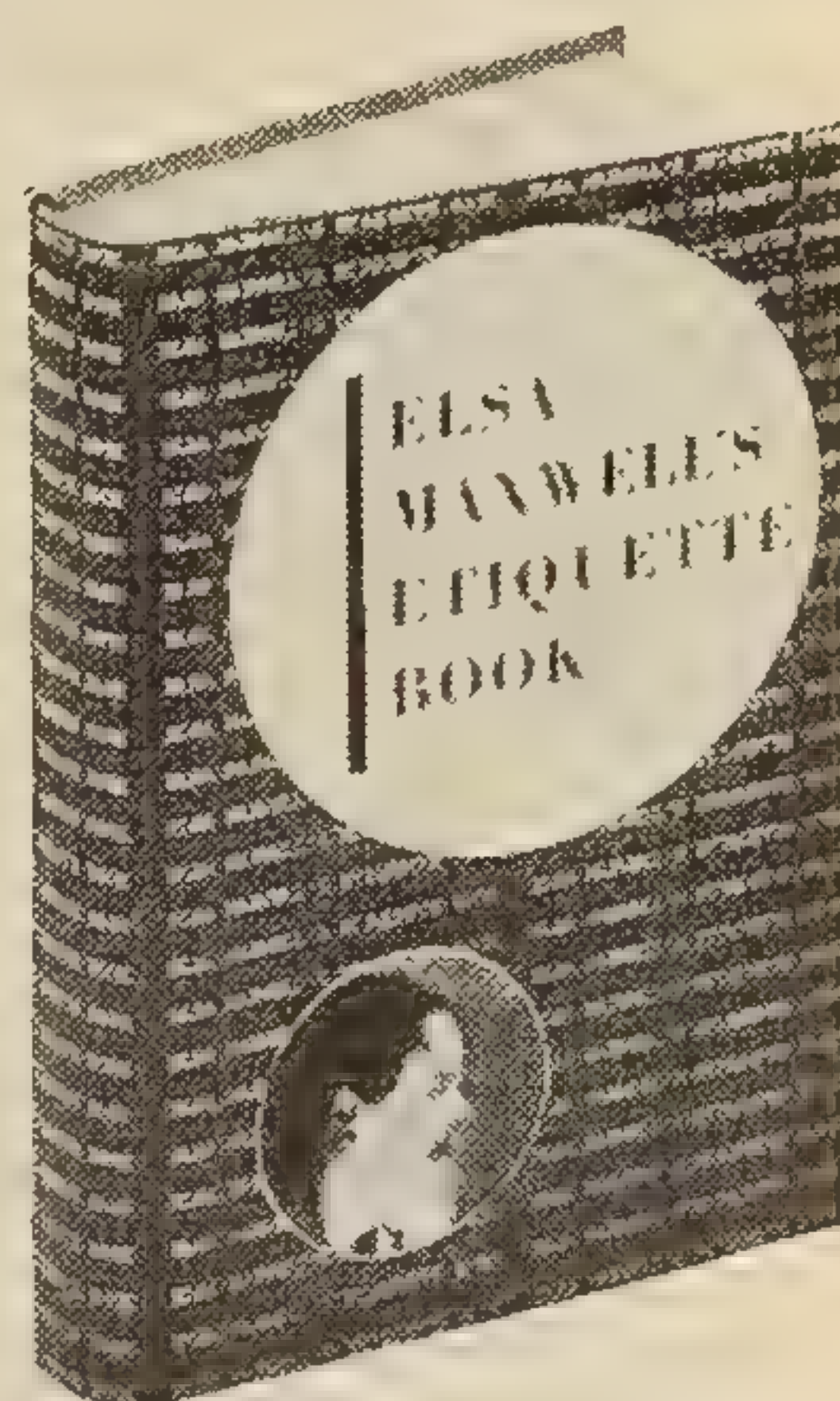
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The last thing he'd anticipated was becoming Bim's idol. But he'd take Jessie's affection on whatever terms it came; that much was the wonderful part.

Blondie said reflectively, "It was the Marines that did it, Rosemary. I was thinking that this morning, when he spilled it to us, how that part might make up for everything else."

I shook my head. "I think it was the whole story, Blondie. Who knows how a kid's mind works? Just the fact that Lefty's whole life was so mysteriously different from his own—the gang, the tough hard fight to get along, and of course the Marines and the citation for the final glamour—I don't know." I grabbed her hands and swung them. "The big thing is Jessie! Having her find out that there's

more than one way to look at Lefty. Having someone on the outside show her how so much of him is worth loving and admiring. Oh, I hope this changes everything! I hope from now on she'll begin to understand him!"

"Sure sounds that way, Rosemary." Blondie gave a little rueful smile. "Tempest in a teapot, that's what it all was."

"Not for Lefty, Blondie." No, this wouldn't blow over for Lefty. Not for Jessie, either. Lefty had found what he'd come to Springdale hoping against hope might possibly be there. A daughter, with love in her heart and the beginning of understanding in her mind that would make smaller and smaller the gap between them. The beginning, perhaps, of a whole new knowledge of life.

It's a Grand Young Life!

(Continued from page 36)

apologized to his audience, and started all over again.

"I made a mistake," he said. "The listeners deserved to hear the song sung right. The only way was to begin all over again."

Julius's "naturalness" kick has paid off big. The first record he ever made, "Anywhere I Wander," sold more than half a million records. Fans insist on thinking of him as the boy next-door, and bobby-soxers scream the place down whenever he heaves into view.

Watch him in action with a bunch of these kids and you begin to realize the shrewdness that lies behind his innocent brown eyes. He's standing backstage encircled by a mob of whooping maidens. He studies the group, grinning, then points a stubby finger. "You." The chosen girl comes timidly forward. Julius gives her a peck on the cheek. Fainting, she fades toward the rear. Other voices ring out. "Now me, Julie, now me—"

Sure, these kids are eating it up. But so, indeed, is Julius, for whom all the dreams came true. Two years ago, a sailor, now a VIP whose fan mail in the Godfrey outfit ranks second only to Godfrey's own. And whose mother doesn't work in the clothing factory any more.

"That was what I always wanted," Julius says. "To go home one day and say, 'Mama, you're quitting work.'" He also says he always wanted to buy his folks a house, another ambition that's been neatly fulfilled.

The La Rosas are currently the proud owners of a seven-room Old English home in Mount Vernon, to which they moved, appropriately enough, on George Washington's birthday. Actually, the place has nine rooms; there are two finished rooms in the attic.

Furnishing of the entire establishment—except for Julius's very own chamber—was left up to the elder La Rosas. They'd say, "Come on, Julie, we want you to see so-and-so that we've picked out," and Julius would go along, say fine, swell, dandy, and think no more of the matter. "It's your house, do what you like. . . ."

About his own personal four walls, he wasn't nearly so off-handish. Every last detail was planned by him personally, along with a carpenter friend of his father's. "It's built-in," he says proudly. "The whole room's built-in." Walnut paneling, and a walnut-paneled desk, and a built-in TV set and record player, and built-in shelves for books and records, and built-in paneled drawers. You name it and, if it's in Julius's room, it's walnut, it's paneled, and it's built-in.

The house is Julius's chief enthusiasm

nowadays—next to his niece, Lillian. Lillian is a fast twenty-one months old, but to hear Julius tell it, the Quiz Kids would be sent to a school for backward children if Lillian ever got into competition with them.

A week or so ago, Julius went home and found Lillian ensconced there along with her mother (Julius's sister Sadie) and her father (Julius's brother-in-law Paul), all visiting from Jersey City. Julie hadn't been home to a meal in several days, but his parents, though interested in his every move, never pry into his business. When, after dinner, Julie went upstairs to get dressed for a date, nobody said anything.

He came down, and there was Lillian, blocking his way. "Where you going, Julie?"

Mr. La Rosa looked at Mrs. La Rosa and roared. "I swear we didn't tell her to ask."

"Twenty-one months old," cries Julius. "Oh, I'd love to bring her on the radio show, but it'd be too much. It'd just be too much."

When he's not raving about Lillian, Julius is voicing his loyal admiration for the Brooklyn Dodgers. The day Carl Furillo got seven hits, he—Julius—was in heaven. "An I-talian ballplayer," he said proudly, borrowing the pronunciation from Jerry Lewis.

Get to a ball game, he doesn't. Or even to a movie. Not lately, anyhow. He rehearses some twenty hours a week—there are five morning shows and one evening show—and when the gang isn't rehearsing, it's taking lessons. Riding, swimming, skating, dancing. The show's choreographer, a man named Harry Rogue—you can spot him at a rehearsal because he's generally togged out in a blindingly cheerful outfit (a sun-yellow shirt, for instance, and sandals)—gives the whole crowd tap dancing lessons.

In August, Julius is due for his first vacation since he joined the Godfrey organization—nearly two years ago. Right now, it looks as though he and the show's director, Bob Bleyer (no relation to Archie), will drive to California together.

Romantically, it's hard to bring Julius up to date. Because he won't talk. There's Lu Ann Simms, his co-star on the Godfrey shows, and "she's cute," he says, but the tone of his voice bespeaks no passion.

Ann Blyth, the movie star, seems to be Julie's dream girl, so far as anyone can discover. "She knocks me out," he said once. "She's it." If the news of Ann's marriage broke his heart, however, he's hidden the wound. To the naked eye, it looks as though Julius La Rosa is still sitting way up on top of the world, right where we left him last time.

Two for the Money

(Continued from page 57)

together when he removed Jack's appendix—but then again there are ramifications, for I had known Jack all my life.

Jack (or John B.) Lange's family and mine had lived in Teaneck, N. J. Our parents were close friends and continued to be after we moved to Ramsey, New Jersey. Although Jack and I had known each other since childhood, we had never taken each other seriously.

"She was a brat at the age of eight," Jack says.

But so was he.

I remember Mrs. Lange was choir mother at the time, and she would drive Jack and me and my sister to church for practice. It was a race afterwards to see who could get to the car first: Jack or my sister and me. If we were there first, we would lock him out and turn on Inner Sanctum, which made Jack furious, for this was one of his favorite programs. If he got there first and locked us out, which no little gentleman should, we naturally went complaining to his mother.

"I was always catching heck because of Sibyl," Jack says.

Understandably, Jack never called me when we got to the dating age. He later explained his reasoning on this. He had nothing against me. He just didn't like the idea of dating daughters of his parents' friends.

"I could visualize them discussing us over the bridge table. 'Two hearts—Jack took Sibyl out tonight.' Then, 'Three diamonds—I wonder where they went.' And, 'Four no trump—don't they make a cute couple.'" Jack shakes his head and says, "Just the thought of it was enough to make me squirm."

Then came our college years. Jack went to Franklin and Marshall in Pennsylvania to study pre-med. I entered Mount Holyoke in Massachusetts to major in physiology. My father, Dr. Walter J. Farr, took an interest in Jack's ambition to be a doctor. When he operated, he often asked Jack along to observe.

"I was very impressed with Dr. Farr's skill," Jack says, "so, when I had to have my appendix out, I asked him to do the honors."

That was actually the beginning of our romance-to-be—although there is no truth to the story that my father held the scalpel over Jack and said, "You will marry my daughter or else." It wasn't quite that bad, though it is common knowledge that my father likes to play Cupid.

Jack, after the operation, called and made a date. Three months later, when we were quite at ease with each other, he told me how and why he had happened to call.

He had gone to Dad's office for a routine check to see how the incision had healed. Afterward, Dad looked out of his office window and saw me coming in.

He looked at Jack and asked, "Are you pinned yet?"

"No, sir."

"No steady girl at all?"

"No, sir."

My good father said, "Why don't you drop around to the house soon? It would be nice if you took one of my girls out."

That's the real story. You see, Dad didn't put a real gun to his head.

Jack and I hit it off very well. He has a wonderful sense of humor and is fun to be with. We saw a lot of each other that summer and, when fall came, we both commuted occasionally between Mount Holyoke and Franklin and Marshall for school dances. But, frankly, I thought he was playing it kind of cagey, until the pre-Christmas prom at his school.

When the dance was over, we drove to the baseball diamond and shared the solitude of night with a score of other cars. This, in mid-December, was called watching night baseball. (Most of the "pitching" had something to do with what, in past years, was called "the woo.") And it was then that Jack took off his fraternity pin. When a man gives a girl his pin, it is not exactly an engagement but means practically the same thing, so I was watching him with more than casual interest.

"I've been trying for the last several years not to get involved with any girl," he said. "But I can't help myself. Some unknown quantity—X, I think—compels me to give you this pin." He said this with a straight face, but I think he was actually trembling. "Anyway, it's nearly Christmas," he concluded in an off-hand way, "and you can have it as a gift."

I took a deep breath and said, "I'm not sure I want to wear a pin, Jack."

"Let me make one thing clear," he said more earnestly. "I have never 'pinned' any other girl."

To be honest—and here it comes out—I was dating another fellow, too. I had a hunch he was in the pinning mood, too, and a girl doesn't like to get stuck twice. I said, "I'll have to think it over."

I thought it over for twenty-four hours. It was quite a serious matter by then, for Jack immediately showed his disappoint-

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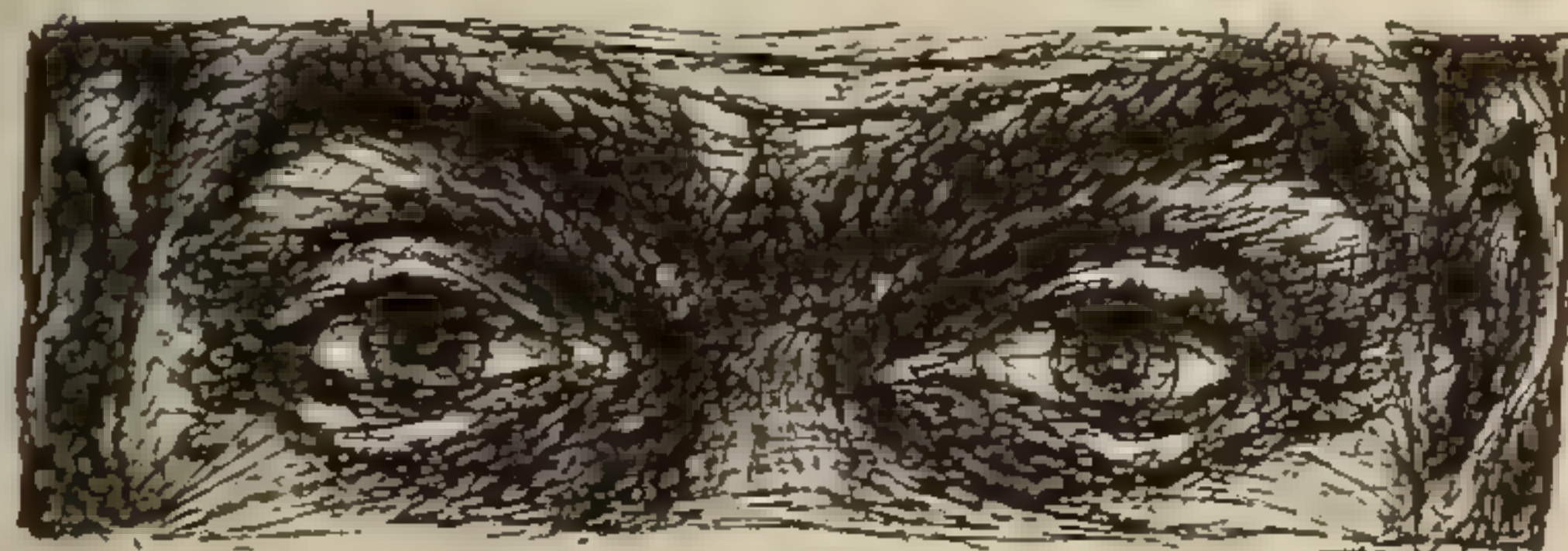
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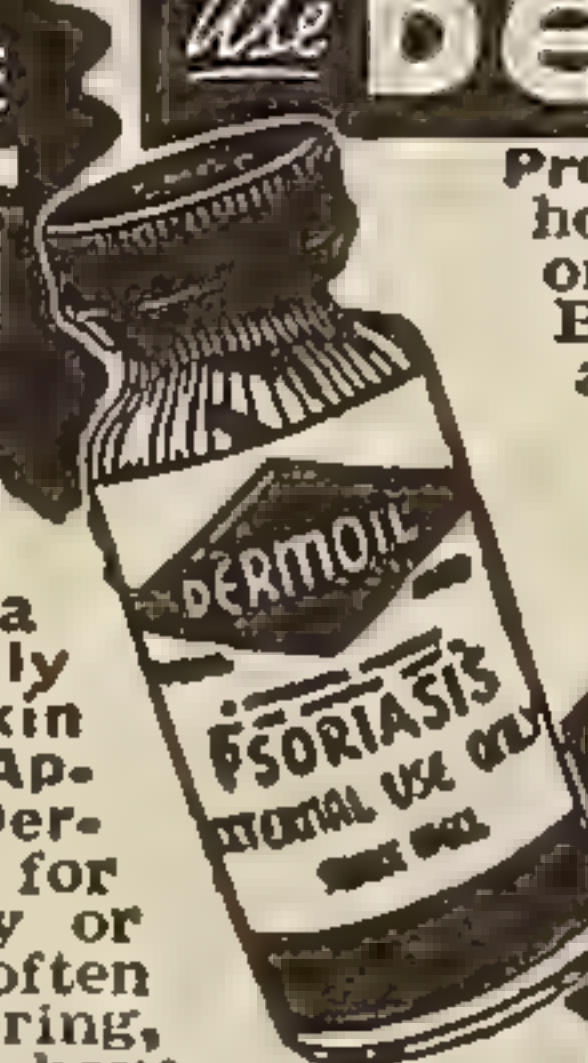
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ment. I had the feeling that if I didn't take his pin he might never call me again. That helped me make up my mind in a hurry, and Saturday night I took the pin.

We were a little worried about telling the folks. Oh, we knew they would be happy about it. What bothered us was that, if we changed our minds later, it would upset them. But we never did. A year later, Jack gave me a ring. He was then in his first year at medical school and I was in my senior year. We, of course, immediately began talking about a wedding date.

Jack's father is a wonderful man who not only worked his way through school to become a successful accountant but also helped support his family. Jack didn't feel right about our getting married while he was taking so much financial help from his father. The discussion, however, took in our parents as well as Jack and me.

Jack's father and mine disagreed about our wedding date. Mr. Lange thought we should wait for a year or more.

"As an accountant," Jack's father would say, "economically speaking, they just aren't ready for marriage."

"As a doctor," my father replied, "they are chemically and biologically ready at this moment."

So we came to no conclusion. We saw each other a couple of weekends a month, phoned and wrote. But it was Jack's studies which resolved the problem. Near the end of his first year he was fearful of flunking a subject. Jack's father wisely surmised that a young man in love, whose wedding plans were up in the air, might be having a hard time concentrating. He suggested we get married during summer vacation, and so we did, in August of last year. And, as a wedding gift, he gave us a glorious honeymoon in Bermuda.

We were lucky to get a nice, inexpensive brownstone apartment in the East Eighties of Manhattan, which puts us close to Cornell University Medical School—horizontally close, for there is a vertical climb of four floors to get to our home.

We have been just as happy as we expected, although I have wished many times Jack would wash his own socks. We do all our own housekeeping. I do the cooking, which Jack shrewdly praises to the heavens, although we both are at the school from nine to five every day. Jack is at classes and I'm at my job in the laboratory.

Studying medicine means a lot of work and Jack must burrow into the books every night from seven until one in the morning. Sometimes he takes a break and we get out the chess board. In seven months of marriage, we have seen one movie, been dancing twice, and that is about it. Of course, we don't mind the work or hours, for we have plans and that was why we tried to get on a quiz show.

Up above Ramsey, where my parents live, there is some wonderful land where Jack had hoped to build a home and practice medicine. We wanted to win some money to buy a piece of it, for we haven't, of course, been able to save a cent. So Jack wrote to Balance Your Budget for tickets. We had no great expectations and we were only a bit startled to receive, a week later, tickets for Two For The Money. (We discovered later that the same office handled both shows.)

We had heard Herb Shriner but not as often as we would have liked for, usually, at that time of the night Jack is bent into his books, connecting the toe bone with the foot bone with the ankle bone with the calf bone, etc.

I must honestly admit we went to the program determined that, if the opportunity presented itself, we would make it

our business to be contestants. And opportunity knocked.

During the warm-up period, the man doing the warming made the mistake of asking the audience, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

My Jack was instantly on his feet.

"Are you a doctor, young man?" the man asked.

"I'm a med student," Jack admitted.

"When will you be a doctor?"

"In 1955."

"We can't wait that long," the man said.

"Our show goes on in ten minutes."

The audience was laughing and the man asked, "Do you have a steady girl?"

Jack said, "No, I'm married."

More laughter, and the audience was warming up to Jack. The man beckoned and we were on our way to the stage.

We were the last couple to get on the program. The week before, no one had earned more than three or four hundred dollars. This night, both pairs ahead of us won close to two thousand dollars. We figured the law of averages was against our getting into the big money. But we were having fun.

Then we were facing Herb Shriner, and he was kidding us, but it was very much like a professor telling a joke before he throws an exam at you. We were given fifteen seconds to name as many words as possible ending with -ist. We had to alternate our answers. For us, the question couldn't have been easier since, in medical school, nearly every teacher's occupation ends in "ist." Physicist, physiologist, psychiatrist, bacteriologist, biologist, etc. We named twelve—and had \$60.

Our second was a little more difficult. We were to name songs written by Stephen Foster, and each correct answer would give us \$60. We were really jittery by then. We called off six and had \$360.

"Your last and final chance at \$360 per correct guess," Herb said, "is on politics. Let's see how many governors you can name."

Well, we had followed the political conventions with great interest the past summer and, with a little brain searching, we got six for a total of \$1800. Great day!

We thanked Herb and the producer and in a daze went out to celebrate with my mother and her friend. You have to celebrate and discuss such good fortune, otherwise you can't believe that it happened. And Jack unbalanced the remainder of that week's budget by ordering double malteds with extra scoops of ice cream. So the poor Western Union messengers got no tips that night.

It was heartbreaking to learn from a real estate agent the next day that the property we had wanted for years was sold. The State of New Jersey had bought it from under us to make a new park.

We did buy ourselves a handsome wire-haired terrier. That didn't make much of a dent, so we thought of all the other things we could do and buy with the money—and then put it in the bank. After all, when Jack graduates, he will have so many expenses. As a doctor, he'll need an office and equipment, and a car and a home (for there will be children by then, I hope).

All our friends have been so happy for us, and right now at the school we are kind of celebrities.

"I wouldn't mind getting on the show myself," one of Jack's friends said. "How do you do it?"

"It's simple," I said. "You find a doctor who has a marriageable daughter and you get this doctor to take out your appendix."

"I don't get it," he said.

I did. I got Jack, and \$1800 to boot.

Looking Homeward

(Continued from page 35)

and try for a Broadway show. Warren took the advice and immediately got a job in a Shubert chorus. After this he sang in "The Student Prince," got the second lead in "My Maryland," the juvenile lead in "Rain Or Shine" and "Follow Through." After that came acting in Hollywood and emceeing in television and radio. But it was a musical wagon that he first hitched to his star.

Warren had taken to music as a duck takes to water. His father, besides being a wonder with mechanical devices, was a fine musician. He was a singer, leader of the town band, and composer. He wrote "Our National Peace Anthem," which is still played and was recently featured by Meredith Willson. He wrote many hymns, including "Gather Round the Table of the Lord."

Before Warren was in the first grade, he was accompanying his father to band rehearsals. His first instrument was the cymbals. Even then, he was too young to keep up with a parade and he banged the brass plates in a wagon that followed the band.

With his father's help, Warren mastered the silver cornet before he was ten years old. All of the Hulls spent many nights around a piano or organ. It comes as no surprise that Warren's own family does the same today.

You can't underestimate the effect of religion on Warren's success. You see, his grandfather formed a Quaker congregation in Gasport that grew from the nucleus of the Hulls alone to a membership of more than a hundred. In 1912, the Hulls built a meeting place which still stands. Warren was a religious boy and sang and played at every Sunday service.

He listened to sermons attentively, for his grandfather was a good preacher—I know, for I listened to him for thirty years and was never bored—and he preached that you should never talk about being a Christian but concentrate your energies on living a Christian life. He taught us that every day is holy, and therefore you are expected to be good and honest seven days a week. But Warren's grandfather had a fine sense of humor, too.

"Sometimes I think it is wrong that I am a minister," he would say, "for I have so much fun."

Warren was like his grandfather and father. He was just as handsome and sociable. Warren liked girls, and the best part of it was that the girls liked him. Warren's teacher in grade school, Mary Condren Slattery, remembers him as a

kind of chivalrous youngster. The only fist fight he had was when he came to the defense of some girls who were being bullied by a classmate. "He was as polite as he was bright," she says.

He and his sisters had a pet lamb named Bessie. The day Bessie died you could have heard Warren bellowing a block away. For years he had a short-haired black dog, Spot. Once Warren's family took a vacation and left Spot in my care. I found the dog in Warren's room howling his head off. I tried just about everything to calm the dog but nothing worked till I got down on my knees and kept repeating, "Warren will be back. Warren will be back."

Warren went to high school in Lockport, just a few miles from his home town. He starred on the track team but made a greater impression with his voice. The Hulls were always good singers—loud ones, too, for Father would say: "Open your mouth and let it come out!" Warren was in one operetta after another. Teachers and townspeople as a whole encouraged him to further his musical education. But today, in spite of all Warren's training and experience, when I hear him sing on his show I remember his grandfather counselling, "Open your mouth, child, and let it come out."

The past June, the townspeople of Gasport asked Warren to come back for a real home-coming. They were about to dedicate a new firehouse. Warren's father had once been a chief of the volunteer fire department. They asked Warren to come and do the honors—and be honored. His wife Sue tells that from the moment the invitation was extended he was full of anticipation, looking forward to the day as a child waits for Christmas.

He came home on a Saturday with his wife, daughter Sally, two of his sons, George and Paul (his eldest, John, is stationed out of the country on naval duty). Warren's mother came up from Greenwich, Connecticut, and forty-two members of the Hull clan gathered from all over the country.

It was Warren's first return in many years. He visited the old swimming pool, where descendants of earlier mosquitoes again took their toll. He went to his old home and picked a yellow rose for his mother—from a bush he had planted with his father. He looked up at the back bedroom where he had slept—and grinned, for on the roof was a television antenna. From the firehouse, he looked across the road at the canal where he had skated as a boy.

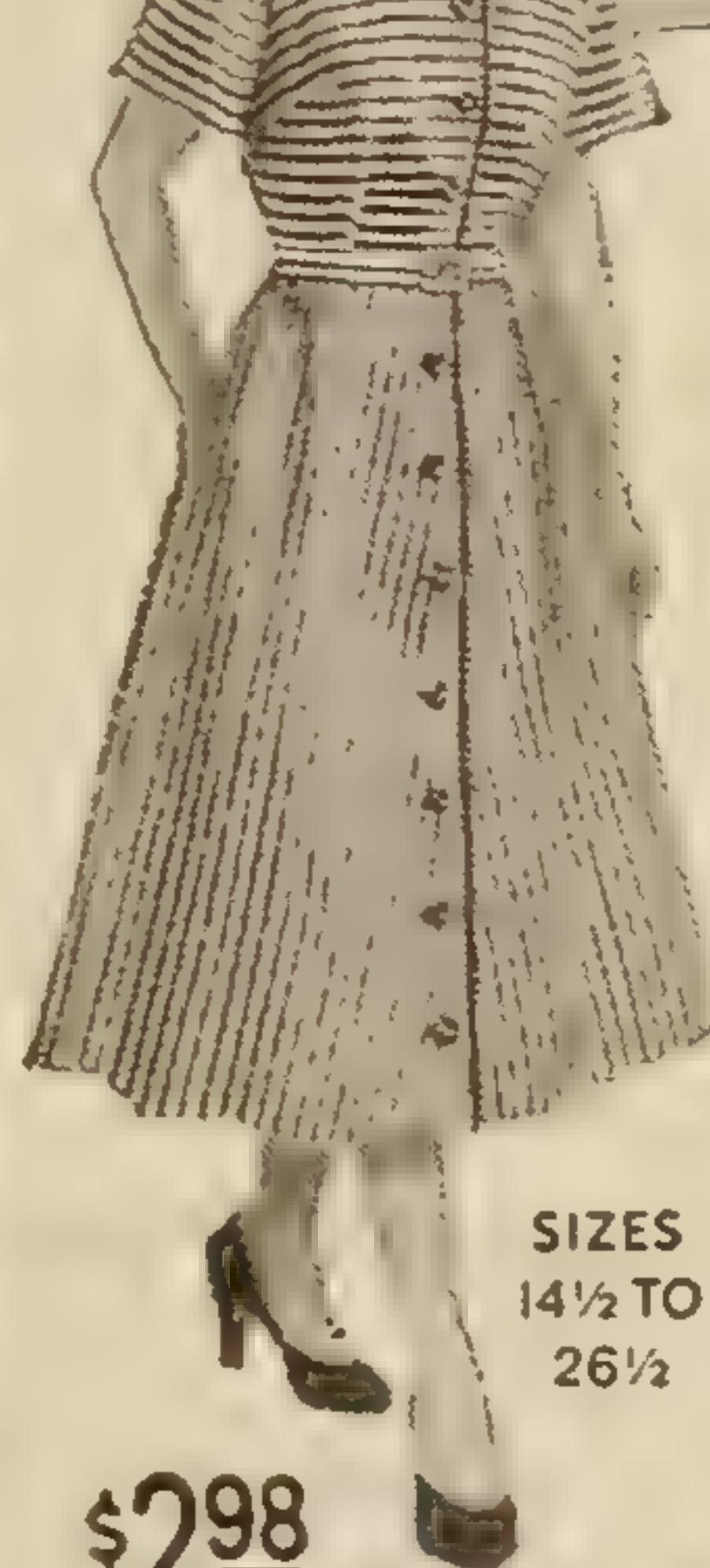
He made a very short speech, for his heart was full. The townspeople were proud and fond of him. It was on their faces, in their applause. He was given the badge of honorary fire chief. Then, and when he had visited the family church, he had felt the mixture of sorrow and sentiment, for his father had passed away seven years ago. The Hulls were a devoted, close family and Warren had loved his father dearly.

It was in his father's house that Warren learned to honor home and family. It was here that Warren learned to laugh and enjoy music. It was here that Warren learned to trust in God and share with others.

His successes on Broadway, in Hollywood, in radio and television have never dimmed his memory of his childhood. His respect has never diminished for the lessons he learned in Gasport. And I will tell you why I believe this.

I was present when he revisited his childhood home. There were tears in his eyes and he put his cheek against the front door. He said, "You know, Aunt Florence, I love every stick in this old house." And no man can love that which he does not respect.

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"I'm in Love with Four Guys"

(Continued from page 53)

black-eyed peas. Anybody who likes them must be a basically sound person. Now, don't you forget it!"

I try not to. However, if I do and some of My Little Margie's zany personality rubs off on me, I have four basically sound men to set me back on trail again. That's right, four. Starting with my husband, Lee Bonnell, and counting through our three boys—Philip, Peter, and Paul—you see four men who also lap up ham hocks and black-eyed peas like it was loving mother's milk. And that makes them as basically sound as Fort Knox!

Good thing for me, too. Because, as My Little Margie says, "I've got a problem. Have I got a problem. . . !" And Margie has. In fact, as 37,000,000 persons know, she has a different problem every week. In my case, though, it's the same problem every week—that is, there are just not enough hours in the day.

This is a situation every working mother faces—finding the time to spend with her home, husband, and children. At the end of the day, she's limp as a sail without a breeze. She just wants to rest. But, I've found—if you put a little thought to it—you can manage to be with your husband and children a good deal.

When hours are gold blocks of time and minutes precious as emeralds, you learn to cherish every valuable second. You learn to make time count!

One of the things Lee and I do toward this goal is to take trips—and we always take the children with us. Last summer, for example, Lee threw his Navy mattress in the back of the car and, with an "Anchors aweigh!" shout, we were off to San Francisco, Sequoia, and Yosemite.

On these trips, Phil, who's ten, sleeps on the mattress on the floor. Peter, seven, finds plenty of room on the back seat, and Paul, six, sleeps in front with his head in my lap. Once we get under way, all is cozy and quite ship-shape. In addition, the children all have the funny habit of waking up at different times, so it's not hard for us to handle them individually.

It's remarkable how much the children absorb on these trips. When they're awake, they don't miss a thing—and they remember it for years after.

On our last trip to Yosemite, all the kids were impressed by the beautiful scenery—and especially the bears. The first day, Paul quietly watched them wandering through the forest. Everywhere we looked, we saw the big animals. Since it was the boys' first look at a bear, we were glad they were around. Better way to learn about a bear than in a picture book.

However, that evening as we bedded down in our cabin-tent, I noticed Paul was very quiet. He watched big-eyed as Lee tied the flaps that secured the tent-like door of the cabin. Out went the lights, good nights were said and, when all was black, suddenly Paul piped up with a plaintive, "Daddy, can bears untie knots?"

Naturally, it broke us up—but it also made us aware of one tiny fear a little boy had which had grown and grown until in the black of night it was giant size. "Of course not, Paul," Lee lovingly explained. "Bears don't have hands like people. And, besides, Mr. Bear probably wonders if we can climb trees. He isn't any more anxious to meet us face-to-face than we are."

It was nearly a year later that Paul was watching Lee and me struggling with a record machine which Charlie Farrell had lent us. "Honestly, honey, unwinding this tape is a problem," said Lee. "What a bear of a knot to untie!"

"No, Daddy!" spoke up Paul. "You're

wrong! Bears can't untie knots. You said so—remember?"

If I've ever had any doubt about taking the children on trips, it was dispelled not long ago when I had a job offer in New York right in the middle of the school year. Since I wouldn't consider going without the family, I was about to turn down the job because I didn't want to take them out of class (even though, as a professional woman, I felt the job was a real break!).

I presented my dilemma to the school principal. He reassured me that the children would benefit from the change.

"I advocate the trip, Mrs. Bonnell," he said, "so don't bother your conscience about it. Your children will learn more about life in those five weeks than they will in school."

So, with his authority, we were off to New York and my guest spot in the Colgate Comedy Hour. As I've said, the children do learn more—and remember it forever!

There are other advantages to these trips. In the car, the children and Lee and I are thrown together in sardine-like comfort. It makes for family unity . . . we learn to—or, rather, are forced to—respect one another's rights.

Also, if you have three or more children, you'll probably find that they are competing for your time and love. Well, in the car you're close enough to spread your affection around like hot butter on toast. They lap it up. As a result, there's no competition and everybody gets his share.

If you have problems to discuss in the upbringing of the children, cross-country travel offers some wonderful opportunities for discussion—and they're the ones who raise the questions. That means they're interested. Besides that, you've got 3,000 miles to get your point across!

When you see wild life on the road or animal life on farms, for example, conversation can turn to questions of chicken eggs and baby skunks. Which came first, the chick or the skunk, if you know what I mean.

Besides finding time for the children, there's the other problem of finding time alone with my husband. Fortunately for us, Lee is a free-lance insurance agent and his time is his own. Whenever I have a break in my schedule, he makes a break in his. For us it works fine.

But there are times when we're both rushed at once. During these periods, it's wonderful to have an understanding husband. In Lee's case (he was an actor before I was an actress), he understands the problems and time schedules of performing. In addition, he goes all out to cooperate.

Last week, for example, I did three My Little Margie radio shows plus the TV show. So what did Lee do? He took the bus from home to the radio station to pick me up so we could drive back together in one car! "Sweetheart," he said, giving his best performance, "I couldn't bear to be separated from you another minute" . . . et cetera. . . .

Now, isn't that sweet! That's what I call a basically sound cooperative and understanding personality. And he's all mine!

A home, in addition to the husband and children themselves, takes a lot of time. But I've learned to budget time here, too. B.M.L.M. (Before My Little Margie), I did some of the housekeeping and most of the cooking. I had a nurse, Mrs. Edna Jackson, to help me. She was with us for five years. When My Little Margie came along, she retired, drew her Social Security and now drives around seeing the country by bus!

I now have a wonderful girl, Ann, who's been with us for six months. She's a genie,

does everything well. (Of course, I still cook the ham hocks and black-eyed peas.)

At home, since minutes with the family are precious as diamonds, I try to spend every second with them. In fact, when I took Philip to Sunday school for the first time I noticed that, when I was about to leave, he had tears in his eyes.

I'd like to think that his tears were for me and that he was disappointed that we weren't going to be together. However, I think he was scared to be left alone in this strange place, so I arranged to take the class and teach it myself. Unfortunately, My Little Margie has cut into my Sundays, and Philip now goes it alone. No tears, either! (Doggone it, guess that shows he really was scared of the new surroundings.)

Whenever I can, I try to share my fun by taking the kids with me on jobs in and around the city. Recently I was elected Honorary Mayor of Sherman Oaks. Opening the Junior League Baseball season went with the job. So Philip and I drove over to the field.

On our arrival, the bleachers were crowded, flags were flying, and Phil was shouting hello's to some of his young friends on the field.

As soon as we found our place, the captains of the two teams came up to me and said, "Your Honor—we mean Gale—when you make your speech, we'll give you a little kiss on the cheek for the photographers . . . okay?"

"Sure," I said, knowing the value of a good press.

Philip was standing right beside me and, as soon as I said, "Sure," I felt him stiffen.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "you'll do anything for anybody!"

This came as a surprise to me, since up until our arrival at the field he had been his jolly personable self.

After this speech he stood there, eyes straight ahead like a wooden Indian, and promptly proceeded to ignore me during my speech and for the rest of the game.

I wondered what had happened to raise his ire, because he isn't like that at all. I thought perhaps it was the kiss on the cheek which had upset him.

This sort of thing is a problem to performers and their children—where the children can't tell the difference between play-acting and real life. But, in this case, I didn't think the peck on the cheek was the fuse to Phil's explosion. He had been through this sort of thing before.

Before I could round him up after the game, he scampered away. He was suddenly a rabbit eluding the net. So I left him on the field pitching the ball with some of his friends and drove the few blocks home alone.

That evening he boiled into the house like the atomic clouds that roll up from Yucca Flats.

"Well, this afternoon I was just about

through with Mother," he announced to all and flounced on a chair.

"All right, out with it. What's wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, Mother, you'll do anything for anybody!" he said again and was suddenly about to steep himself in tears.

I knew then that the kiss thing was not at the bottom of the overflowing well in his eyes. I sat down beside him at the table and we talked—about a dozen other things—before the real answer came out.

He wanted to play on the Junior League Baseball Team, too, but he hadn't bothered to go out for it. When he saw those sharp blue and white uniforms on some of his friends and heard the cheers from the crowd, it suddenly became the most important thing in the world to him. He felt left out. He was so upset at not being out there on the field that he had to be mad at something. So he took out his anger on the first thing handy. Me!

When emotional problems like this come up with any of the boys we try to sit down with them and talk the problems out, trying to explain to them what really is the trouble. Sometimes we're successful and sometimes we're not.

If we fail to pour oil on the troubled waters with an explanation, then there's only one other thing to do.

That's to smother them with love and affection. If they're going to be hurt we've found that sweet talk and understanding is honey and almond cream to their heart. We will not, of course, put up with temper tantrums. But, somehow, we no longer have any.

Fortunately for us, in this baseball incident with Phil, we still had a chance to help him. Lee got on the phone and called the Boys Club which sponsored the games. The director told him that the "A" teams were closed for the season but there was plenty of room on the "B" squad. They had uniforms, too. Would that be okay . . . ?

"Okay? I'll say! Boy, next year I can try out for the 'A's'!" said Phil.

Another problem solved! Like Margie, I've found life has a few problems, but with thought I've found I can turn my spare-time problem into a time-to-spare boon! Any busy working mother can do the same.

Besides thinking about solutions, I've also developed a few "gimmicks" to help me. You know, like a little black book in which I carefully write down my daily schedule. Only trouble—acting at times like Margie, I forget to look at the book for days!

But I don't need any "gimmicks." For my real help lies in that quartet of mine. Their basically sound personalities carry me along like a surf rider on a wave. And, you know, it's so easy to love four guys—especially when you all enjoy the same things. For example, ham hocks and black-eyed peas!

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The Phrase That Pays for Red Benson

(Continued from page 41)

himself: "My name is Norman Benson—" and add hopefully, "but everyone calls me 'Red.'"

A few minutes later, the new acquaintance would be calling him "Norman"—so, over a period of years, he changed his name progressively:

Norman Benson—0 to 15 years of age;

Norman "Red" Benson—15 to 19;

N. Red Benson—19 to 24;

Red Benson—24 to present (34).

He was still Norman, however, when the family moved to Philadelphia. By that time, at the age of fifteen, he was getting a big kick out of working in school shows and plays, so he auditioned for the Children's Hour on WCAU. He scored a big hit with his impersonations and stayed on the show for a few years as juvenile emcee, singer, and entertainer.

"It was decided for me," Red recalls, "that I would be in show business. I tried the shoe on by accident and it fit."

Since then, he has been in just about every kind of entertainment business. He has worked as a night-club comedian, magician, professional hypnotist, the third part of a trio, a bandleader, and disc jockey. He sang in the Philadelphia Light Opera Company—he has a fine "legitimate" voice with a three-octave range. He was a Shakespearean actor in a stock company. (Somewhere along the line, he wedged in three years as a psychology major at Ohio University.)

In 1939, he organized and led a dance orchestra—a good one—whose graduates include such headliners as Elliot Lawrence and Kitty Kallen. Red's band played proms, parties, and clubs in Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. But this was during the depression, and usually he was holding down one or two other jobs at the same time.

In a fashionable Philadelphia dress store, Red was employed as shipping clerk, assistant window trimmer, and relief elevator operator.

"I'd put on the monkey jacket, get in the elevator, and some of the customers would recognize me."

They might be women who had danced to his band's music at a country club the night before.

"I would cringe," he says. "Band business was glamorous, and running an elevator wasn't. I learned about humility."

When the band played one summer in Ocean City, New Jersey, Red met Fleur-ette—Flippy for short. Flippy was (and is) a tall, attractive brunette. Flippy's sister had married a man by the name of Benson and it gave Red ideas.

"Sort of the power of suggestion," he says, "but we weren't really serious that summer."

A year later, Flippy was studying at Temple University, and Red's band played at a school dance. This time, when their paths crossed, they continued on a straight line that led right to the altar.

"Marriage changed my life completely," he states. "Since then my home has always come first."

Red decided to give up that part of show business which would keep him traveling. Of course, he had to find regular jobs to pay the rent. He was, among other things, a canary salesman, doughnut manufacturer, and a steam-presser in a hat factory. Finally, he got a job as a radio announcer, but it didn't pay too well.

"I supplemented my income by becoming a prizefighter," he remembers, "and I trained for the ring by delivering milk

every day before I went to the studio."

He won only his first fight and then got progressively worse. He discovered his jaw was made of the same material as a milk bottle. Naturally, his radio work suffered, too, and he was fired. But, in a short time, he had another radio job in Reading.

"By 1942, I figured I'd had as much experience as any twenty-four-year-old," he says.

He went to New York for a network job and wound up across the river in Newark at WAAT as an announcer and disc jockey for two years. He and Flippy had their first child, Susan, and then Uncle Sam beckoned. Red went into the Navy and World War II for three years.

The breaks came after the war. As a start, he got a thirteen-week fling at being a TV comedian, one of the first.

"There were only six hundred receivers in the whole of New York, and that was only seven years ago." He remembers wistfully, "I'd tell a friend I was on TV and he would say, 'Why waste your time? Get into radio.'"

So he got into radio in a big way. During the past five years, he's emceed a dozen network shows and today stars on The Phrase That Pays and Name That Tune, over NBC, as well as the Great Day Show and Take A Number, over Mutual.

"Once in a while, I think of all the jobs I've had and figure I should be sixty," he says meditatively. "Then it's nice to know that I'm younger than I feel."

Red and Flippy, twelve years married, now live in a seven-room ranch house in Great Neck, Long Island, about thirty minutes from Manhattan studios. Red has planted in his grounds a birch, two elms, a dogwood tree, and a Golden Chain. The last is a tree, rare in this country, which he had imported from Sweden. It blossoms once a year into great clusters of golden flowers.

The house is furnished for a maximum amount of pleasure for the Bensons. For example, there are two TV sets and two pianos, so the children can get off by themselves. The living room is decorated in French Provençal. The master bedroom is in Swedish modern. The dining room is paneled with silver oak. This is the first home Red really feels is his own, for here he discovered the joys of doing for oneself.

"People always told me I couldn't do anything," he says. "They said you had to be trained for carpentry and gardening. Now look at my hands."

He proudly displays calluses from handling tools.

"I get more satisfaction in building a closet than I do acquiring a new sponsor," he says—with a wink.

Red is in the city from three in the afternoon until eleven, about six days a week, so he gets mornings for his puttering. Both he and Flippy work in the garden where they grow flowers and vegetables. He has built swings for Susan and for Stephen, put up a retaining wall in the driveway, and this past spring set in a patio.

He likes to do just about everything, and this includes a lot of cooking. He has a batch of his own recipes left over from the lean years which number many depression dishes, food that is cheap but filling.

"I can make soup that tastes as if it had meat in it but hasn't," he says. He brags that he can still cook a dinner more economically than most women. Flippy adds, "He hardly notices that he uses up a couple of pounds of butter."

"Flippy is jealous of my cooking," he says. "You know the kids will look up from a dish and say, 'This is real good. Did you make it, Daddy?'"

However, Red admits that he can't beat Flippy's Swiss steak, potted meatballs or breast of beef, and the children know it, too.

Susan, eleven, is a quiet, pretty girl with great talent for the piano. She is well-behaved, but Stephen, three, is a holy terror.

"Maybe a chip off the old block," Red admits.

Stephen will break into an imitation of Red Buttons, Rudolph Halley, or his father. Father, around the house, has to play straight man. And the three-year-old has an argument for everything. For example, Red may be taking Susan out.

"Why do you have to go?" Stephen demands.

"I'm taking Susan to the dentist," Red explains.

"Why can't she take a cab?" the boy persists.

Father says, "Cabs are too expensive."

"Aw," says Stephen, "you make plenty of money."

A fine sense of humor pervades the home. The Bensons believe in fun and getting as much happiness as possible out of life, but there is a lot of pluck present.

Over a year ago, Susan ran through a plate-glass window. Red made a tourniquet out of his tie for her bleeding arm, and they rushed her to a hospital. She needed forty-eight stitches.

"Flippy and I were sick, scared stiff, as the doctor sewed her up," Red recalls. "Susan lay on the table making jokes so we wouldn't feel bad."

Susan is frequently Red's companion when he goes fishing. He owns an eighteen-foot, family-size boat. He once owned a thirty-five-foot boat for about one day. In preparation for it he had taken a maritime course. The first day out, he got tired of following the buoys, headed into a nice clear stretch of water and was aground until three the next morning.

"And after," he moans, "I had invested in a shiny captain's cap."

But he still fishes frequently, although it is his only enthusiasm that Flippy doesn't share. Otherwise, they spend all

their spare hours together in conversation, word games or even grocery shopping. They're so engrossed by crossword puzzles these days that they get two copies of the *Times* each morning to match wits.

"Flippy is so natural," Red says. "She wouldn't change even if I had all the money Stephen thinks I have."

Flippy takes over all the responsibilities of the house, does all the budgeting, and shares a joint bank account. She doesn't like parties, but she likes people. She is a great asset in his business—for, as Red says, she keeps out of it. However, when he asks for an opinion, she gives it to him straight.

They do most of their talking quite late. About midnight, Flippy goes on to bed and Red works until four in the morning. One thing he does then is write songs. He has thirty to his credit and twenty published. The popular "Rosa Linda" was his, and Eileen Barton has just recorded his latest, "He Asked Me."

After an all-night session at the keyboard, Red sleeps until ten or eleven. Flippy keeps the kids away and in general keeps the home quiet.

"I'm continually amazed that she married me," Red says. "She seems too intelligent and too real to be the wife of anyone in show business."

But Flippy will tell you about Red, too. She can tell you that he is a rock in times of stress and a husband who more than meets a wife halfway. She knows him as a man who is very serious.

"He values life," she says, "and, because he is so intense, he makes every minute count."

Red is still going eighteen hours a day, as he did years ago. He loves show business: the excitement of the theatre; the thrill of singing into a mike; the glow he feels when the audience is enjoying itself. But he owns up that these are not the most important things.

He looks at you without blushing and says, "You know what the real satisfactions are in life?" Then he answers, "To wake up in the morning and know you're not alone. To see a smile on your wife's face. To look out the window and see things growing. To know the kids are well and happy. To be in love and have love. These are the rewards of my life."

"I Found a Wonderful Man"

(Continued from page 59)

general, and his interest in everything that happens to them, make his show unique and his listeners legion. When he starts off with the familiar greeting, "Hello... this is Galen Drake again," I too feel the warmth of his voice which is communicated to every other listener.

I can visualize how my husband looks as he faces the studio microphone. He is a very good-looking man (at least to my eyes), five-feet-ten, weighing around 175 pounds, with nice blue eyes, light brown hair which was once as blond as our baby son's, and a tiny mustache that I think makes him look most distinguished. He will be wearing slacks, and a boldly—perhaps even wildly—patterned and colorful sport shirt. Unless he has had a business conference, in which case he will be impeccably dressed in a conservative business suit and a shirt and tie. But it won't be because he likes it that way. Other wives will understand what I mean when I say that he'll go anywhere with me that I suggest, as long as he doesn't have to dress up!

There will be no formal script on the table at which Galen works, just a handful of pencilled notes and memos scattered

around. He will decide as he goes along which to refer to and which to save or to toss away on second thought. I don't believe he ever knows exactly what he is going to talk about until he gets started. "How could I?" Galen asks. "Do you draw up diagrams of what your conversation will be when you go visiting friends?" Galen has come to feel that his programs really are visits with friends he cannot see but he knows are listening. He knows, because they tell him so. That's one of the reasons why, when he recommends a sponsor's product, he tries not to make exaggerated claims which would be considered unreasonable or questionable by his listeners. He will say something like, "This product won't change your life, or do anything spectacular; I'm not saying that. But it is good value, and more than that, it's good for you." That kind of honest statement has made him one of the most successful salesmen on the air, but, if it had not, Galen could not do otherwise.

I met Galen in New York. I had lived for some time in Los Angeles, and Galen, although born in Kokomo, Indiana, had grown up in Long Beach, California—close to Los Angeles—yet we had never met there. He had already been in New York



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for about five years, and I was a comparative newcomer, when we were introduced in a doctor's office. Or rather, the doctor's upstairs sitting room. I was paying a social visit there to say hello for a mutual friend in California. Galen was waiting to see the doctor professionally. The doctor was busy at the moment and left us together.

Galen and I talked a while. He was planning a vacation in California. I was impressed with him, but was working very hard at my modeling job and had little thought for dates. Love and marriage were even further from my mind at that point. He said he wanted to see me again, and that was that.

It wasn't until quite a while later that I learned he was impressed, too. One morning, a call came through when I just happened to be at the Powers office discussing an assignment. I was surprised to hear Galen's voice, asking me where in heaven's name I had been hiding. We talked a while and planned to see each other soon, but I didn't realize that I had not told him my address and phone number. So, after he thought everything was fine and he had found me again, he lost me. He began to call people I knew, or he thought I might know, until he got hold of someone, somehow, who gave him my number. "I never let her out of my sight after that," he tells everyone now.

We were married in New York on February 18, 1950, with a church ceremony. I chose the church to which my grandmother had belonged back in the Iowa town where I was born, because it made me feel close to my family to have the wedding in Grandmother's church.

Galen had a pleasant bachelor apartment, into which I moved. It was large for one person, became adequate for two, and grew steadily smaller when, first, Linda Anne (now two and a half) was born and then Galen Spencer (now just over a year old). Before this story gets into print, we will have moved into our new apartment, with plenty of bedrooms and a lovely, long living room that looks right over the East River. Galen will once more have room for at least a few of the hundreds of things he collects and loves—his records, his ten thousand books on all subjects (the other ten thousand are still in storage in Long Beach). We are lining one long wall of the new living room with bookshelves from floor to ceiling. He will have a quiet corner to work, and the children will not be cramped when they have to play indoors. There is a little park near the river where they will go when the weather is good.

When my husband sometimes shakes his head and says, "I was all unaware of what was going to happen to me when I got married," he really means it. His casual bachelor existence was disrupted, first, when I began to rearrange all the furniture, not once, but frequently, so he never knew where anything was. The painters, necessarily left to their own devices while Galen was working, had done some dreadful things to the walls, and I had some of those redone. And I personally exercised what Galen still calls my "passion for painting" by making some of his favorite pieces of furniture a fine, dull black! One night, he came home and found the recorder cabinet, which had a red finish (I didn't know until then how much he admired it), now turned to black. I had done the same thing to the cabinet that housed the phonograph playback, and to some tables. It got so he had to hide the paint from me. Now he says he doesn't dare think about what I will be up to in our new home, with so much greater scope for my painting talents. Neither do I.

We are going to make use of most everything we now have, when we move to the new place. While the children are still so little, we don't want anything grand enough to make us say "don't touch" too often. We are trying to teach them to respect possessions, but we want them to enjoy the house, just as we intend to.

Even though both Galen and I are busy people, we have a great deal of time with our children. We almost always are with them in the early evening, before bedtime. By the time we go out for the evening—occasionally to the theatre, to movies, once in a while to dance, since I am trying to interest Galen in dancing more often because he's good at it, and dancing is one of my loves—then the children are already tucked in bed and asleep. They come running in first thing in the morning, looking like angels with their blue eyes and light hair. Linda's hair is getting browner, but Gay's is the color of pale cornsilk.

When we were first married, Galen used to get up and dress and eat his breakfast standing up in the kitchen. I thought this was a barbaric way to start the day and decided to change it. So I bought one of those wonderful trays with the side pockets for the morning mail and newspaper, and early one morning I sneaked out to the kitchen, fixed the tray just so, and brought it to bed to my astonished husband. He decided he liked the idea so much that I have been doing it ever since. In the back of my mind I have cherished the thought that maybe he would occasionally be the one to get up and bring the breakfasts to bed, but I am still doing it for both of us. At any rate, Galen now reads his newspapers while he's breakfasting, and he gets off to a more leisurely start on his heavy schedule for the day.

Galen is a pretty good cook himself. Eggs are his specialty, and he can fix them more ways than anyone else I know. My newest specialty is banana bread, which my husband adores. He can make an excellent banana nut cake. He likes all the homespun dishes that are associated with his Indiana background, things like turnip greens, and he loves to quote some Hoosier philosopher who said that "the best way to keep your stomach in good shape is to have it filled with turnip greens and put it between two plow handles."

Probably most people know that my husband is a singer and musician, but I don't think it is generally known how close he came to being a doctor. All through his college days he was torn between music and medicine, but medicine lost out when he ran out of funds enough to continue his pre-med course at the end of the third year. He played the piano, but his real love in music was singing, especially opera. He studied languages and opera technique for some time, with that in mind. He directed symphony orchestras when he was only seventeen, in such places as the Hollywood and Redlands Bowls, so you can see he was a serious longhair musician.

His mustache, in fact, dates back to a directing engagement. There was going to be a job open, directing a symphony orchestra in an Easter sunrise service. It was a full symphony, augmented by a choral group and choir, and Galen wanted the job, not only for itself but for what it might lead to. He was only nineteen, and it had been stipulated that the director

must be at least thirty. So he grew a mustache, represented himself as thirty-one, and the job was his. Afterwards, he shaved off the mustache, grew it again intermittently, was clean-shaven when I met him, but grew his mustache after we married. I hope now he will keep it. I think it's very becoming.

All the time Galen was studying voice and directing he went in for amateur boxing. I think he wanted to prove that a musician and poet (which he is, too) could pack as good a wallop as the next man. He studied law on the side, through a university extension course. He made friends with explorers like Frank Buck and Martin Johnson and wanted to go off on safaris with them!

And always, he kept up his interest in radio, although for a while it was only a sideline. He got to the point where he did station breaks, as well as singing and talking and filling in on various programs. Finally, the owner of Station KFOX, at Long Beach, asked him to do a show of his own.

That's when Galen began the informal type of program he does today. He was still in his late teens, but he had a fund of information on many subjects. He bought books with every cent he could scrape together, and he had a retentive memory for what he read. He talked about the things he read that other people didn't have time to delve into, he talked about the things he heard discussed on the street. He repeated the stories of people who were interesting, or who were especially courageous or imaginative, or who had made a success of living. Everything he saw and heard excited his own curiosity and he began to communicate some of this to his listeners. Finally, he decided to give up everything else and concentrate on radio.

During those early New York days, Walter Winchell happened to tune in to Galen's very early morning program and then said something like this in his column: "You should listen to Galen Drake, because this boy makes sense. And in the early morning, too, when many of our so-called 'philosophers' are really only bores." Galen and Winchell had never met, so it was a wonderful thing for him to do.

By this time, Galen had discovered that the best thing to be is yourself—all the time, any time and every time. So he went right on being himself, as he always had. He read quantities of material, as he always had, culling the best of it to repeat to his listeners and adding his own straight-from-the-heart comment. He had sage words, from the greatest minds that ever lived, to help the discouraged. He would say things like, "I think it was James M. Barrie who said that a man should never call himself a failure until he has failed at something he likes to do. So don't you be calling yourself a failure too easily." Or he would remind an ambitious listener: "He who keeps his nose in the direction he wants to go need not worry about his feet finding the right path."

Nowadays, I try to help all I can by reading along with Galen and marking things he might miss. But his are still strictly one-man programs, made up from his own reading, his friendly philosophy, and his warm feeling for his listeners. And his deep contentment at having gravitated, in spite of many winding paths, to the thing he loves to do. He has his family—me, little Linda Anne, and Galen Spencer—and his work.

Only he doesn't call it "work." Instead, he quotes something he once read, and used on a program: "Nothing is work, unless you had rather be doing something else." Galen wouldn't.

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